

APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

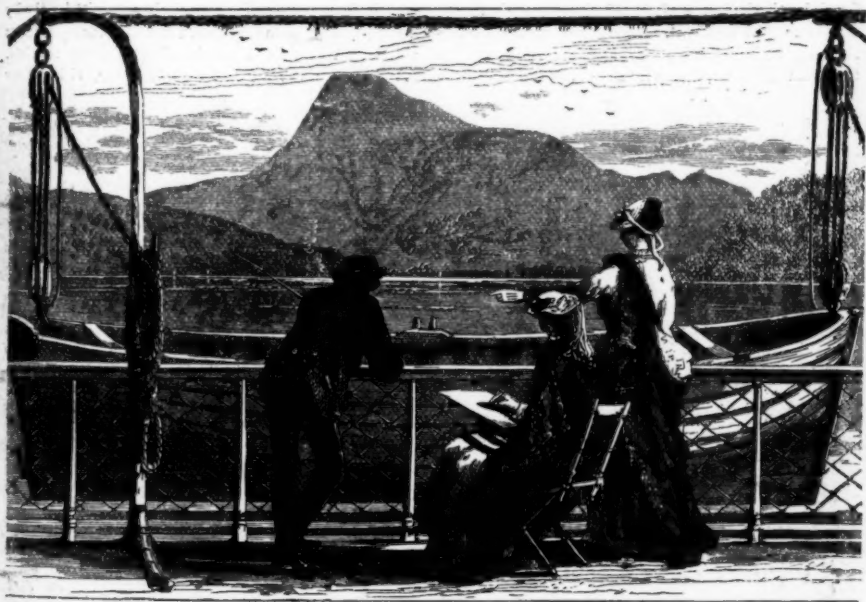
OUR SUMMER PLEASURE-PLACES.¹

SO various in character and large in number have become the places to which we resort for recreation and rest during the summer solstice that many books have to be written to suitably set them forth. How, as one turns over the pages of some of these captivating volumes, he ever succeeds in determining which of the thousand claimants upon his attention shall give him the benefit of its freshening airs, is puzzling to understand. And even if the indefatigable summer pleasure-seeker resolves to enjoy them

a trout-stream, a lake, or a prospect, little knows the legion that await his coming.

Nature has certainly done wonders for us in the way of glorious scenery and inviting sheets of water; when man has effectually done his part in the hotels that he sets up and the locomotion he provides, the summer resorts of America will be endeared to every heart as so many happy paradises.

Their variety is fairly endless. They skirt our sea-border; they nestle among our hills and moun-



EN VOYAGE.

all successively in turn, he must depend upon the years of a centenarian to accomplish his purpose. The dozen or so leading "resorts" are, of course, quickly compassed; but the ambitious youth who thinks to carry his knapsack into all the places that parade large hotels, or rejoice in a mountain, a glen,

ains; they line our river-courses; they take possession of our islands; they make gay our lakes; they hang over our glens and cascades; they marshal in all places that have a natural grace. The weary town-worker who pants for green hills and shady dells, or longs for the tonic of tumbling sea-waves, may find his health-giving rest at any point to which he may turn.

Away on the coast of Maine are many notable places. First, on its remotest border, and without its

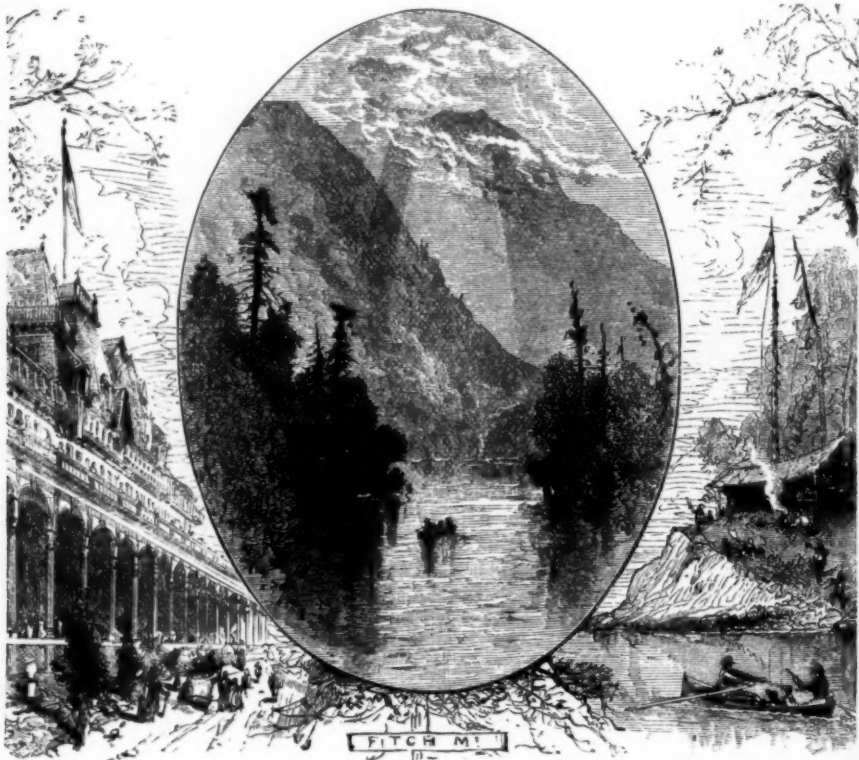
¹ Appletons' Illustrated Hand-book of Summer Resorts, including Tours and Excursions. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1876.



WEST POINT, ON THE HUDSON.

dominion, is the island of Grand Manan, the home of fishermen and sea-fowl, with rugged and towering cliffs, and rude, primitive life, but with every condition to attract the artist, the sportsman, and the adventur-

er. It is not easy of access, being reached only by fishing-vessels from Eastport ; but this may prove its chief attraction in the estimation of some tourists. Its cliffs are the highest on our shore, rising four

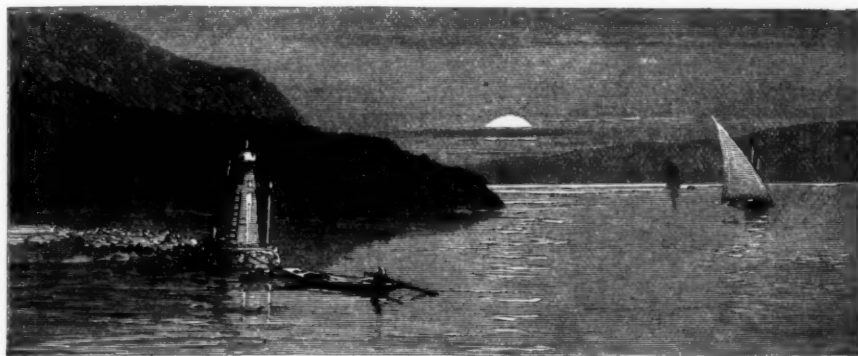


SCENES ON LAKE GEORGE.

hundred feet ; and altogether it is a wild, weird place, the home of storms and fogs. Nearer than Grand Manan, and with some of its characteristics, is Mount Desert, also an island, lying a little over a

supply an endless variety of picturesque objects. The only drawback is the lack of surf-bathing.

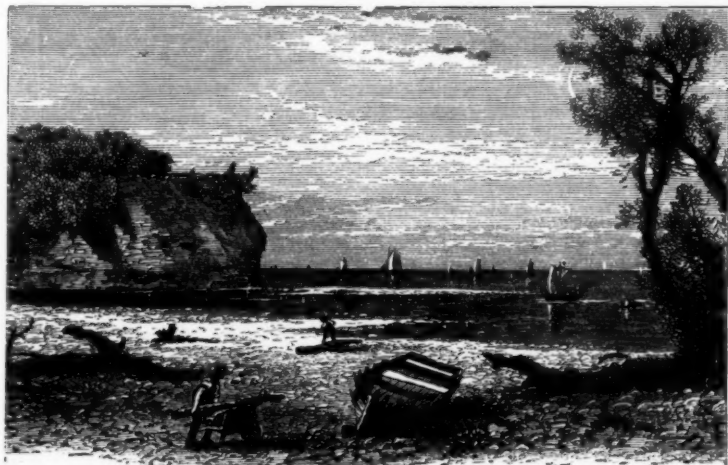
From Mount Desert all the way to Cape Cod are innumerable places to charm the lover of the sea-



LAKE CHAMPLAIN, NEAR TICONDEROGA.

hundred miles from Portland, in Frenchman's Bay. As it has an area of a hundred square miles, its separation from the main shore implies no unpleasant limitation of space. Mount Desert is girdled by cliffs and crowned with mountains, the only instance on our Atlantic shore in which the latter come down to the sea. The resources for the pleasure-seeker are therefore many ; there are fine sheets of water for boating, and excellent marine fishing ; the mountain-paths on the island are wooded and picturesque ;

shore. Twelve miles off from Portsmouth are the famous Isles of Shoals, a sea-girt group of little islands furnished with a good hotel, where one may fancy himself, even when upon the firm-set earth, far out on the bounding ocean. Here all the air is salt ; the sea-spray moistens the beard and hair ; and one sleeps to the murmuring of the waves. One who would forget the turmoil, the parched highways, and the dust-laden airs of the land, can at the Isles of Shoals isolate himself from all past experience,



LAKE ERIE.

and the sea-cliffs, cut by the tireless waves into many fantastic forms, hewed out into caves, shaped into obelisks and columns, and sometimes dragged down by the elements into a chaos of titanic blocks,

and with every breath inhale fresh sensations of pleasure.

But the Eastern shore abounds with places that allure the summer traveler. The shore intermingles



A "CARRY" IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

beach with rocks, so that with fine bathing-places are many curious rocks with their weather-worn surfaces, and caverns and caves with their wealth of strange marine life. There are the fashionable resorts of Nahant and Swampscott, the quaint old fishing-towns of Marblehead and Gloucester, the old historic Salem and Newburyport—in fact, this entire shore is replete with varied beauty, full of historic association, and a tourist might with vast delight and pleasure spend a long summer upon its sea-beaten rocks and in its antique towns.

But we have as yet only begun to enumerate all the seaside resorts. The breezes and quaint places about Cape Cod are not to be forgotten: the superb Martha's Vineyard far down Buzzard's Bay, where the Methodists congregate every summer in vast numbers for camp-meeting purposes, has all the salt savor of a sea-surrounded place; and Nantucket, some thirty miles farther out in the Atlantic, we all know as once a great whaling-place, but still retain-

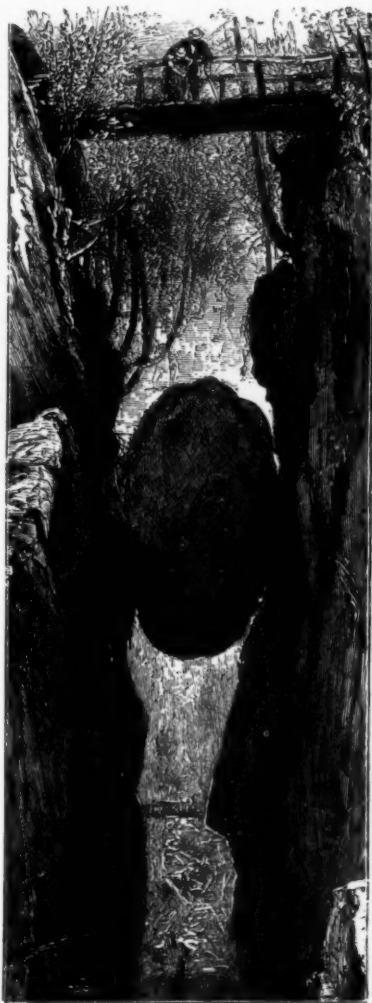
ing the quaint characteristics of an isolated people accustomed to go down to the sea in ships. Then there is all the eastern portion of Long Island, where we cease to find rocks, but instead conglomerate cliffs of pebbles and sand. Long Island ends in two spreading prongs, between which lies the superb Peconic Bay, a noble sheet of water, capitally



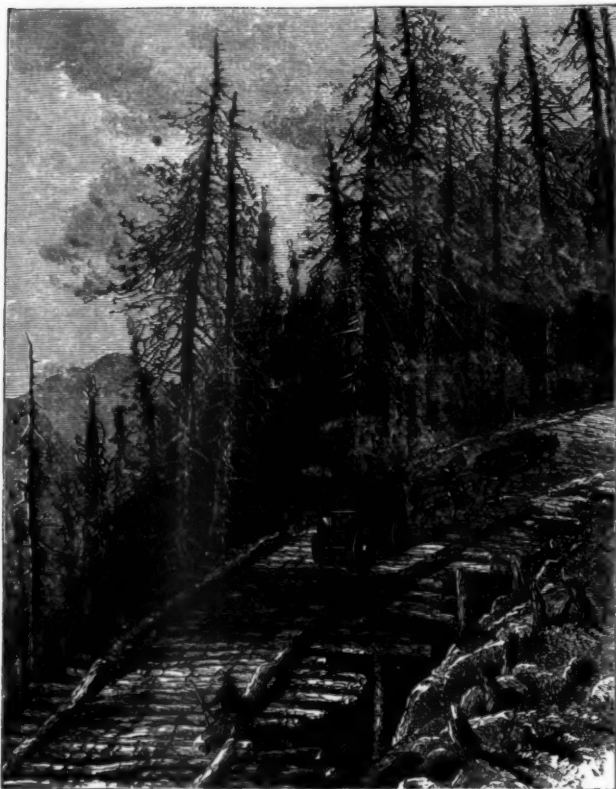
CRYSTAL CASCADE, WHITE MOUNTAINS.

adapted for boating and fishing. At the inland boundary of the bay is Shelter Island, where the land rises to fine wooded hills, and where recently large hotels have gone up. Sag Harbor is an old whaling-town; Greenport is a new, green, shaded village on the northern prong, inhabited by prosperous fishermen; East Hampton, on the ocean-side, is one of the most charming and picturesque villages in the country, to which come every summer many lovers of green lanes and rural solitude. The open downs on Eastern Long Island, where many cattle are grazed, and over which al-

ways sweep pleasant breezes from the sea, have an indescribable charm. The southern shore of the island is protected for long distances by islands of sand, within which are bays admirably suited for boating. Fire Island is here, where those fond of trolling for blue-fish come in great numbers. There is no scenery but the sand and the ocean; but sands and sea and boats have an ineffable charm. Nearer the metropolis is Rockaway Beach, which repeats all the fascinations of Fire Island; and now we reach the shores of New Jersey, where Long Branch and Cape May flourish to the knowledge of all the world. At Barnegat Bay are many of the same great features that are so attractive on Long Island. At the Highlands near Long Branch one



THE FLUME, WHITE MOUNTAINS.



CORDUROY-BRIDGE MOUNT MANSFIELD ROAD.

may find the sea-shore, a picturesque inland river, with fine fishing, and high, beautifully-wooded banks—these features not elsewhere coming together on our coast. Fortress Monroe, or Old Point Comfort, at the mouth of the Chesapeake, where there is every facility, we are told, for bathing, boating, and fishing, forms the southern terminus of sea-coast places visited in the summer season by the Northern pleasure-seeker. From the shores of Grand Manan the distance is some eight hundred miles. How varied the scene, how multifarious the pictures, how abundant the means of pleasure! South of Newport, as we have already said, there are no rocks; but the shore and the sea, no matter what the conditions, have ever a penetrating charm. The advance of the waves is life; a single white sail upon the expanse of water makes a picture; the salt savor of the breeze carries tingling pleasure to the veins; the pebbles upon the shore and the strange forms of marine life that abide under the sand and within the caverned rocks are full of interest; even the old wrecks that the sands are engulfing make picturesque effects. Hundreds of thousands are enjoying the scenes; they congregate in vast numbers at Cape

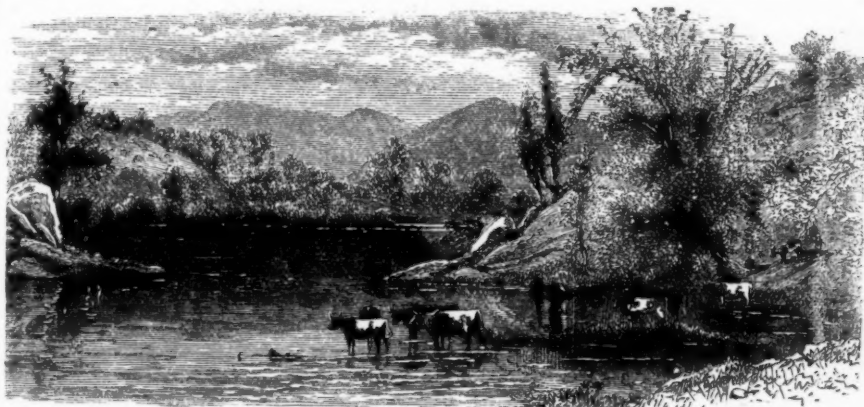
May, at Long Branch, at Rockaway, at Newport, at Nahant; they people all the intermediate places, hang upon every cliff in Maine, clamber every rock and explore every recess on the Eastern shore, and their feet press on the sands of Long Island and New Jersey—a vast army of votaries at the footstool of Old Ocean.

—But the mountains and the lakes press forward to dispute the supremacy of the sea. They, too, can point to their multitudes of pilgrims, of those who love the exaltation of the hilltops, the ripple of the lakes, the music of the waterfalls, the solitude of the forests, the flowers of the meadows, or who come to medicated springs for their healing waters.

In number and measurement the inland places greatly outdo those of the shore. They extend from the Saguenay and Ottawa of the North to the mountains of North Carolina, and reach from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific. Our space is brief, and we can do no better now than catalogue some of their names,

but even the mere enumeration of our vast resources of this nature excites the imagination. Mere statistics sometimes have glow and eloquent speech! Our mountains in the far West reach the splendor of the Alps; our lakes outnumber those of any other land, and some of them equal the beauty of the Swiss; our rivers are rivaled only by the Rhine and the Danube; our forests retain their primitive supremacy; and scattered everywhere are beautiful valleys, sylvan dells, grand cascades, embowered villages! The only difficulty is, that many of these places cannot be reached and enjoyed save with great discomfort. Our poorly-ballasted railways suffocate us with dust, and our hotels are too often huge barracks, in which the art of living has not yet found a place.

But let us simply glance at the places that invite the summer tourist, depending upon the author of "Summer Resorts" for our guidance. Far up in Maine, on the verge of the great Maine forest, is Moosehead Lake, a sheet of water forty miles long, in which trout abound. There are good hotels here, but it is usual for sojourners to attempt camp-life. Mount Kinco overhangs the shores of the lake with

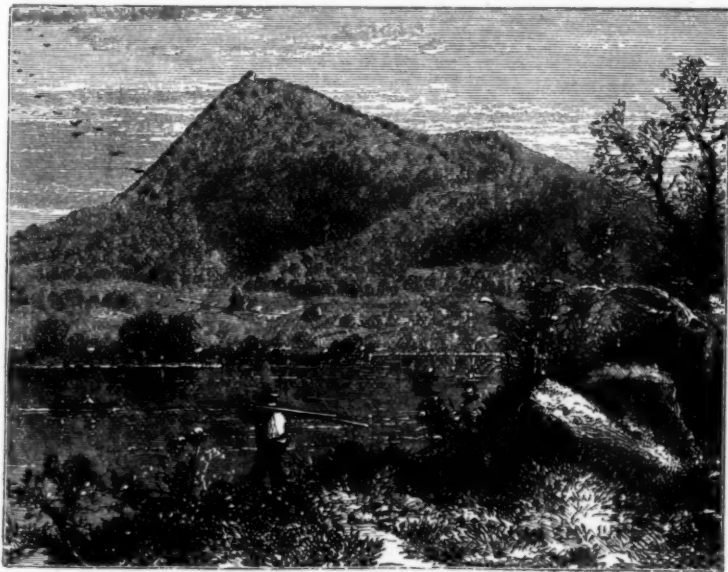


VIEW OF CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

a precipitous front over six hundred feet high. "Those," says our compiler, "who love the vastness and solitude of primeval wilderness, may push westward from Moosehead Lake to the Umbagog district, till they hear the melodious names of the Indian Lakes Moosetoemagunticok, Allegoundabagog, and Welocksebacock. The scenery, climate, and game, rival those of the Adirondacks, but it should be understood, however, that the tourist who undertakes to penetrate the outlying forest and lake region has no easy task before him. Rugged roads and scant physical comforts will not be the most severe trial; for in many places he will not find a

road or inn at all, but must trudge along on foot, or by rude skiff over the lakes, and trust to his rifle and his rod to supply his larder." This is just the picture to fascinate some adventurous spirits, and hence we quote it as a tempting bait to all those thirsting for woodland adventure. It is also said that an enjoyable route for the adventurer is from the lake, by a two miles' portage, down the west bank of the Penobscot. Mount Katahdin, the great mountain of Maine, may be ascended from the river-shore.

From Moosehead we glance at Lake Winnepesaukee, lying south of the White Mountains. Edward Everett has left on record the opinion that he



MOUNT HOLYOKE, MASSACHUSETTS

has seen nowhere abroad a lovelier scene than this lake presents. The waters are pure ; it is dotted with islands, and lofty hills and mountains close it in ; all charming, but it lacks, at least, the snow-capped peaks and the delightful villas of the Swiss lakes. Near it is Squam Lake, a much smaller but scarcely less beautiful sheet of water. Up on the northern border of Vermont, crossing into Canada, is Lake Memphremagog, a superb, mountain-inclosed sheet of water, some thirty miles long. Numerous other lakes diversify the surface of the Eastern States, but we are on the borders of New York, which ought to be called preëminently the Lake State. The great Ontario forms a large part of its western and northern border ; the superb Champlain separates it from Vermont ; and it holds within its bosom that gem of all our inland sheets of water, Lake George, and the scarcely less beautiful Cayuga, Seneca, Skaneateles, Canandaigua, Otsego, Oneida, Cazenovia, Chataqua,

lacks the white-capped peaks of the Swiss lakes to equal them in beauty, if its three hundred or more islands are not a feature that more than compensates. They probably do more than compensate those on summer vacations, as they offer admirable camping-grounds. To break away from civilization and live out-of-doors is one of the intense desires of many people ; and hence on these dry, shaded, breezy islands of Lake George, with glorious hills, charming water expanse, and excellent fishing, camp-life abounds and has every nomadic felicity.

To these *petit* gems stand in contrast the gigantic lakes of the West. In Lake Erie are the Wine Islands, recently become favorite resorts, where the life and the scene have their novel features, and which are gay with animated groups of boating and picnic parties. Far up in the strait between Lake Huron and Lake Superior is Mackinac Island, which is only some three miles long, but full of interest. It



THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

Mohonk, Mahopac, and the several score of lakes that lie among the Adirondacks. Singularly enough, our lake-region lies wholly in the North and West. Neither the Alleghanies of Pennsylvania, the Blue Ridge of Virginia, nor the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee, have lakes, picturesque and beautiful as many of their mountain-streams are. There is not one of the New York lakes that is not a delightful summer place for the town-wearied searcher for wholesome air and pleasant scenes. A sheet of water would seem to be almost indispensable for true beauty in a landscape, especially if the view be an extensive one. There is always a charm in swift streams flowing through shadowed forests ; but if one emerge upon an open landscape the eye searches for an expanse of water, and is delighted in seeing one as it mirrors the hills and forests that encompass it, reflects the blue depths and moving clouds of the sky, and holds suspended upon its surface the oar or the sail of the pleasure-seeker. Lake George only

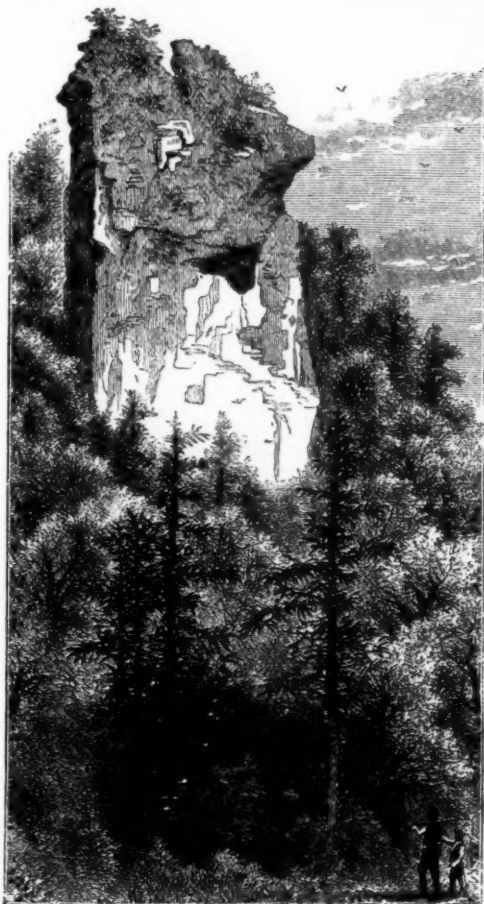
is an old military post of the United States ; was originally settled by the French ; has an antiquated village ; is marked by high and picturesque rocks ; and the waters that surround the island are wonderfully clear, teeming with fish of delicious flavor. The fisherman sees the fish toying with his bait, and the active little Indian boys on the piers are always ready to dive for any coins the visitor may throw into the water for them. If report speaks true, this is a very gem of an island, and, great as the distance is, would reward the summer tourists that visit it.

From Mackinac we pass to the shores of Lake Superior. A steamer carries the passenger through the lake, giving him glimpses of its bold and striking shores ; but, if one would enjoy all their wild and rugged aspects, he must command a vessel that will land him where he lists. Excursions to the Pictured Rocks, and other striking features of the shores, can be made from the town of Marquette. Lake Supe-

rior invites the attention of the explorer ; there is the fascination of the dangerous and the unknown ; the life is wild, the adventures racy, the experience exhilarating and health-giving.

And now, as to the mountains. We would say nothing of the White Mountains, because every one is familiar with them, either by personal experience or by description ; nor would we dwell upon the Catskills, which come next in the affections of tourists and artists. The Green Mountains of Vermont are scarcely inferior to them in altitude, and, as their name implies, the vigorous forests that clothe their sides give them supreme beauty. Mount Mansfield is the highest ; a road from Stowe ascends to the top, along which can be noted, in the ravines below, grand forests. There is a smuggler's notch, similar to the great caverns of the West, that is certainly wild and eminently picturesque. The clove-road of the Catskills is one of the most charming highways in the world ; and all throughout these mountains are spots immortalized by the artists. The Adirondacks of recent years have been the fascinating theme of all lovers of the wilderness. People hurry to them by the thousands to enjoy a taste of nomadic freedom. The lakes are covered by their boats, and the forests that border the lakes are animated by their camping-grounds. But there are parties who penetrate into the interior, put the keels of their boats upon fresh waters, and set their feet in places where the primitive wilderness has remained uncontaminated by the presence of man. Rich in adventures, in experience, in life, in health, in beauty, are these interior Adirondack journeys ; and if the labor is sometimes severe—such as a "carry" of boats and effects over rugged forest passes from one lake to another—still the rewards are manifold.

Our space is nearly occupied, and yet innumerable places remain to be mentioned. The mountains of Pennsylvania are lofty, green, and beautiful ; the Upper Susquehanna runs through a wild region with many trout-streams, and places for the accommodation of anglers ; the Alleghenies have their many summer hotels ; the Upper Delaware is glorious in picturesque beauty, and at the Delaware Water-Gap there is every charm of river and mountain scenery. A little way above it the romantic Raymondskill and Sawkill attract the angler and the artist. The Connecticut Valley has its hundred points of interest ; the Genesee flows into Lake Ontario through picturesque shores ; the Berkshire Hills of Massachusetts and the valley of the Housatonic wear the crown of sylvan beauty ; the Thousand Islands of the St. Lawrence invite the dreamer, the poet, and all who love to sit contentedly in boats and be wafted amid green-fringed isles ; the Ottawa and the Saguenay of Canada offer stupendous



ROCKS AT MACKINAC.

cliffs and wild forests ; and far away are the wonders of the Yosemite, and the mountains and springs of Colorado ; and in Virginia lies a picturesque region of springs.

And let us say, finally, that it is a mistake to suppose that our summer resorts have not each, in its way, a legitimate purpose to serve. To some brain-fagged men the brilliant gayety of Saratoga or Long Branch is a tonic ; their ideas are freshened, their whole nature stimulated, by this free contact with their fellow-beings ; with others a watering-place only repeats the experience of the town, and such long for the seclusion of the woods, the exhilaration of the mountains, or the rough life of the sea. He must be dull of imagination or sluggish in his sympathies who cannot find in mountain or watering-place, seashore or forest, the place that will serve the purpose of a summer resort—freshness to the mind, strength to the body, and recreation to the whole nature.

M A R I A N N E .

BY GEORGE SAND.

(Conclusion.)

XVII.

PIERRE, although resolved to keep a faithful watch over Marianne, returned to take his staff and traveling-bag, accessories that gave a motive for his habitual excursions, and without which it would have been a matter of astonishment to see him roaming about with no special object in view. In the country, if a person wanders round without a distinct purpose, he is considered insane; but if he appears to be looking for or collecting something, he passes only for a scholar, which is a less grave offense, unless some accusation of sorcery is mingled with this reputation.

Pierre had agricultural knowledge enough to assume a practical aspect. It was generally supposed, as he was so curious concerning ruins, plants, and rocks, that he was employed by government to collect the statistics of the country. Never would a countryman of the interior think that a private individual would devote his time to these researches for his own pleasure or instruction.

The sun had risen when Pierre André reached the beech-wood that adorned the ravine above Validat. There, concealed in the underwood, he could explore at a glance both the farm and the surrounding roads. There was a great agitation at the farm, probably on account of the dinner that Marianne was getting ready; and about five o'clock he saw Marianne herself, giving orders, going and coming in the yard. Then Suzon was brought to her, whom she mounted and guided toward the place in the wood where the stream flows.

Pierre descended the hill rapidly, and reached the little ford at the same time that she did.

"Where are you going so early?" said he, in a tone of authority that surprised her.

"Does that interest you, my godfather? I am going to the Mortsang farm for some butter. We need it for your dinner, and I am determined that nothing shall be wanting for you at my house."

"Send some one, Marianne, and do not go to Mortsang—I beg you, do not ride through the country to-day! Stay at home and wait for us: to-morrow you will know if you must interrupt or continue your solitary rides."

"I do not understand you."

"Or you will not understand. Well, know, then, that Philippe Gaucher quitted Dolmor in the middle of the night to carry you a bouquet—only he made a mistake and carried it to Mortsang, or somewhere else; but if you go there you will run the risk of meeting him."

"What if I should meet him?"

"As you please. I have warned you. If you wish to run after him—"

"No one can suppose that I am so anxious to see him."

"He will suppose it."

"He is, then, a fop in an extreme degree."

"I do not say so; you must be the judge of that; but he has much assurance, and you already know it."

"Ves, he has assurance; but between assurance and folly there is a margin. Tell me about him, my godfather, since we are alone. I give up doing my errands to-day, as you disapprove of my intention. I shall say, when I return, that Suzon is lame, and I do not wish to use her this morning. But let us talk a little while, since we have met so opportunely."

"I do not meet you. I was on the watch for you."

"For me? Indeed!"

"Yes, for you. I owe you advice and protection until the moment you say to me, 'I know this young man, and he suits me.' That moment will arrive perhaps this evening or to-morrow morning. I do not think my guardianship will be of long duration, in the way Philippe carries on his affairs."

"You believe that I shall get acquainted with him this evening or to-morrow? You endow me with an intelligence that I do not possess."

"My dear, you make pretensions to a stupidity that is pure coquetry."

"Ah!" said Marianne, who listened to and examined Pierre with a curiosity more marked than usual; "say that again, my godfather! Explain me to myself. I ask only to know myself. I appear to be stupid, you say, and yet I am not so?"

Pierre was embarrassed by so direct and unexpected a question.

"I did not come to dissect you," he said. "My title of godfather only authorizes me to protect you from outside insults. You wish me to talk to you of M. Philippe—you appear very curious for what concerns him—you, so indifferent to everything else. I have nothing to say of him, except that he is enterprising, and determined to please you by every means in his power."

"He wishes to please me? Then it is certain that I please him?"

"He says so."

"But does he think so?"

"I know nothing about it; I cannot suppose that he would seek you for anything but yourself."

"What does he say of me? He is not acquainted with me. He cannot think me pretty."

"He thinks you pretty."

"He cannot think so; is it not so, my godfather? Tell me, I pray you."

In questioning André in this manner, Marianne

had taken on an animated expression, resolute and timid by turns; she blushed, her glance was full of fugitive flashes. It was a true transformation. Pierre was greatly struck by her appearance.

"You love him already," replied he, "for you are really pretty; it is he who brings you the beauty you did not before possess."

"If he brings me beauty," said Marianne, who became suddenly crimson with pleasure, "he makes me a charming present, and I am much obliged to him. I have always thought myself homely, and no one has yet undeceived me."

"You were never homely; and I do not know that I ever said—"

"Oh, you," replied she, quickly—"you never looked at me—you never knew what kind of a face I have."

"This is coquetry again, Marianne. I have always regarded you—with interest."

"Yes, as a physician regards a patient; you thought that I should not live. Now that you see I am going to live, there is no need of further trouble."

"You see, however, that I did not lie down last night from anxiety."

"But what anxiety? Let us see. What danger can I run with M. Philippe Gaucher? Is he not an honest man? At his age one is not corrupt; and, besides, I am not a child, and unable to know how to preserve myself from the fine words of a young man."

"There is, in reality, only the danger of gossip on your account before you have made up your mind—you who are so afraid of idle talk that you will not receive me at your house."

"Oh, you, my godfather—that would be more serious. It is well known that you would not marry me; you are not in the same case as a man who wishes to establish himself."

"What do you say? That is absurd. I would not marry you if I had had the misfortune to injure your reputation?"

"Yes, indeed, you would marry me from a point of honor, and I should not wish to cause you such embarrassment, nor be forced to accept marriage as a reparation."

All Marianne's words troubled André profoundly. They had involuntarily stopped—she in the stream, where Suzon wished to drink, he leaning against a block of sandstone. The stream flowed transparent on the sand that it hardly seemed to moisten. The trees, thick and clothed in their fresh leaves, enveloped the objects with a soft, green tint, with which mingled the rosy light of the rising sun.

"Marianne," said André, becoming very pensive, "you are truly very pretty this morning; and the young fop who has ventured first to discover your beauty must have a profound contempt for me, who have spoken of you with the modesty a father ought to have when his daughter is praised. He will certainly tell you of it—"

"Well! what must I think?"

"You must think that a man in my position should not regard you with the eyes of a lover, and

that he is not ridiculous because he renders justice to himself. You seem to reproach me for having been blind from disdain or indifference. Can you not suppose that I have been so by honesty of heart and by respect?"

"Thanks, my godfather," replied Marianne, with a radiant smile; "you have never wounded me by your indifference. It is of little importance to me to be considered beautiful, provided that I am beloved, and I am very sure that you have always had a sincere friendship for me. If M. Gaucher is not a desirable match for me, tell me, and I will do what will please you."

"Wait till this evening, Marianne; if he suits you, all will be changed, and you will ask no more advice from me."

"He might please me and displease you—if he pleases me, so much the worse, for I will listen to you just the same."

"You are making fun of me, my child; if he suits you, I must be pleased."

Marianne changed countenance, and became suddenly the cold little person whom Pierre knew so well. It seemed that the resignation of her godfather had wounded her, and that, weary of seeking to rouse in him an outburst of emotion, she renounced anew, and this time forever, the hope of being loved by him. "Since you leave me so perfectly free in action, I shall think no more only of questioning myself. Adieu, for a short time, my godfather." And she was going to retrace her steps, when Pierre, carried away by a violent agitation, seized Suzon's bridle, crying out:

"Wait, Marianne; you cannot leave me with these ice-cold words!"

"Ah, well! godfather," said Marianne, pacified, "what words must I say to you?"

"Words of affection and confidence."

"Did I not say them in promising not to marry against your will?"

"And you do not understand that I cannot accept your submission as a sacrifice?"

"Perhaps it will not be a sacrifice, who knows?"

"Who knows? Yes, indeed! you know nothing yet!" And Pierre, intimidated and discouraged at the moment when he should have found expression for his emotion, loosened Suzon's bridle and bent down his head, but not quickly enough to conceal from Marianne two tears that hung on the edge of his eyelids.

XVIII.

"At last," said Marianne to herself, as she retraced her steps toward home, "it seems to me that I see clearly. I thought he would never love me! Did he not think and write that marriage was a tomb, and that he should never be contented with a peaceable and certain happiness? For all that, how vexed he was in seeing me hesitate; what a singular character he has, and how he distrusts everything!"

Marianne entered the house and shut herself up in her chamber, a prey to an agitation she had never experienced before. She was very severe in her self-

examination. She recognized that her meeting with Philippe had disturbed her a little, and that, in allowing herself to be guided by instinct, she felt a certain satisfaction in the appreciation of this stranger. "Do not these decided people make their feelings known immediately," she thought, "and should we not thank them for sparing us the torments of hesitation? Pierre has a respect for me, this is flattering and acceptable; but does he not carry it too far? Does he wish me, then, to make the advances? Is it not in the order of things that man should take the initiative?"

Marianne felt impelled and, as it were, taken possession of by a very logical and very true proclivity—that which leads the weaker sex to esteem above everything in the stronger sex the resolution that is characteristic of manliness. She had trembled with joy when Pierre had seized with authority her horse's bridle to hold her back; but Philippe would not have given up his hold, she was sure, and Pierre had shown but a small amount of courage. However, those two tears that he could not restrain—Philippe had not shed them.

"Perhaps his timidity is the enforced consequence of mine," thought Marianne. "Never have I said a word or even given him a look that would lead him to suppose that I wished for his love. I am too proud, he believes me indifferent or stupid. Would he love me freely if I were coquettish and a little bold? Who knows?"

Pierre resumed on his side the road to Dolmor, without thinking any more of watching Philippe; his tears flowed slowly and unconsciously. "My destiny is accomplished," he said to himself; "to crown the history of my aberrations, I love once more the impossible. As long as Marianne was free and appeared indifferent to me, I did not think of her. The day when a rival, who has every chance in his favor, presents himself, I feel jealous and hopeless. I am really insane, and an idiot besides, for, at the moment when I ought to declare my passion, I feel more than ever that it is impossible to make an avowal."

He found his mother up and preparing the breakfast. He liked better to complain of Marianne than not to speak of her at all. He gave an account of the interview, and added: "Marianne is a coquette, I assure you, and cruelly inclined to jest. She wished to lead me on to say that I was in love with her; she wanted this triumph before avenging herself. This evening or to-morrow she would laugh at my folly with her future spouse."

Madame André tried in vain to dissuade him from this opinion. She went so far as to swear that the little neighbor had never loved any one but him, and that it was for him alone she had waited five or six years; but, as she could not affirm that she had obtained the proof from Marianne's confessions, Pierre repulsed the hope as a lure of the most dangerous kind. He would not own that he was in love, and his mother, out of patience, ended by saying:

"Ah, well! let us take our part, and, if this mar-

riage troubles and vexes us, we will say that we did not wish to prevent it."

Philippe arrived in time for breakfast and did honor to it. He afterward told Pierre that he had made many useless attempts to find Validat, that he had come near laying down his wreath of honey-suckle at the door of Mortsang, but that he was informed in time of the name of the locality and that of the owners of the manor, that he had gone on still farther and had found only a desert of marshy land; that at last he had retraced his steps, and had approached, about eight o'clock in the morning, a very unpromising farm that he was going to quit without stopping, when he had seen in a meadow a little horse feeding on the grass. He had recognized this little animal as Mademoiselle Suzon. He had penetrated into the meadow through the thorns, and, after having put the wreath around the neck of the lean mare, returned triumphant, judging his enterprise successful and his night well employed.

Pierre scarcely replied to him, and, in order to get rid of him, advised him to lie down, lest the want of sleep should paralyze his powers of fascination. Philippe declared that he could go without sleep for three nights and not feel the worse for it, which, however, did not prevent him from throwing himself, without letting any one know, on the moss in the hollow of the rocks, and tasting there the sweets of repose until nearly noon.

As the clock struck twelve, the *patache* and mare from Validat arrived at the door of Dolmor. Madame André had put on her dress of puce-colored silk, still fresh, although it had seen ten years of service. Philippe appeared in a black coat of the most fashionable cut, and wore a dazzling cravat. André made no change in his usual Sunday costume. Madame André took her seat in the *patache* that Marichette's husband was preparing to guide by walking at the side of the mare. Philippe, seated at Madame André's side, pretended to drive, but he could not succeed in bringing the horse to a trot, an unusual pace for a breeding-mare of the country.

André had set out before them on foot. He arrived first at Validat, but he waited for the arrival of the *patache* before presenting himself. The clumsy vehicle, finding the gate open, made its majestic and slow entrance, and stopped between the door of the house and the dung-heap. Philippe found his future home a little too rustic, and resolved to change *all that* for more suitable buildings. Marianne, who awaited her guests on the threshold of her farmer's apartment, received them precisely as if they were simply countrymen. Marianne had, however, a very pretty little sanctuary on the other side of the partition; but she was not yet disposed to admit a stranger there, and Pierre was much pleased that she did not immediately grant the *entrée* to her new guest.

Marianne, after having embraced Madame André, given her hand to her godfather, and welcomed without timidity the guest who was presented to her, conducted Madame André to her own room, that she might take off her shawl and black veil. At this

time the poor citizens' wives did not wear bonnets; they went out with veils on their white-linen caps.

XIX.

PIERRE was inwardly amused at Philippe's discomfort, although he tried to conceal it as well as he could under an assumption of playfulness. We have little idea of the simplicity, I will say even of the rusticity, of the habits of our country proprietors in this region and at this epoch. Marianne had apparently made no change in the customs of her childhood. For a long time she had possessed no other living-room than this great apartment, with the joists saturated with smoke, whence hung bunches of golden onions, and from the centre of which, instead of a chandelier, swung an open-work receptacle, where the cheeses were kept. The peasants in this region are very neat. If the hens and ducks find their way at all times within the house, the farmer's wife, armed with a broom, is incessantly on her feet to drive them away, and remove the traces of their presence. The beds and all the furniture are thoroughly rubbed and shining; the dishes glisten with cleanliness on the shelves; but the great beds of yellow serge, faded till they had taken the tint of dead leaves, the black fireplace, with its pot-hooks encumbered with pots, cats, and children, the flag-stone pavement uneven and full of crevices, the smallness of the single window, the constant collision with the ceiling, ornamented with provisions and utensils that must be avoided in walking around—all this did not offer to the young Parisian an idea of satisfactory comfort, and he could not even imagine a painter's studio in this locality without light and height.

As considerable shrewdness mingled with his petulance, he took care not to say a word to André, who would give expression to his disappointment. He contented himself with asking if they were going to dine in this place. "I presume so," replied Pierre. "Mademoiselle Chevreuse has somewhere a small apartment, but I have not entered it since she has fitted it up, and I do not know that she possesses a dining-room. I think that she lives on a footing of complete equality with her farmers, and takes her meals with them."

"Then we are going to eat with all the workmen on the farm? That is charming, and what I call true country-life."

At this moment Marichette came to say to Pierre that if the gentlemen wished to walk in the garden they would find seats there, and that the young lady was already there with Madame André. "The garden is behind the house," added she; "but if you wish to pass through the house to the young lady you will not have to go around the buildings."

"We prefer to go around," replied Pierre, who was, however, very curious to penetrate within Marianne's abode, but who did not care to show the way to his companion. They passed to the back of the farm, and entered Marianne's garden, where they found the table standing and the cloth laid in the little sheltered parterre extending in front of the apartment. The glass door was wide open, and,

without entering, for there was no one within, they saw a small sitting-room with old-fashioned wainscoting, painted white and newly varnished.

The Louis XV. furniture matched the wainscoting. The mirror, garlanded with those pretty festoons of carved wood that are imitated with indifferent success at the present time, had at that epoch a very antiquated appearance, for fashion, especially in the country, absolutely proscribed them. The effect was none the less coquettish and charming—these garlands of a polished white pendent upon the transparent glass that, partially concealed by sheaves of wheat placed in front, was seen only as a shining point opening out into space.

Pierre, with an effort of memory, recognized the room and the furniture which, in the time of Father Chevreuse, he had seen soiled, broken off at the corners, either from embarrassment or apathy. Marianne had the good taste to appreciate these vestiges of another age, and to have them restored. The pavement was covered with a soft-tinted carpet. There was nothing on the wainscoting, but everywhere splendid flowers rising like shrubs, almost like trees, in the corners and upon the mirror that was opposite the fireplace.

"How exquisite!" cried Philippe. "I was sure that she was an artist!"

"How did you know?" said Pierre, who was in reality more surprised than he.

"My dear sir, it is seen in the woman at the first aspect, without being able to be defined. Marianne has the type of a duchess."

"What is the type of a duchess? I am not like you—I have not seen much of the world."

"Is that the reason you are in such a savage humor to-day?" asked Philippe, smiling.

XX.

THE appearance of Marianne and Madame André ended the dialogue. They hastened to join them on their entrance to the garden. Pierre declared to his goddaughter that, having been so long excluded from her sanctuary, he had lost all memory of it, and wished to see the changes she had made there.

"You will not find any," she replied; "my father loved his garden; he had planted it himself; I did not wish to change anything; and then the farmers have a right to their part of the vegetables. The passage of time has destroyed many of the trees, the frost has carried off many of the shrubs. The more rustic plants have pushed forth shoots in all directions; and the bottom of the inclosure, at the end of the orchard, of which my father wished to make a nursery, has become entirely wild."

"I wish to see it," said Pierre; "I remember that it was very wet, and I predicted to your father that his ornamental trees would not succeed there."

"Go alone, my godfather," said Marianne; "the ground is too moist and rough for Madame André."

Pierre crossed the orchard, and penetrated into the ancient nursery that occupied a neck of land shut in by very high hedges and crossed by the stream. He was filled with a kind of intoxication of delight.

Marianne had left Nature to defray the whole expense of this small, natural park. The grass had grown high and thick in some places, short and covered with flowers in others, according to the caprice of the numerous rivulets that detached themselves from the stream to return to it again after idle windings in the crevices of the soil. This soil, light, black, and mixed with fine sand, was particularly adapted to the flora of the country, and every species of wild plant met there. The iris abounded in the water, with white and yellow lilies. The hawthorn and the elder had grown into luxuriant trees. All the orchids of the country variegated the green-sward with a thousand other charming flowers—the myosotis of different kinds, the catchfly with pinked edges, the wild hyacinths, some of them white, all exquisitely fragrant. The higher part of the land, being more dry, had kept its rosy-colored heather and creeping broom, that the wild anemone pierced with its white stars, rosy-hued underneath.

There was no path, and the falling in of the sand supplied a passage-way for guidance in this labyrinth where no cattle ever grazed, and that Marianne alone frequented. Some rocks served for seats to those in dreamy mood, and clumps of alder and slender beech gave sufficient shade, without interfering with the low vegetation.

"Marianne loves Nature," thought Pierre, intoxicated with inward joy; "she understands it, she feels it as I do. And she did not tell me so—she has never spoken of it—I did not suspect it!"

"Well, my godfather," said she, appearing suddenly at his side, "you see that I am not a good gardener, and that you would not change your new garden, that you think too young, for this old, abandoned marsh."

"This old marsh would be a paradise for me! Do you know that a botanist would make here almost an entire herbarium from the flora of the country? I have found more than one surprise, for I have discovered here the most rare species that I have often been obliged to go far to find; for example, this marsh *Elode* that is directly under our feet."

"Ah! that comes from the rocks of Crevant—it took kindly to this soil."

"You have been, then, sometimes to Crevant?"

"Often; it is a very rich natural garden; I brought this pretty white hyacinth from there."

"It is not a hyacinth—it is the *menyanthe*, much more beautiful and rare."

"I do not know the names of plants, my dear godfather, but I know their form and fragrance. Every time I go to walk, I gather grains, bulbs, or young plants; I bring them here, where almost everything flourishes."

"Then I comprehend what I see—this little Eden is your work."

"Partly; but I do not boast of voluntarily acclimating all these wild herbs; I should be thought insane."

"You could have made a confidant of me, who have the same mania."

"Oh! you are a learned man, and it is natural

that you should be curious about all these specimens. I, who know nothing, have no excuse."

"You would need an excuse for loving flowers? Ah! Marianne, it is so much the more charming on your part that you do not know the secret of their beauty. If you examined them attentively—"

"Oh, as for that, I examine them, and, without knowing a word of science, I could tell you their relation and their difference. They are so pretty and so varied. I admire still more the beautiful foreign flowers you have in your garden; but my friendship is not for them. Our little wild ones are more to my fancy and capacity."

"You are looking at them, then, in your walks? I imagined that you saw nothing; that you rode about the country on Suzon for the pleasure of feeling yourself carried quickly; that finally you loved the country for its free space, and movement for itself."

"It is certainly a great pleasure to go quickly, to cut the wind, to fly upon the heath like a hare; but it is a greater pleasure to see everything as you pass slowly along, and to stop before what pleases or astonishes you. I love both what I know and what I do not know. I would like to learn nothing, and to know everything—or, still better, I would like to know everything only to forget it and regain it when I pleased, for there is a great pleasure in being able to conjecture, and if I always possessed knowledge I should be deprived of that."

"Remain as you are, Marianne! You have, I see, one of those natures that understand the truth without needing demonstration; and tell me, since you are in a mood to reveal yourself to-day—"

"It is enough, my godfather. I fear that your mother, whom I left, to join you, will be weary without me. Let us return to her."

XXI.

"WILL you take my arm?" said Pierre, snatching himself with regret from the flowering oasis, where for the first time Marianne had betrayed the secret of her solitary reveries.

"We cannot walk two abreast here," replied Marianne. "It is a promenade for one person alone."

"Alone! you will not be always so. I believe that soon a walk will be made here."

"Let us hasten our steps," said Marianne. "Here is M. Gaucher looking for us; I do not wish him to go into my desert." And she began to run skillfully and lightly over the ground full of ravines, skimming the surface like a swallow.

"Thanks, Marianne!" cried Pierre in his heart; but the kind of intoxication he experienced was quickly dissipated when he saw Marianne accept Philippe's offered arm to rejoin Madame André. He wished that she had found some pretext to refuse him. It is true no plausible reason could be given, unless she took the character of a devotee.

Marianne seemed little disposed to behave like a prude toward Gaucher. She had made a pretty toilet, adorned with bright colors; a *mousseline de laine*

dress of golden hue, which gave to her brown skin a becoming reflection. On her neck and arms this decided tone was interrupted and softened by ruches of plain and very transparent tulle. There was no ornament in her black hair but a yellow rose tinted with red; but her thick and short hair was curled with more care than usual. She was well booted, and her foot, that she almost always concealed in great boots, and even in vulgar wooden shoes, was a marvel for its smallness. Gaucher examined it with a bold curiosity that did not seem to displease her. He regarded her foot, her hand, her figure, with the air of a connoisseur who wishes to make his satisfaction apparent. He did not hesitate to tell her that her dress was bewitching in fashion, and that her figure was a palm-tree swayed by the breeze.

"My figure a palm-tree!" replied Marianne, gayly. "Then it is a dwarf palm-tree, a *chamarops*—is it not, my godfather?"

"Oh, oh, learned woman!" cried Philippe, naively.

"No, sir; not at all. M. Pierre has a palm-tree like this in a box, and I remember the name."

"But you love flowers, for your vases and baskets are marvels of taste."

"They are only the flowers of our hedges and meadows. I love them better outside than within my little sitting-room; but I have seldom the pleasure of receiving Madame André, and, as the ancients offered victims to their protecting gods, I sacrifice beautiful plants to my good friend."

"I do not see even a leaf of honeysuckle," said Philippe, who had followed Marianne into the room where Madame André was resting.

"Suzon could have given us a little of hers," replied Marianne; "but, as the necklace annoyed her, she rolled herself over in the grass to get rid of it, and I leave you to judge in what condition she left it. The address only remained, for which she did not care, under the pretext that she could not read."

"You laugh, M. André?" said Philippe to Pierre; "why? I have accomplished my purpose, however—"

"You had a purpose?" said Marianne.

"Doubtless; I wished you to know that I thought of you before the day began. You know it, and this is all I ask."

"And what led you to think of me so early in the morning?"

"You wish me to tell you?"

"If you wish me to ask you."

"Can I answer a question like that before witnesses?"

"You did not tell me secretly that I was the object of your thoughts. It is not necessary to commence aloud a conversation that must be finished in a whisper. It is better to say nothing."

"In other words, I should do better to hold my tongue?"

"I did not say that; I desired to learn what you were thinking of me this morning. It is certainly something agreeable, since you paid court to Suzon."

"I thought you were a type of grace and sweetness enough to turn one's head."

"Thanks, my good sir. You bestow the charity of a compliment with a sovereign tranquillity. Shall I make a courtesy?"

"If you please, Mademoiselle Marianne."

"Here it is, M. Philippe," replied she, making an academic courtesy, mockingly but full of grace.

Pierre looked at her with astonishment. He had never suspected that she could be so animated and coquettish.

Philippe, emboldened, paid court to her, enchanted with her raillery, and thinking, as any one else would have thought in his place, that she was taking great pleasure in making him in love with her.

XXII.

DINNER was served under the vines and jasmines, whose long garlands descended upon the penthouse, and fell down again in festoons around the guests. The table was very brilliant with old-fashioned crockery, then without much value, but which now would be held in great estimation; and its gay colors, standing out on a bluish groundwork, rejoiced the sight. Marianne had brought out some antique Nevers glassware that her parents had put aside, because curiosities of this kind were no longer considered precious, but that an amateur would admire. Philippe was enough of an artist to appreciate at least the oddness of these pretty utensils, and he neglected no opportunity to praise the whole and the details of the service. He ate with a great appetite, for Marichette, directed by her mistress, was an excellent cook, and the most simple meats became dainty morsels coming from her hands. There were still some bottles of excellent wine in Father Chevreuse's cellar: Marianne had carefully kept them. On the whole, she clothed her little dinner with just as much coquetry as she had displayed in her own person and in her manners. Philippe, who did not trust at all to his character of an unexpected guest, was easily led to believe that everything was propitious to his cause, and that he would have no trouble in taking by assault the heart and the dowry of the young woman.

He was, if not intoxicated, at least a little tender at the dessert. Pierre, wishing to restrain him by criticism and contradiction, only excited him; Madame André, hoping to render him ridiculous, teased him openly. Marianne provoked him to confidence and expansion with a *finesse* that seemed to him like encouragement; so that, on leaving the table after a thousand squibs of laudatory gallantry, some well-turned, others in bad taste, Philippe seized Marianne's arm, saying that he wished to see the great oxen and the fat sheep, for a landscape-artist could appreciate cattle better than an agriculturist.

"I do not agree with you," said Marianne, drawing back her arm; "you pretend to appreciate everything better than we do, in the country as well as in the city, because you are an artist by profession; as for me, I say that the profession spoils everything, and that you see nothing." And, as Philippe cried out, "You see too much," resumed she, "and you see wrong; you wish to explain things that cannot

be explained. The beautiful is like God. It is by itself, and gains nothing in being praised by hymns and canticles. On the contrary, words, songs, paintings, all that has been invented to embellish the true serves only to diminish the sentiment that arises from that kind of contemplation which is not preoccupied with the manner of expression."

"What! what is that?" cried Philippe. "An anti-artist? a systematic countrywoman? that is as inharmonious coming from you as a worm on a rose."

"Ah! I have you there!" replied Marianne, quickly. "A worm is not inharmonious on a rose, for precisely those that live on our rose-trees are slender, glossy, and of a pale green—extremely delicate. You have never looked at a worm. Some of them are marvels of beauty, and I do not know any ugly ones. How could you see my great oxen, when you cannot even see so small an animal?"

"It is you," said Philippe to André, "you, a naturalist, who have persuaded your goddaughter that art kills the feelings for Nature? I will tell you, then, that you have taught her a pretty paradox."

"That is presented, indeed, as a paradox in your discussion," replied André, "and your pretension is not less paradoxical than Marianne's. I believe that, if the question were more clearly stated, it could be more satisfactorily discussed."

"Make the statement, my godfather," said Marianne.

"Well, this is the way it appears to me," resumed Pierre, addressing Gaucher. "You believe that knowledge is necessary for observation, and I agree with you; the naturalist observes better than the peasant; but art differs from science, and it must be felt before it finds expression. This is what Marianne wishes to say. She thinks that you have not yet contemplated and loved Nature sufficiently to translate it. Notice that neither she nor I have seen your paintings, and consequently it is not your talent that she criticises. It is your theory, a little free, in the mouth of a very young man. She thinks that we should not go from the studio to the country, but from the country to the studio—that is, one does not learn to observe because he is a painter, but he learns how to be a painter because he knows how to observe.—Is not this what you wished to say, Marianne?"

"Exactly," replied she; "then you think I am right?"

"Let us go and see the animals," cried Philippe; "there is too much intellect here for me."

"Let us go and see the animals, I have no objection," replied Marianne.—"Will you come, my godfather?" And she added, in a low tone, "I am going with you as far as the stables, and then I am coming back to play cards with your mother."

"We will follow you," replied Pierre; but he did not follow them. He returned to the sitting-room with Madame André, saying: "We will leave them to come to an explanation. The moment has come when Marianne must make her decision. She wished for it; she has inspired him with confidence. He will sum up in one all the declarations he has

made to her during the dinner. If that pleases Marianne, our advice is entirely useless; we shall have to say 'Amen!'"

Madame André was troubled; she did not wish Pierre to give up the competition in this way. She forced him to rejoin Marianne. He promised to obey her, and went away alone to the end of the little desert where he had enjoyed, some hours before, a moment of happiness and hope. He had already lost it, and his whole life, a failure through excess of modesty, appeared like a bitter mockery in comparison with the sudden triumph of a child who had perhaps no other merit than that of faith in himself.

At the end of an hour of profound sadness, he returned to his mother, whom he found talking of housekeeping affairs with Marichette while helping her to put away in the cupboards the antique crockery and the pretty glass dishes.

"Well!" said she, taking Pierre's arm and leading him to the garden, "you return alone?"

"I do not know where they are," replied Pierre. "I expected to find them here."

They made the tour of the vine-arbor. Marianne and Philippe were not there.

"You see plainly," said Pierre, "that this prolonged tête-à-tête is decisive."

"No, perhaps they are still at the farm. Go there, then."

"I do not wish to appear to watch them, and, if they are taking a sentimental walk in the beech-wood, I do not wish, in looking for them, to draw the attention of the farm-people to Marianne."

They returned to the sitting-room, from which Marichette had retired, and they waited a quarter of an hour. Madame André was full of spite and anxiety. Pierre was mute and despondent.

At last Marianne appeared alone, a little agitated, though smiling.

"Pardon me, my good friend," she said, embracing Madame André, "I perform my duty as hostess very improperly; but it is your fault. Why did you bring me such an encroaching guest?"

"Encroaching?" said Pierre, with an ironical bitterness.

"Yes! He expects me at the end of three hours to love him, and promise to marry him. This is a little too quick, you will grant."

"It is not too quick, if he has succeeded in obtaining your decision."

"I have decided," said Marianne.

"Then," replied Pierre, broken-hearted, "you are going to announce your intended marriage. Why is it not to tell us of his triumph?"

"Oh! he has a modest triumph; he has gone away."

"He returns alone to Dolmor?"

"No; he returns to Paris."

"To buy the livrées?" said Madame André, who understood by this expression, as all the country-people did, the nuptial gifts.

"He will doubtless buy them soon for some Parisian," replied Marianne, "for he told me that he had had enough of country-girls."

XXIII.

MADAME ANDRÉ rose right up, crying out, "Thus everything is broken!"

Marianne looked at Pierre, who could not restrain a cry of joy.

"Are you pleased, my godfather?" said she.

"Not if you regret it."

"I do not regret it. His audacity was his best quality, which at first gave me a good opinion of him. I thought that with a man so decided I should not need to exercise any will of my own, and I found that very convenient; but, when nothing is questioned, much judgment is required, and at the end of three of his speeches I saw that he had heart, mind, and kindness, but not a shadow of reason. What would become of me, so negative and weak, with a brainless master? It is impossible; and, as he wished decidedly to know my opinion concerning him, I told him very simply as I tell you."

"Tell us how it all happened," said Madame André. "And, first, where were you? Did he make the declaration in the stable with the oxen?"

"No, it was in the meadow, on the other side of the bushes. I am surprised that you did not hear us, for we had a great dispute as we walked along. As to the declaration, it was made here, before you, under the influence of the Muscat wine; and there was no need of repeating it. He spoke of marriage immediately, but, as my decision was already made, I told him forthwith that I did not wish to marry; hence the quarrel. He is quarrelsome in his cups when he is crossed. He reproached me with being a village coquette, and with having led him on during the whole dinner-time. He said severe things to me, that I allowed him to say, for I deserved them. I was a coquette, certainly; and I should tell a falsehood if I did not confess it, only my coquetry was not for him; and, as I could not avow my secret to him, I preferred to let him think of me as he wished."

"And for whom was your coquetry?" said Madame André.

"For some one who cannot guess what is not said to him in words. The assurance of M. Philippe is required to come to an understanding with this person. I tried to attain it, and I asked only to be excited by these commendations to gain the courage that has always been wanting; but the professor has already gone away, and I ask if he really found me intelligent and pretty, for I begin again to distrust myself."

"Marianne! Marianne!" cried Pierre, falling on his knees before his goddaughter, "if you have guessed my secret in spite of my timidity, you will pardon me, for I have fully atoned for my sins this day."

"I have something to ask pardon for also," replied Marianne. "I read what was in your note-book, my godfather. You let it fall day before yesterday on the grass of the pathway while you were talking to me of M. Gaucher; I found it on my return. I thought it was an album for sketches such

as you often make in your walks. I opened it; I saw my name. Indeed, I read it; I read everything, and in the evening I brought the book back, and put it, without saying anything, on the table of your sitting-room by the side of your traveling-bag. This is my crime. I knew then that you distrusted my affection, and that you regretted that you could not rely upon it. I wished to see if you would be jealous of a suitor. I was agreeable to him to assure myself that I could appear agreeable to you; and now—"

"Now," cried Madame André, "he is happy; for it was useless to conceal it from me; I divined it, indeed—his ennui, and why he said so many bad things of himself!"

"But I am not worthy of you," said Pierre, with a final feeling of terror; "I do not deserve you; you are an adorable being, and I am—"

"Do not say what you think of yourself," replied Marianne, quickly; "you have said often enough before me all you could imagine to discourage me from loving you—you have not succeeded. You have been my ideal for six years. I did not believe when I began to think of you that you would be absent so long. I always expected you with that patience that country-girls are trained to from their infancy; but your return discouraged me, for I saw that you would not allow yourself to love, and without your note-book I should have thought that there was no hope for me. I took courage in seeing that you were interested in me in spite of yourself, and then, this morning, . . . I saw two tears in your eyes. Come, grant that we love each other, and that hereafter it would be impossible for us to live one without the other."

"Yes, impossible!" replied Pierre André, "for never were two souls so nearly alike as ours. Both of us timid and concentrated, we have also the same frankness and the same uprightness. We have the same tastes with the same repugnance to make them manifest in public, but with the same need to reveal them to each other, to enjoy them in common. We adore Nature, and we love the fields; separated, we have loved them in a melancholy mood, and we are going to love them with transport. But what we both have needed most, I assure you, is true love—love that is shared, unlimited confidence in a being who is another self. Forty years old, I bring you a heart which has been nourished only with dreams, and which is virgin for this love. Accept it as your possession, for you will be everything for it, the past, present, and future."

It was dark when Pierre and his mother quitted Validat. Madame André wished to walk a short distance, and then took her seat in the carriage, for she felt that they wanted to talk by themselves, and Marianne, who intended to return in the *patache*, walked as far as Dolmor, leaning on the arm of her godfather, whom she willingly addressed with the familiar *thee* and *thou*, and called Pierre.

"What a night!" said he, gazing with her upon the starry heavens. "What a reviving air, and what perfume of plants! I think that this evening the

earth, and even the stones, are consciously happy. Never have I seen stars so pure, and it seems to me that we are passing through a fairy-land that has sprung up around us without our knowledge since this morning. Ah! if I had been as happy as this in my early youth, I should have become a great poet and a great painter."

"Thank God," replied Marianne, "you have not become all that; you would find me too far beneath you, for I know nothing of these fine things; but it appears to me that, being incapable of telling why I love Nature so much, I love it more. M. Philippe shocked me when he used words of a fantastic pedantry to describe what he saw. No, there are no words adequate for expression, and I think that the more one says the less he observes. Nature—do you see, Pierre?—is like love. It is there in the heart, and it must not be talked of too much, for what one wishes to describe is always lessened in value. When I dream I know not what there is in me; I see only what is between heaven and me.

Besides, I am of no value; if I think of you it seems to me that I am you, and that I exist no more. And this for me is happiness, poetry, science."

After Marianne was reseated in her carriage, and Pierre had reentered his house, he found this letter that Philippe had left for him:

"MY DEAR ANDRE: I came back to your house for my luggage, and I leave, thanking you for your kind reception. It is not your fault if your pretty neighbor has made a fool of me; it is mine. I should have opened my eyes more widely, and perceived in time her preference for you, a preference which she did not avow, but which she could not conceal from me in the end. I should have been in love with her for three or four hours; but there is a love of which one does not die, and I remain your friend and hers, for she is a charming woman, and I congratulate you upon your happiness."

The next day the bans were published of Pierre André and Marianne Chevreuse.

LOS ANGELES.

BY ALBERT F. WEBSTER.

LOS ANGELES possesses a fame as a health-resort nearly equal to that of Santa Barbara, though among a different class of invalids. The town is fully twenty miles from the coast, and is to a great extent removed from the influence of the ocean. Relative to the points of the compass, and also in the topography of the surrounding country, the town bears a strong resemblance to its rival, for it lies upon the edge of a vast plain that is nearly encircled by foot-hills and mountains, except toward the south, where it stretches away unbroken toward the sea.

The average temperature of Los Angeles is measurably higher than that of Santa Barbara, but it is not clear that the atmosphere is less humid. There, as elsewhere, it is necessary that the newcomer search carefully for a suitable place in which to live. Simply being in Los Angeles does not cover the ground, for in one portion of the place there is shelter from the south winds, and in another the heat is greater than it is half a mile away. It is fair to say only that for six, and sometimes seven and eight, months in the year the climate of the place for invalided people is far more pleasant than the climate of the Northern States. One may live out-of-doors very many more days here than he can in Chicago or Boston, and he will find himself relieved from effects of the tremendous cold; yet he will be subjected to sudden changes of weather, and there will be many rainy days in which he will repine. But provided he is able to secure possession of a well-built house—a rarity in these parts—placed in a corner where there are no express torments—no excessive damp, nor bad water, nor disagreeable neighbors, he may look forward from October, perhaps, to

a prolonged June—a season in which tropical plants will grow luxuriantly, and birds sing, and the sun shine.

The seaport of Los Angeles is Wilmington, a little village that grew at the end of the railroad as the sunflower grows at the end of its stalk, something ugly to absorb the malaria. The approach to it from the sea is through a tortuous channel leading among vast expanses of sand. Here and there a fishing-boat is drawn up upon a beach, and a few lean and weather-beaten huts show that some poor mortals have not scorned to be at home in the wretched spot.

The railway leads through a flat country which yields magnificent crops of mustard-seed, and but little else. In the distance are long lines of dark-hued live-oaks, and farther off still are faintly seen ranges of smoothly-sloping hills. There are three or four villages along the way, in whose gardens one sees a large variety of fruit-trees and vegetables. A few of the houses are exceedingly neat, having a New England complexion in their surroundings; but the majority are tumble-down adobe huts, with roofs of thatch and weedy demesnes.

The environs of Los Angeles are very pleasing to the eyes after a long ride through a wasted land. Plantations are everywhere to be seen as the train approaches; indeed, the cars pass through an orange-grove just before reaching the station.

Upon entering the town it is very likely that the stranger will be thoroughly surprised at the number of populous streets and large warehouses that will meet his eyes. The census of 1874 gives the place a population of eleven thousand; yet it seems to have a mercantile business entirely disproportioned

to that number. Were there thirty thousand inhabitants, a traveler from the East would still reckon the town overstocked with stores, even after making a liberal allowance for the demands of the country surrounding. The truth is, however, that Los Angeles is the centre of an area that is immense, and also that it has somewhat over-estimated its value. Thus, while it built a good many warehouses from necessity, it built a good many more from vanity, and is now suffering from diminution of rents and an undue competition in every branch of trade.

With these ills, however, the sojourner has little to do; he is more concerned about the chances for comfortable living, and no one can find fault with him for that. In the resources of the town in this respect he will be sure to be disappointed, and in the resources of the suburbs he will be dismayed. The hotels are very indifferent, and the houses out of town, where he may live for a short time, are, as a rule, very deficient in conveniences as well as in moderation in prices. It is true that, unlike Santa Barbara, Los Angeles has other sources of revenue than the wallets of its visitors, but it is to be demonstrated that this mine would be well worth working if it were worked properly. As it is, some thousands of strangers visit the place yearly, attracted by the real charm and benefits of its climate; but it is true that the great majority of them depart ill satisfied with those many other things that, as adjuncts to agreeable climate, are necessary to pleasant living. It is an admirable thing, for instance, to breathe a fragrant air in December, warmed to the seventieth degree, but it almost nullifies the good effect to remember that you are paying an unusually large price for the privilege of doing so. The sweetness of a horseback-ride is sure to evaporate when the livery-man shows you his bill; even the luxury of a few home-grown lemons, picked somewhere a few blocks off, is not to be purchased lightly. As for the means of grace in living, Los Angeles furnishes but few. The town is woefully bare of prettiness and even of neatness, and one is obliged to content himself with that feature of the picturesque that consists of excessive uncleanliness. The town has its Spanish and its Chinese quarter. In both of these the stranger walks with pleasure, though not without some remote danger of being stabbed in the back. The buildings are the one-story adobe structures of the original settlers, with colonnades in front and with tiled roofs. From almost any elevated window in town one can look down into the yards and alley-ways of the abominated Chinese, and see them huddled purposelessly together, clad in blue overalls and blouses of jean and hats of felt. Some of them seem always to sit upon their heels, others always to chatter, and others always to doze in the position of whipped schoolboys, one leg put out and one shoulder higher than the other. A few of their women, with their tunics of dark-blue cambric, their jetty hair, shining puffs stuck crosswise through with enormous pins, and with their telltale handkerchiefs of Magenta silk in their tiny hands, may now and then be seen wandering like lost children

from one doorway to another. The lintels and doorposts are nearly always furnished with small signs of red paper, as large as the leaves of a copy-book, upon which are printed, in the Chinese character, the names of the residents within and any occupations they may have. Inside these doorways all is half-lighted, and, to a stranger, somewhat mysterious. Jars, urns, boxes, rolls of matting, together with a hundred lacquered canisters of all shapes, line the walls and obstruct the floor, while perched upon any odd cask that may elevate him sufficiently sits the placid warehouseman sleepily looking out for custom. To a non-resident the spectacle of half a dozen Chinamen packed together in an apartment as small as a hackney-coach, all talking and smoking; or of lofty frames of drying rats rising from the roofs of the back-sheds; or of the vegetable-venders, with their toadstool-hats and their wicker-baskets swung upon poles, is surprising and immensely entertaining; but you find that it is not at all so with the residents. The form and color quantity does not enter into their prejudices to any very great extent; indeed, one might say, not at all. They quite ignore all pictorial charms that the Chinamen may possess, and, going to the other extreme, speak of them with an unreasoning bitterness that only provokes the contrary sympathies of the listeners, and puts all discussion out of the window. All good mothers employ the pests to do excellent washing, at a saving of several dollars a week out of the old prices paid to white laundresses, and, at the same time, profess joy at the success which the youngest boys are having of late in hitting Chinamen with stones at unprecedented distances.

The Spanish quarter is thought to be the evil place of the town. It is remarkably ugly and forlorn, at all events; and that a human being could easily commit an atrocity within its precincts, were surroundings said ever to urge on a crime or to promise forgiveness for it, does not admit of doubt. Even in the hot, familiar glare of the noonday sun, the cracked white walls, the straw-and-rag-littered lanes, the broken eaves, the blistered woodwork, and the starved and skulking dogs, seem to hold in themselves all the "promise and potency" of rascality; and one may freely forgive himself if he looks askance at every ragged beggar or black-eyed slattern that passes him on the way.

The Catholic hold is still strong in this curious town, and the harsh, mandatory jangle of the churchbells bidding folk to prayer is sure to startle you from your morning sleep, and to make you inwardly determine to remain a Protestant while breath remains in your body.

Some twelve miles out of town, going inland, is the ancient Mission of San Gabriel, another of those old religious houses that were sprinkled so plentifully over the land a hundred years ago. It is a huge buttressed pile of stone, whitewashed within and without, set in the midst of a verdant spot, notable for the gentleness of its climate. At one side there passes the roadway; on the other there is a graveyard in ruins; in the rear are the sunny, vine-

sheltered adobe cottages of the priests. At that end of the church is a pile of masonry in which are two rows of apertures one above the other; within these are hung the bells of the mission, ancient, begrimed, oddly shaped, and dissonant to the last degree. The common door for the use of worshipers and visitors is at the side. It has two wings studded with immense brass bolts, and upon one there is a rude sign bearing in ruder lettering this mandate, "Take off your hat;" upon the other is an equally angry command, "Behave yourself!" One laughs upon fancying the supreme annoyance and disgust which must have evolved those two signs, and have posted them up at the portal of a temple devoted to the inculcation of meekness and the love of cross-bearing. The country boors must have tormented the old priests prodigiously time out of mind.

Within the church all is gaunt and unclean. The dire poverty of the mission is proved in everything: in the dust and litter upon the floor, in the ragged edges of the grim old pictures of the Bible tragedies that are hung upon the lofty walls, and in the discoloration and dinginess of the once sparkling ornaments in the huge sanctuary. An odor of decaying wood and cloth fills the entire place. At intervals upon the walls are slender wooden crosses eighteen inches long, and near the door are the confessionals—two soiled and battered boxes, falling to pieces, perhaps, from the accumulated weight of the little shames they have been made to take part in. Upon each side of the entrance is a hand-blackened orifice, holding a gill or so of stained holy-water. One doubts if a gentle and beautiful thought was ever put into such an ugly shape. Opposite is a doorway which leads into the cemetery. Time has played havoc with the church upon this side, and the doors, rotted from their once stout hinges, stand leaning askant against the edges of the walls. A great many swallows have made their houses under the worm-eaten eaves, and their joyous twittering throws another shade of melancholy over the neglected graves. The sunlight warms into life numberless bees and humming insects, and the faint breeze causes the shade of the tall weeds to play fitfully upon the tops of the tombs. Some of the crosses are new, and some are very old. Upon one the lateral piece is tied with a string; but so carelessly that nearly all semblance of a cross is lost, and the poor bones beneath decay without the sanctity even of a sign. A soiled and tattered little Spanish girl sulkily shows the way about, jealously watching with a pair of burning black eyes for signs of disrespect among the visitors. But, discovering none, she becomes gracious, and tells what she knows about the poverty of the church and its surroundings. A dreary story, indeed!

Close beside the mission is a native settlement a hundred years old, composed of a number of wretched adobe houses, shaded and garnished by lofty trees and luxuriant vines. It is a group of things natural and human, wherein one is surpassingly beautiful and the other surpassingly ugly and unclean. Seated just within the reach of the light of the doors, you see in every hut a few dark figures, shabbily clad,

indolent in posture, and with stupid, deeply-seamed faces. Their black hair falls in tangled masses upon their shoulders, and their unshodden feet rest in the dust. The furniture about them is huddled together as if some neighbor had moved in unexpectedly, and had put the household out of order. In one of the most hopeless and forlorn of these huts lives a woman who is said to have survived the dangers and enjoyed the delights of one hundred and thirty-eight years. She is a bright old body, and, although she does not hear unless one roars, she follows the chat between her daughter (seventy-eight years of age) and the visitors with a keen appreciation. Her eyes are still brilliant, and her smile is pleasant. She sits upon her poor pallet with her legs crossed beneath her, and with her veined hands clasped together. Her voice is somewhat harsh, yet it has its old modulations, and, though her speech is often interrupted by weariness, she yet preserves all the graces of her native language.

At Los Angeles, as everywhere else in this part of the country, one rides a great deal. Saddle-horses are plenty, yet the hire is somewhat exorbitant. It is commonly the better plan for one to purchase a well-broken mustang and an easy saddle, and thereby make himself independent of the livery-man. For thirty-five dollars one can often become the possessor of a neat little beast and a ponderous Mexican saddle and bridle, all in capital order; and, at the cost of fifty cents for barley-hay, he can travel from sunrise to sunset with the same, and be beholden to no one.

Hereabout one is likely to witness some of that wonderful Mexican horsemanship which has become so noted of late. Upon arriving in the town, the traveler is recommended to inquire at his stable or at the office of the hotel if there be a *rodeo* in prospect. A *rodeo* is a meeting of all the neighboring graziers with their herds of cattle upon a plain where the beasts born since last year are branded. Several of the most noted horsemen of the region are employed for the task of keeping the half-wild animals in order; and the feat of capturing and throwing the steers is a delicate as well as a dangerous one. When it is known that strangers are present, especial effort is made by the *vagueros* to do their best, and one's hair almost stands upon end when their best is about to be accomplished.

The chief-of-police of the town is himself a noted horseman. When a runaway occurs in the thronged streets, Señor Carillo leaps upon his horse, which is kept fastened before the door of the office, and pursues at headlong speed. Meanwhile he unties his lasso. At the proper moment he launches this from his seat in the saddle at the head of the runaway, and then, wheeling his own horse, brings the mischief-maker in a cloud of dust to the ground. Fiery little scenes like this frequently occur, much to the delight of the strangers who happen to be near, and the applause that follows is always tremendous.

A carriage-ride in Los Angeles is always an expensive pleasure, and in another sense besides the financial one. The roads seem to the eye to be very

fair, but they are not at all so to the muscular system. They lead off for miles amid pleasant shadows and sunny, beflowered pastures, and tole one on yet a little farther by their charms, only to deceive him again. The iron-like ruts are full of small depressions from two to ten yards apart, and into these the wheels sink just enough to make the carriage-body jolt most abominably. One becomes more fatigued in riding twenty miles in the Los Angeles suburbs than on two hundred miles of any railway yet heard of—including even the track between Savannah and Charleston. At the same time, riding must be done, for there is much to be seen that would be unattainable in any other way. A carriage is free to drive into any of the large orchards that skirt the town, and any well-ordered party may lunch under the trees if it chooses to do so.

Much of the pleasure that is had in beholding a plantation of olives or almonds is doubtless stimulated even by honest people who believe they feel what they say they do. Ladies, particularly, are self-victims in this matter. The rapture they have upon seeing a black, loamy expanse of earth set out in orange-shoots is, for some curious reason, a thousand times more fervid than that they experience upon beholding a magnificent grove of elms at home; and the praise they will bestow upon the flavor of a lemon fresh from the tree, even if it have a skin half an inch thick, and a pulp that is nearly all fibre, and a juice that is intensely sour, is one of the astonishing things of the time. The worst of it is that, in their real desire to praise the fruit-raiser for his skill in his work, they get afloat upon the sea of figures, and always meet with the most dreadful disasters. A promising friendship between the rancher and his chance callers is sometimes broken up in this way. An enthusiastic lady upon the back-seat may observe in a pause in the conversation upon the profits of an orangery:

"Just think of it, Flo, two thousand dollars from one bush!"

"I know it!—but wasn't it two thousand oranges on one tree?"

A shriek from little Theodosia in the other carriage: "Two thousand oranges upon one tree! Oh, no, Flo, darling, it is two thousand to each acre."

A chorus of protests all around. Meanwhile it becomes clear to the host that he is not likely to get much praise whichever way the matter is decided, and his countenance falls. The contest goes on:

"Why, Theo, that would be an avalanche—awfully scrimp!"

"But that wouldn't support any sort of a family, Polly, love."

"That depends upon the way in which they live, you know. Now, if they have horses, and dinners, and music, and—"

"Oh, do you suppose they've got a piano in the house?—Have you one, Mr. —?"

But of course the proprietor has gone long before this, and the dispute becomes one of those jungles into which the light of day never penetrates.

All about Los Angeles you see the footprints of

the real-estate fiend—that smooth-faced destroyer of many a town's prosperity. Six or eight years since Los Angeles was nothing more than a moderately prosperous trading-village, where the miners from the mountains came to purchase their stores, and the Mexican *vaqueros* to sell their bands of mustangs, and to drink the proceeds. But in 1868 and '69 the region was discovered to the world as a health-resort, and strangers began to pour in by hundreds. The American part of the town grew with astonishing rapidity, and prices began to rise. In these few short years the sleepy, half-disreputable hamlet changed into a bright, fresh, thriving city, and it now has its mayor, its water-works, and its municipal debt, all complete. Yet, as some might readily conjecture, so sudden a development must, in some way, be unhealthy. This illness is shown in the exorbitant prices asked for house-lots, and for farming-lands just without the town limits. Everybody is ready to sell if he can get his price. Nine-tenths of the whole place are in the market, and the blackboards that are posted up in front of the numberless real-estate offices are covered with advertisements. Nearly every property-holder is consumed with the desire to make another turn, and there are very few who have the remotest idea that they are settled for good and all. All are in a transitory state. Nothing is permanent. What belongs to one man to-day may change hands half a dozen times before the end of the month, with a prospect of further owners to the end of the chapter.

On every hand the stranger is confronted with maps of the town as it is expected to appear—shortly—a vast municipality, with parks, boulevards, and squares, without end. The value of the flat-lands for orange-groves having prevented the growth of the town in two directions, and an ugly suburb choking up the path in still another, the exuberant growth had to find space upon the sides of a steep, gravelly hill, part of which is already laid out in terraces. It is from this height that one may best look upon the town that is, and the one that is to be. And from it, too, he may best discover the natural beauties the region possesses. It is likely that he will forget the petty shortcomings of his hotel, and the lack of human loveliness that is so plentiful, in the charming pictures that are here spread out before him.

Against a sky of the most delicate blue, pale almost to whiteness, there runs the eccentric outline of the mountains, now raising itself sharply in a score of glittering, snow-covered peaks, and now sinking into low, smooth waves that seem ready to run into the plain. In the flanks of these mountains are gorges so deep that they become black to the eye, and by contrast the ridges and broad faces are glorious. On the hither sides of the mountains are valleys and table-lands miles broad, whose presence one would never suspect, for between them and the plain of Los Angeles there rise those sloping foothills that always intervene between the lowlands proper and the great ribs of the earth. The gradual undulations of these smaller elevations are always

pleasant to behold, except in the dead of summer, when their barren smoothness becomes a mockery of repose. It is when they are clothed with the green of winter or the soft brown of later spring that their gently-heaving sides supply to one that sense of quietude and rest that every courtier of Nature knows so well and values so highly.

Nearer in toward the town a few scattered houses and inclosures are to be seen, but it is not until within gunshot of the streets that the gardens begin. Most of these are laid out in a severely economic fashion, with the trees mathematically in line, and the distances correctly proportioned. All the verdure is of a deep, cold green, and it cannot be said that it is beautiful. It is gratifying, to be sure, but only in the same sense that everything is gratifying that, not being intrinsically ugly, is healthy and prosperous. The olive-trees are of a somewhat paler hue, and their branches droop a little; still they, like the orange and lemon trees, miss being lovely by a considerable degree.

In the gardens of these plantations all manner of flowers grow to a high state of perfection. Roses in hundreds of varieties abound, and the Northern visitor will spend many an hour examining the strangely-leaved and strangely-blossomed exotics that grow on every hand. Cacti of the most extraordinary shapes and of the most surprising ugliness find favor in this soil, and, if one does not have many a chill of aversion at these brutish-looking plants, it is because he does not see the worst of them. But, as if to regulate the sympathies and to keep the spirit in tune, the earth sends up the most graceful, broad-leaved palms, the elegant pampa-grass, and the enormous, graceful leaves of the banana-plant. In these the dullest of all mortals must find satisfaction even if he is obliged to recall that there rests a price upon every shoot. Those parts of the gardens that require irrigation are supplied with turbid water conveyed in open wooden troughs called *zanjas*—pronounced *thanhas*. These run through the lower streets of the town, often beside the roadways, and the abuttor who wishes for a little water with which to grow his thirsty vegetables pays a small fee and opens a sluice-way from the public stream.

The water-question is the great one which lies

under all real-estate operations outside of the town proper. It is considered even before the question of title. A would-be purchaser first asks—not, "Who is the present owner?" but, "How much water can I have to the acre?" A fruit-grower, whose plantation the writer visited, paid five thousand dollars for a right to one-half a spring in the mountains behind him; his land and fine house, together with all the improvements, costing only thirty-five thousand more. Reference to the *zanjas* of the town brings to mind a curious optical illusion which attracts the attention of most people who drive over the plains between the foot-hills and the mountains. At one place shallow furrows are made in the gravelly soil to convey water for irrigating purposes from the main to the land. The ground over which it flows is elevated, and is nearly free from hillocks. The distant horizon, where it has the mountain-tops for its limit, trends, in general, downward to the level of the plain. This creates confusion to the optical sense, and the stream in the furrow seems to be flowing rapidly uphill at an angle of five or six degrees. The illusion is noticeable in several other places in the vicinity, especially at a point in the mountains at Ventura, in the vicinity of Santa Barbara. There the water is introduced into the town by a flume, striking a level at a point sufficiently high to create a powerful head. Yet, as one approaches the mountains on the road from Santa Barbara, he is positively assured by his own eyes that the flume, which appears in several places, is rising toward the heavens at a prodigious grade. It may cause some amusement to the traveler to notice this peculiarity. It may also interest him to look for a certain country schoolhouse that is in the vicinity of Los Angeles to the north. It is exceedingly neat and tasteful, and is a great improvement upon the country schoolhouse of the North. It is of inexpensive model, yet it has all the charm of a pretty cottage. There is not a house within quite half a mile, if my memory serves me, and some of its patrons are stupid, half-breed youngsters, yet it has a trellised piazza and a great profusion of climbing vines, to say nothing of certain embellishments which, though cheap, show a certain tendency toward the very fine in art which is encouraging.

SIX AND SEVENTY-SIX.

TWO faces on a card I see,
A New-Year's gift of love to me,
A pretty childish ministry!

It were not hard, I think, to fix
Their ages solely from Time's tricks,
Without the "Six and Seventy-six."

"Mamie and Grandma," side by side,
And seventy years betwixt them glide—
A bubbling fount, an ebbing tide:

A morning beam—a sunset ray,
A bud—a blossom in decay,
A rippling mouth—and lips that pray:

A waxen brow—a furrowed face,
Defiant smiles—and looks of grace,
And contrasts more as more I trace!

The child sees seventy years as far
Beyond, to her, yon distant star,
And marvels what their mysteries are.

These to the wearied eyes appear
A fleeting mist, a shadowy sphere,
And briefer than one waiting year.

Mamie and grandma—Hope and Faith—
Translated by one sunny breath—
And this to me the picture saith.

WILLIAM C. RICHARDS.

A GREAT BUFFALO "POT-HUNT."

BY H. M. ROBINSON.

I.

THERE have now almost disappeared from the vast buffalo-ranges extending between the Missouri and Saskatchewan Rivers the last vestiges of what were once the most perfectly-organized, effective, and picturesque periodically-recurring hunting-excursions known to any nomadic peoples. They came within the lists, too, of what are technically known to sportsmen as "pot-hunts"—forming the almost entire support of certain well-defined border communities. For over half a century regiments of men—with a vast following of retainers and *impedimenta*—have swept over the plains twice annually, bearing slaughter and destruction to its shaggy denizens; the product being sufficient to maintain a large colony with its various dependencies in plenty, and even in comparative luxury, for the remainder of the year. These hunts formed an almost certain means of livelihood, and, for the amount of labor required, offered inducements far superior to those of agriculture, or, indeed, any other pursuit which the scope of country presented. Moreover, they were especially adapted to the class with which they obtained—a class which, by reason of eminent fitness and efficiency, seemed particularly designed by Nature for the congenial calling. Suggested first by the necessities of a meagre handful of half-starved immigrants, they became at length the main-stay of a considerable population, and an important factor in the commerce of the world. Wherever a buffalo-robe is found, particularly in European markets, there may be seen the business-card of this vast pot-hunt; sometimes represented by the robe itself, again by certain hieroglyphics decorating its tanned side. And this (to many) cabalistic advertisement suggests the matter of the present paper.

In the year 1811 the Earl of Selkirk purchased of the Hudson Bay Company the ownership of a vast tract of land, including, as a small part of the whole, the ground occupied by a colony known, until its recent purchase by the Dominion Government, as Red River Settlement, near the foot of Lake Winnipeg, in British North America. On this territory Earl Selkirk had formed the Utopian idea of settling a populous colony, of which he should be the feudal lord. A compulsory exodus of the inhabitants of the mountainous regions of the county of Sutherland, Scotland, taking place about that time, to make way for the working of the sterner realities of the system of land management which prevails on great estates in this prosaic nineteenth century, an opportunity of easily obtaining the desired colonists for the occupation of his new purchase was thus presented. The first installment of colonists reached the bay coast in the autumn of 1811, advanced inland in the following spring, and, at the confluence of the Assiniboine and Red Rivers, about forty miles from the foot of

Lake Winnipeg, found themselves—metaphorically speaking—at home. They were in the centre of the American Continent, fifteen or sixteen hundred miles in direct distance from the nearest city residence of civilized man in America, and separated from the country whence they came by an almost impassable barrier.

Unfortunately for the successful founding of an agricultural colony, such as Lord Selkirk had planned, the rival French Canadian fur-companies, contending for the possession of the territory with the Hudson Bay Company, chose to regard the new-comers as invaders, whose presence was detrimental to their interests; and the Indians also objected to the cultivation of their hunting-grounds. Between the persecutions of two such powerful enemies, the colonists made, after the destruction of their crops and dwellings the first year, but little attempt at agriculture, and adopted, perforce, the nomadic life of the country, visiting the plains twice annually in pursuit of buffalo. This mode of life obtained until the coalition of all the fur-companies, in the year 1821, increased the size of the colony by the acquisition of all the French hunters and traders—who selected rather to remain there than to return to Canada—and rendered the peaceful pursuit of agriculture possible. But it occurred that, by intermarriage with the aborigines, and ten years of the free, roving life of the plain-hunter, agriculture had become distasteful to the younger portion of the sturdy Scots, while the French, of course, still clung to old habits, relying entirely upon the chase for a livelihood. So it happened that, while a small minority of the first colonists—those of advanced age—adopted the cultivation of the soil, the large majority of the eight or ten thousand people forming the settlement followed the chase; thus presenting the anomaly of a settled, civilized community subsisting by the pursuits common to nomadic life; in reality, civilized nomads. From those early days up to the present, when civilization by rapid strides has encroached upon and overrun that isolated locality, the same mode of life has obtained, with, until within the past nine years, no very perceptible change. The French portion of the colony rely entirely upon the chase, if we may except certain miniature attempts at farming; the Scotch alternating between seasons of labor with plough and hoe and the semi-annual hunts; the half-breed offspring of the latter instinctively adopting the chase. The world presents no other such incongruous picture.

It is not within the province of this paper to enter upon the details of buffalo-hunting as practised upon the plains, and with which doubtless all are familiar; but it may not be devoid of interest to follow this particular hunt to its termination, as presenting certain peculiarities not found elsewhere.

The parties belonging to the summer hunt start

about the beginning of June, and remain on the plains until the beginning of August. They then return to the settlements for a short time, for the purpose of trading the pemmican or dried meat, which forms the staple articles of produce from the hunt. The autumn hunters start during the month of August, and remain on the prairie until the end of October, or early in November, when they usually return, bringing the fresh or "green meat," preserved at this late season by the extreme cold, and fall buffalo-robbs. This latter hunt, including all the features of the former, we select as the subject of description.

After the return of the people from the summer hunt, and a short time allowed for the sale of their produce, a few of the recognized leaders of the chase assemble to arrange the time and place of a general rendezvous for the fall hunt. The time is always set for the first days of September, but the place of rendezvous changes from year to year, as the herds of buffalo are reported by the summer hunters as being close at hand or afar off. Of late years the rendezvous has been made at Pembina Mountain, a locality on the United States boundary-line in the northeast corner of Dakota Territory, comparatively close at hand. From this point the hunt frequently divides into two sections, one proceeding in a southerly, the other in a southwesterly direction. Both time and place having been designated by the (for the time) self-constituted leaders of the hunt, the word at once passes through the colony by that subtle electricity of gossip common to the frontier as elsewhere, but generally dignified by the name of news. The rapidity with which it travels, too, suggests the entire needlessness of telegraphy.

A particular date is determined upon for departure from the rendezvous, but it is customary to meet, if possible, some days previous to that time, in order that everything may be in perfect readiness. From the day of notification to that of departure for the rendezvous, the colony is in a constant state of preparation. In every door-yard may be seen the canvas tents and leather *tepees* of prospective hunters, stretched for repairs; carts undergoing a like renovating process, and fences decorated with dislocated sets of harness; guns and accoutrements burnished to an unwonted degree of effulgence; kettles strewed about the yard, together with wooden trunks and other paraphernalia of the camp. As the time approaches for the meet, the well-worn trails leading toward the rendezvous become vividly alive with long trains of carts, oxen, ponies, and well-groomed runners used in the final chase. Each hunter takes, in addition to the carts necessary for the conveyance of his family—for the women and children have their share in the labor equally with the men—a supply of extra vehicles in which to load the meat and robes falling to his share. And this train of carts, constantly augmented by new additions, marching in single file, for days seems interminable, sending up a refrain from ungreased axles that may be heard miles away on the prairie.

The carts used are peculiar to the country and

the hunt, and are of uniform make. They are constructed entirely of wood, without any iron whatever, the axles and rims of the wheels forming no exception to the rule. Although this at first sight might appear a disadvantage, as denoting a want of strength, yet it is really the reverse, as in the country traversed by these vehicles wood is always to be found in sufficient quantities to mend any breakages which may occur. The only tools necessary, not only to mend but to construct a cart, are an axe, a saw, and an auger; with these the hunter is independent as far as the integrity of his conveyance is concerned. Indeed, the cart may be described as a light box-frame poised upon an axle connecting two strong wooden wheels. Each one is drawn by a single pony or ox, attached by a rude harness of dressed ox-hide. The single cart devoted to the conveyance of madame, the hunter's wife, and possibly the younger children, is, however, much more elaborately gotten up than those destined for the commoner uses of freighting. The wheels and shafts have been shaved down to more delicate proportions; the body is decorated with certain mystical emblems in red and yellow ochre, supposed to represent vivid floral offerings; while over it is stretched a covering of oil-cloth or dressed skins, to protect the fair traveler from inclement weather. It is drawn, too, by the best pony in the hunter's herd, and becomes a subject of rivalry as legitimately as the feathers and flounces of her fairer sisters. The remaining carts are filled at the start with tents, bedding, camp-equipage, and provisions sufficient to last until the buffalo are reached. The ponies and oxen drawing their march in single file, and each one being tied to the tail of the vehicle before it, they become jammed together in a telescopic fashion when a sudden halt occurs in the line, and elongated on starting again in a way that is affecting to behold. About the train, as it creaks monotonously along, the loose animals are driven, and what with their tramping feet and the dragging gait of the cart-animals the little caravan is likely to be hidden from view in the dark clouds of dust arising from the well-worn trails. The rate of travel, estimated entirely by time, is about twenty miles per day, and at this pace nearly four days are required to reach the rendezvous.

Pembina Mountain rises on the north and east in a series of table-lands, each table about half a mile in width, sparsely timbered, and bountifully supplied with springs. On its western slope, at the base of which runs the Pembina River, the mountain terminates abruptly. Across the stream, flowing deep below the surface in a narrow valley, the banks remain of about an equal height with the mountain, stretching away toward the Missouri in a bare, treeless plain, broken only by the solitary elevation in the dim distance of Ne-Jank-wa-win (Dry Dance Hill). On this bank of the river is the rendezvous, selected in accordance with an invariable rule of prairie-travel—to always cross a stream on the route before camping. As wood is not to be had on the western bank, each hunter cuts a supply

for his camp-fires as he passes over the mountain; and, as no more timber will be encountered during the hunt, he also carefully selects an abundant supply of poplar-poles upon which to hang the meat to dry after the chase, and for use as frames in stretching robes to be tanned.

As hour after hour and day after day the carts come straggling in, sometimes a single hunter with his outfit of from three to ten carts, again a train so swollen by contributions along the road as to number hundreds, the camp of rendezvous enlarges its borders, and presents a scene both novel and picturesque. The elevated plain on the immediate banks of the stream is covered with a motley grouping of carts, canvas tents, smoke-brown leather *tepees*, and, in lieu of other shelter, small squares of cotton or raw-hide stretched from cart to cart, or over a rough framework of poles. For miles around the prairie is alive with ponies, hobbled, tied to lariat-pins, or dragging about poles as a preventive against straying. Mingled with this kicking, neighing herd, wander hundreds of oxen — patient, lowing kine, the youthful vivacity of which has given place to middle-aged steadiness. Through this compact mass of animal life gallop with a wild scurry, from time to time, half-nude boys, breaking a narrow pathway in search of some needed ox or pony, or hurrying the whole struggling mass riverward. In the camp the sole occupation of the day is the pursuit of pleasure. From every tent and shelter comes the sound of laughter; every camp-fire furnishes its quota of jest and song. Here a small but excited circle, gathered under the shade of a cart, are deeply engaged in gambling by what is known as the "moccasin-game." In an empty moccasin are placed sundry buttons and bullets, which, being shaken up, involve the guessing of the number in the shoe. The ground is covered with guns, capotes, and shirts, the volatile half-breed often stripping the clothing from his back to satisfy his passion for play, or staking his last horse and cart. There another like-minded party are gambling with cards, the stakes being a medley of everything portable owned by the players. In many tents rum is holding an orgy, and the clinking of cups, boisterous laughter, and song, tell of the presence of the direst enemy of the hunter. In another quarter feasting is the order of the day, and the small stock of provisions, designed to supply the family until the buffalo were reached, is being devoured at a sitting. The host knows this; but, then, he selects a feast and its consequent famine. Yonder, tawny Pyramus is making love to dusky Thisbe after the most approved fashion. They seem indifferent to the exposure of the camp, and conduct their wooing as if no curious eyes were upon them. About the many camp-fires stand, or crouch, the wives of the hunters, busily engaged in culinary operations, or gossiping with neighbors, while their numerous scantily-attired offspring play about in the dust and dirt with wolfish-looking dogs. The baby of the family, fastened to a board, leans against a cart-wheel, doubtless revolving in its infantile mind those subtle questions pertinent to babyhood.

Gathered in a circle apart are likely to be found the aged leaders of the hunt, engaged in discussion of the weightier matters of the time; but, from the broad smiles lighting up their bronzed features at times, it is doubtful whether many of the subjects are relevant. Perched high on a cart-wheel, farther on, sits a long-haired Paganini, drawing rude melodies from an antiquated and fractured violin. About him are congregated a crowd of delighted hearers, suggesting new tunes, requesting the loan of the instrument long enough to exhibit their own skill, or, seized with the infection, suddenly breaking into an improvised break-down, or executing a *pas seul* the very embodiment of caricature. Reclining under the shade of carts, in every possible attitude, lie weary hunters indulging in a *siesta*, from which to be rudely awakened by some practical joke of their fellows, only to find themselves bound hand and foot. Again, the awaking is made in a manner more congenial by the mellow gurgling of proffered liquor held to the lips. About the outskirts of the camp the veteran horse-trader plies his calling, painting the merits of the animal in hand in vivid *couleur de rose*. Above all rises the clamor of many tongues, speaking many languages, the neighing of horses, the lowing of kine, the barking of hundreds of dogs, and the shouts and yells of fresh arrivals, as they pour hourly in to swell the numbers of the already vast encampment.

In the afternoon, if the day be propitious, the camp becomes for a time comparatively deserted, the noise and excitement being temporarily transferred to the distance of a mile or more upon the prairie. Here the hunter presents a totally different appearance from the lounging, tattered, unkempt personage of the morning. He has donned his holiday apparel, appearing in all the bravery of new moccasins, tasseled cap, gaudy shirt, fine blue capote, and corduroy trousers. His sash is of the most brilliant pattern, and wound about his waist to make its broadest display. He is mounted upon his best horse, with bridle and saddle decked with ribbons and bravery, and has suddenly become an alert, active, volatile, and excitable being, constantly gesticulating, shouting, and full of life. A straight course is marked off upon the prairie of, say, half a mile in length. After well-known leaders of the hunt have been stationed at either end, the racing begins. Betting runs high, the wagers of the principals being generally horse against horse, those of outsiders ranging from valuable horses down through carts and oxen to the clothing worn at the moment. All is excitement, and, as the contestants dash forward, with that peculiar plunging of the heels into the flanks of the horses at every jump, affected by the plain-hunter, it breaks forth in cheers and gesticulations of encouragement to the favorite. All points of disagreement are quickly settled by the *dictum* of the umpires, and the loser quietly strips saddle and bridle from his much-prized animal, and consoles himself for the loss in copious draughts of rum. To the regular courses of the day succeed a multitude of scrub-races, gotten up on the spur of

the moment, and involving almost every article of property as the wagers. Horses, oxen, tents, guns, clothing, provisions, and spirits, change hands with wonderful celerity, and to an accompaniment of shouts and gesticulations that would do no discredit to Bedlam. The sport continues with but little abatement throughout the afternoon, the races gradually growing shorter, however, and the wagers of more trifling value.

Toward night the huge camp becomes again resonant with a more intense Babel of sounds. The lucky winner on the race-course parades his gains, and depicts in graphic pantomime his share in the sports; while the loser bewails his losses in maudlin tones, or arranges the terms of a new race for the morrow. The betting of the afternoon is succeeded by the deeper gambling of the evening; and the sounds of shuffling cards, the clinking of the buttons and bullets of the moccasin-game, and the exclamations of triumph and despair of winner and loser, are everywhere heard. Rum flows freely; for each hunter brings a supply to tide him over the grand encampment, and start him fairly on his journey. As the night advances, the camp grows more and more boisterous, the confusion worse confounded. The women disappear from the camp-fires, and betake themselves to tents out of harm's way. Drunken men reel about the flaming fires; wild yells fill the still air; quarrels are engendered; fierce invectives in many tongues roll from angry lips, and the saturnalia becomes general. The camp-fires light up the strange scene with a lurid glare, and tent, cart, and awning, cast fantastic shadows over all. The orgy continues late into the night, and, when the fires flicker and die out, their last feeble glow reveals shadowy forms stretched promiscuously about, sleeping the sleep of drunkenness.

With the first glow of coming dawn, the camp rouses into life and vigor again. The headaches and fevers engendered by the debauch of the previous night are carried patiently by their owners to the river's brink, and bathed in its cooling waters. The women once more appear about the camp-fires, clad in dark-blue calico—which so effectually conceals succeeding accumulations of dirt—busied in preparations for the morning meal. Their lords stand moodily near to obtain a share of the heat; for the mornings are chilly and raw. And, as the excitement of the previous day has been dissipated by sleep, and that of the opening day is still to come, the features of the plain-hunter are in repose, betraying at a glance the nature of his employment. The theory that one's daily life leaves its impress upon the face meets with no more ample corroboration than here. The countenance at first sight would be taken for that of a resolute, reckless, and determined man. It is deeply bronzed by exposure, and is marked by numerous hard lines sharply defined about the mouth and eyes. Somewhat Assyrian in type, yet it expresses a certain cunning combined with its resolution; the eyes are watchfully vigilant; the square lower jaw prominent and firmly set; the nose straight and somewhat hooked; the cheeks rather

sunken and sparsely bearded. A faint glow of excitement, however, instantly changes the expression: it becomes alert, volatile, all alive—a face to dare anything, to plunge into danger from mere love of it, and yet not a labor-loving face, nor one capable of sustained effort in any direction not attended with the excitement of physical risk. This type of countenance pervades the camp more or less. It assumes its deepest tints in the old hunters, degenerating into a haggard, reckless air, and finds its mildest phase in the newly-fledged buffalo-runner, about whose eyes the inevitable marks are but beginning to form. It is not, perhaps, so much the danger that paints these lines of life in sombre hues upon the face, as the wild, reckless racing and slaughter of the final chase—a chase leading for miles, and extending through long hours, keeping nerve, muscle, and mind, at their utmost tension, and all bent upon slaughter. But, whatever the cause, certain it is that no class of men more distinctly marked by the characteristics of their vocation exist than the members of this hunt. Even the women assume, after a time, the reckless air of their husbands and brothers engaged in it.

The most positive, perhaps, of the recognized laws regulating the camp of rendezvous is that forbidding the departure of any one from its limits after having once entered it. This is to guard against covering the plains with straggling bands of hunters whose presence would inevitably drive the buffalo from their usual range. By reason of this self-imposed law, no one attempts to leave the main body until all the hunters have arrived—an event which generally occurs within a week from the first formation of the camp. During that period the time is passed much in the fashion above described, and, as a consequence of so continuous a series of dissipations, all are eager to break camp and start upon the long journey. The day previous to that appointed for departure, however, is set apart for the election of the officers of the hunt, and the transaction of such other business as the exigencies of the time suggest.

By this date the hunters are supposed to be all in, and prepared as well as they ever will be for departure. The encampment has swollen almost beyond available limits, and become dissipated and unruly to a degree. From two thousand to twenty-five hundred carts line the banks; three thousand animals graze within sight upon the prairie; one thousand men, with their following of women and children, find shelter under carts, and in the tents and *tepees* of the encampment; the smoke of the camp-fires almost obscures the sun; and the Babel of sounds arising from the laughing, neighing, barking multitude, resembles the rush of many waters.

II.

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast of the day previous to that appointed for departure from the rendezvous, all the males of the camp repair to a point a short distance off upon the prairie, where, gathered in a huge circle, they proceed to the election of offi-

cers for the coming hunt. The votes are given first for a chief, who shall see that all laws are enforced, and shall have the power of settling all disputes. To this office is almost invariably elected an old hunter, prominent both on account of experience and executive ability, and for whose comparatively exemplary life all entertain respect. The second ballot elects twelve counselors who, with the chief, make the laws, decide the direction of travel, and advise the executive in all matters of doubtful propriety. These persons, being necessarily men of experience, are chosen also from the elderly men of the camp, or those who have followed plain-hunting for many years. The third ballot is cast for the election of four captains, each of whom will command a certain number of men, called soldiers, who become the police of the hunt, mounting guard against Indians, arranging the shape of the camp—an outer circle formed of carts, inside of which the tents and animals are placed—keeping watch over private property, arresting offenders, etc. These four men must be of a determined mould, and are chosen from the middle-aged hunters whose courage and vigilance are approved. Lastly, four guides are elected, who are to lead the train in the direction indicated by the chief and counselors. This position, involving a thorough knowledge of the country, is always filled from the ranks of the older hunters, whose many years of service have rendered them acquainted with every foot of the territory to be traversed. With this last office the election terminates.

Before the crowd disperses, the chief and counselors have framed a code of laws which is to govern the multitude during the period covered by the hunt. This code varies a little, perhaps, in phraseology from year to year, but is generally of the following substance:

1. No running of Buffalo is permitted on the Sabbath-day.
2. No member of the hunt to lag behind, go before, or fork off from the main body, unless by special permission of the chief.
3. No person or party to run buffalo before the general order is given, in which the entire hunt may participate.
4. Every captain, with his men, to patrol the camp in turn, in order that a continual watch may be kept.

Penalties.—For the first offense, the saddle and bridle of the offender to be cut up.

2. The offender to have his coat cut up.

3. The offender to be publicly flogged.

Any penalty is foregone, however, if the guilty party pay a stipulated sum in money, meat, or robes, for each offense.

In case of theft the perpetrator is to be taken to the middle of the camp, his name called aloud thrice, the word "thief" being added.

The election having furnished the hunt with the requisite officers, and a code of laws providing for all the necessities and emergencies incident to its nomadic life, the huge encampment begins at once to feel their sanitary effect. By eventide the soldiers

are selected from the numbers of the young men, and a relief patrols the camp—for the laws are enforced from the moment of their enactment. The effect is perceptible in the lessened confusion, the cessation of public drinking and gambling, and a general air of order and routine. The dissipation of the past week is replaced by attention to the details of the coming journey. Everything is made ready for an early departure on the morrow. The chief and his counselors assemble in the centre of the camp and discuss the most advisable route to pursue; the council being open to outsiders having suggestions to offer. The captains of the guard pass through the camp in all directions, issuing orders as to the disposition of animals, carts, and baggage, in such manner as to afford the best facilities for easy and rapid loading. Play-day is over, and the real business of the hunt begins. After the lapse of a night which, in its quietude, forms a violent contrast with the seven or more preceding it, the camp of rendezvous is broken up, and the caravan begins to move.

The fortunate traveler who, standing upon the edge of the Sahara, has seen a caravan trailing out into the barren and interminable sand-dunes of the desert, the main body tortuous and serpentine, the fast-disappearing head swaying to and fro in the dim distance, has but few features of the scene to change in depicting the departure of this mongrel hunt for the barren buffalo-ranges of the plains. With the first gleam of morning, before the mists have lifted from the river, the flag of the guide is raised and the huge train starts upon its way. One by one the carts fall into line, following each other in single file, until the last vehicle has left the camp of rendezvous. The train now is five miles in length, its width varying from half a mile to a mile, as the press of loose animals is greater or less. The creaking of the loose cart-frames, the screech of ungreased axles, the shouts of wild riders as they dash along the length of the train or off upon the prairie in quest of some stray animal, the neighing of horses, the lowing of kine, make a pandemonium of sounds that may be heard miles away upon the plain. At the extreme front rides a staid guide bearing a white flag, which, when raised, indicates a continuance of the march, and, when lowered, the signal to halt and camp. About this standard-bearer move, with grave demeanor, as becomes those charged with important trusts, the old chief and counselors of the hunt. Along the line of march are scattered the four captains of the guard, who, with their men, keep order in the line. Here rides on a sleek runner the average hunter, in corduroy and capote, bronzed, sparsely bearded, volatile, and given to much gesticulation; next, an Indian, pure and simple, crouched upon the back of his shaggy, unkempt pony, without saddle, and using a single cord as bridle—a blanketed, hatless, "grave and reverend seignior," speaking but seldom, and then only in monosyllables; then a sandy-haired and canny Scot, clad in homespun, and with keen gray eyes wide open for the main chance, eager for trade, but reckless and daring as any hunter of them all, bestriding a large-boned, well-ac-

courtred animal, and riding it like a heavy dragoon; here, again, a pink-cheeked sprig of English nobility, doing the hunt from curiosity, and carefully watched over by a numerous retinue of servants and retainers. He has in his outfit all the latest patterns of arms, the most comprehensive of camp-chests, and *impedimenta* enough for a full company of plain-hunters. From every covered cart in the long train peer the dusky faces of Phyllis and Thisbe, sometimes chatting gayly with the tawny cavaliers riding alongside; again, engaged in quieting the demonstrations of a too lively progeny. In the bottom of every tenth vehicle, stretched upon its back in the soft folds of a robe or tent, and kicking its tiny pink heels skyward, lies the ever-present baby—a laughing, crowing, dusky infant, clad in the costume of the Greek slave, and apparently impervious to the chill air of the early morning. Scattered about among the throng of marching animals ride the boys, servants, and younger men, engaged in keeping the long line in motion. Everywhere there is a glint of polished gun-barrels, a floating of party-colored sashes, a reckless careering to and fro, a wild dash and scurry, a waving of blankets, shouts, dust, noise, and confusion.

As the day advances, the march becomes more toilsome. The prairie, freed from the morning dews and heated by the sun, sends up dense clouds of dust from beneath the tramping hoofs, half concealing the long caravan. Oftentimes the trail passes over immense tracts ravaged by prairie-fires, where the earth presents naught save the dense coating of black ashes. In this event the train is likely to be completely enshrouded in the penetrating dust, filling mouths, ears, and eyes, with its pungent particles, and discolored everything it touches. Animals and men suffer alike, and the cooling, if not crystal, waters of the streams and creeks crossing the line of march occasion a general rush for relief. To avoid a long-continued trailing of dust—which bids fair to suffocate the rear end of the train in the event of a slight wind blowing, as is nearly always the case upon the prairie—the caravan is frequently divided into four or five columns, marching parallel with one another, each column nearly a mile in length. When the march assumes this form, as it nearly always does when the lay of the prairie permits, its picturesque aspect deepens, and progress becomes more rapid. It seems like the serried ranks of an invading army advancing with slow but certain steps. The centre column then becomes the guide, and at its head the flag of march is held aloft.

With the exception of a short halt at noon, when no attempt at camping is made, the columns merely halting in line and loosing the animals for the hour during which dinner is prepared, the march continues in this monotonous but picturesque fashion until at an early hour in the evening, when the flag of the guide is lowered and the train forms the night-camp. One by one the carts wheel into a vast circle, oftentimes two and three deep, the trains of each vehicle pointing inward, until the complete

figure is formed. The animals, after being loosed, are turned out upon the prairie until toward night, when they are again driven within the circle. Another smaller line, following that of the carts and leaving a considerable space between the two for the reception of the animals, is formed by the tents, each with its camp-fire burning before it. Directly in the centre of the camp are pitched the *tepees* of the chief and counselors, in order to be readily accessible for consultation at all times. The camp is at once efficiently policed, and the best of order prevails. The tramp of the day produces its natural effect, and, after supper and the usual season of fumigation, the bustle and confusion attendant upon so vast a collection of men and animals die out. A little knot of the older hunters perhaps linger in consultation about the central camp-fire for a time; but soon naught is heard save the tramping of horses and oxen, or the startled exclamations of some sleeper suddenly aroused by the unceremonious entrance of a wandering animal into his tent. Not even the vigilant guard is to be seen; but let any one attempt to leave the camp, and shadowy figures will arise like magic from the grass without the circle, barring his further progress.

At earliest dawn the march is again resumed; the incidents of one day being but a repetition of that preceding, if we except Sunday. No law of the code, perhaps, is less seldom violated than that governing the observance of this day, so far as it applies to the labors of the hunt. The letter of the law is strictly observed: no buffalo are run; but of its further observance?—well, let us see.

The camp of Saturday night is located, if possible, contiguous to a plentiful supply of water, and amid an abundance of buffalo-chips, which have long since taken the place of wood as fuel. The Sunday breakfast is apt to be a late one, and eaten at leisure. Immediately after it, however, the entire camp moves as one man a short distance upon the prairie. It frequently happens that a priest is with the party; if not, an acolyte celebrates a kind of open-air mass, the whole assembly kneeling with uncovered heads upon the level plain during its continuance. The devotions are apparently heart-felt and solemn; the rattling of beads, the muttering of prayers, and the louder response, alone breaking the Sabbath stillness. No Christian church in the city presents a more devout and chastened aspect. The wild, reckless, swearing hunter of an hour before has become a penitent soul, counting his beads with a look of pathetic prayerfulness affecting to behold. The services continue an hour or more, but the devout assembly stirs not. The sun gleams down upon uncovered heads, and glances into unprotected eyes, powerless to distract attention from the mass. Thus did the warlike Crusaders pause amid their tempestuous lives to call upon the source of all blessings; so did the Israelites in the wilderness, bearing about the Ark of the Covenant. The plain-hunter's devoutness arises in a measure, however, from the fact of having to pray for all the rest of the week; for on the intervening six days his lan-

guage is anything but that of prayer. All things have an end, and so finally has the mass, for which the assembly seem more than ever to be thankful, and betake themselves to camp again for dinner.

The afternoon is not given to devotion. It has happened on the evenings of the previous march that François, or Pascal, or Pierre, has paraded the camp, shouting in stentorian tones, "I, Pierre, challenge François to race his bay horse against my gray, the stakes to be horse against horse!" or, "I, Antoine, challenge the camp to race against my roan for an ox and cart!" These challenges have been accepted, hands shaken in confirmation of the agreement, and the race appointed to take place the following Sunday afternoon. So it occurs that a sufficient number of races are on the *tapis* to occupy the entire time. The chief is now, by virtue of his office, the umpire, and lends his presence to render the sport legitimate and of acknowledged character. What was once governed by individual honor is now enforced by law. The counselors take places at either end of the course as judges. The police are present to preserve order and enforce the decisions of the judges. The camp turns out *en masse* in holiday attire to witness the sport, and all is excitement, gesticulation, shouting, and confusion. The wagers rapidly change hands; ponies and carts multiply upon the fortunate winner; favorite runners are lost to others whose almost sole dependence rested upon them. Many having lost ponies, oxen, carts, and runners, by racing or gambling, now stake their own services as servants upon the issue of a final race, and accept defeat with the philosophy of Stoics. The excitement engendered by the sports of the afternoon follows the hunter on his return to camp, and the day which began with prayer and devotions terminates in clamor, quarreling, and drink, if obtainable. More license prevails than is allowed upon other days, and, morally considered, the time had been far better passed in the usual occupations of the hunt.

As the hunt approaches the scene of its labors scouts are daily sent out to ascertain, if possible, the direction in which the large herds of buffalo are feeding. No attention is paid to the small bands that are encountered from day to day, and firing at them is strictly forbidden. The object is to encounter the main herds, when all the hunters may participate in the chase with equal chances of success. The longing for fresh meat, however, becomes at times too much for half-breed endurance, and to gain the coveted morsel, and avoid infringing the law, an amusing method of capture is resorted to.

Two active hunters, taking in their hands the long lines of raw-hide, called "shagnappe," isolate a cow from the herd. Then, seizing either end of the line, they proceed to revolve about their victim in opposite directions, so entwining her legs in the folds of the cord as to throw her to the ground by the very struggles she makes to escape. Once down, a few dexterous twists of the line secure her head, and a knife finishes the work. This sport furnishes considerable excitement, and is much af-

fectured as a relief from the monotony of the daily jog. Then, too, it supplies what is likely to be by this time a much-needed article—food. Strange as it may appear, the improvident plain-hunter scarcely ever begins his journey with a stock of provisions sufficient to last until the buffalo are reached. And all the lessons taught by years of experience and semi-annual privation and suffering have failed to impress him with the necessity of a more ample supply. Four or five days out from the camp of rendezvous, frequently in less time, half the train is invariably destitute of food. But little appearance of it, however, is presented to the spectator. The volatile hunter laughs and jokes and starves with a *sang-froid* truly admirable. For all that, he borrows of his neighbor, begs piteously for his children, or, when absolutely forced to it, kills a pony or ox to replace the provision he might easily have brought. Before this stage is reached, however, in nearly every covered cart of the line may be heard children crying for food, and wives pleading for the means of satisfying them.

At length the scouts, who for days have been scouring the prairie in every direction, bring the welcome intelligence of the discovery of the main herds. The line of march is at once turned toward the point indicated, and the laws against firing and leaving the main body are rigidly enforced. The long train moves cautiously and as silently as possible. Advantage is taken of depressions in the prairie to keep the train concealed from the buffalo, and not a sound is raised that may give warning of its presence. Approach is made as closely as may be compatible with safety, always keeping to the windward of the herd. Then, if a convenient locality is reached, camp is made, and busy preparations for the evening hunt begin. Guns are carefully scanned, powder-flasks and bullet-pouches filled, saddles and bridles examined, and, above all, the horses to be used in the final chase carefully groomed, for highest among his possessions the plain-hunter ranks his "buffalo-runner." It is to him like the Arab's steed—a daily comrade to be petted and spoken to, the companion of his long journeys, and the means of his livelihood.

The buffalo-runner belongs to no particular breed, the only requisites being speed, tact in bringing his rider alongside the retreating herd and maintaining a certain relative distance while there, and the avoiding the numerous pitfalls with which the prairie abounds. Horses well trained in these duties, and possessing the additional requisite of speed, command high prices in the hunt, often ranging from fifty to eighty pounds sterling. On the hunt they are seldom used for any other purpose than that of the final race, except it may be to occasionally draw the cart of madame at times when her neighbor appears in unwonted attire.

Before daybreak on the following morning—for a chase is seldom begun late in the day—the great body of hunters are off under the guidance of scouts in pursuit of the main herd. A ride of an hour or more brings them within, say, a mile of the buffalo,

which have been moving slowly off as they approached. The hunt up to this time has moved in four columns, with every man in his place. As they draw nearer at a gentle trot, the immense herd breaks into a rolling gallop. Now the critical and long-desired moment has arrived. The chief gives the signal. "Allee! allee!" he shouts, and a thousand reckless riders dash forward at a wild run. Into the herd they penetrate; along its sides they stretch, the trained horses regulating their pace to that of the moving mass beside them; guns flash, shots and yells resound; the dust arises in thick clouds over the struggling band; and the chase sweeps rapidly over the plain, leaving its traces behind in the multitude of animals lying dead upon the ground, or feebly struggling in their death-throes. The hunter pauses not a moment, but loads and fires with the utmost rapidity, pouring in his bullets at the closest range, often almost touching the animal he aims at. To facilitate the rapidity of his fire he uses a flint-lock, smooth-bore trading-gun, and enters the chase with his mouth filled with bullets. A handful of powder is let fall from the powder-horn, a bullet is dropped from the mouth into the muzzle, a tap with the butt-end of the firelock on the saddle causes the salivated bullet to adhere to the powder during the moment necessary to depress the barrel, when the discharge is instantly effected without bringing the gun to the shoulder.

The excitement which seizes upon the hunter at finding himself surrounded by the long-sought buffalo is intense, and sometimes renders him careless in examining too closely whether the object fired at is a buffalo or a buffalo-runner mounted by a friend. But few fatal accidents occur, however, from the pell-mell rush and indiscriminate firing; but it frequently happens that guns, as the result of hasty and careless loading, explode, carrying away part of the hands using them, and even the most expert runners sometimes find their way into badger-holes, breaking or dislocating the collar-bones of the riders in the fall.

The identification of the slain animals is left till the run is over. This is accomplished by means of marked bullets, the locality in which the buffalo lies—for which the hunter always keeps a sharp lookout—and the spot where the bullet entered. By the time the hunters begin to appear, returning from the chase, there have arrived long trains of carts from the camp to carry back the meat and robes. The animals having been identified, the work of skinning and cutting up begins, in which the women and children participate. In a remarkably brief time the plain is strewn with skeletons stripped of flesh, and the well-loaded train is on its return. Arrived at camp, the robes are at once stretched upon a framework of poles, and the greater part of the flesh scraped from them, after which they are folded and packed in the carts to receive the final dressing in the settlement. Of the meat, the choicest portions are packed away without further care, to be freighted home in a fresh state, the cold at that late season effectually preserving it. Large quantities are, however, con-

verted into pemmican, in which shape it finds its readiest market.

Pemmican, which forms the staple article of produce of the summer hunt, and is also extensively made in the fall, is a species of food peculiar to the country. To manufacture it, the buffalo-meat is first cut into thin strips and hung upon poles over fires until thoroughly smoked and cured. In this shape it is sold as dried meat, being packed in bales weighing sixty pounds each, and is much used as a traveling-provision. The meat is then pounded fine, and mixed with an amount of tallow or buffalo-fat equal to itself in bulk. The tallow, having been boiled, is poured hot from the caldron into an oblong bag, manufactured from buffalo-hide, into which the pounded buffalo-meat has previously been placed. The contents are then stirred together until thoroughly mixed, when the bag is served up and ready for use. Each bag when full weighs one hundred pounds, and it is calculated that, on an average, the carcass of one buffalo will yield enough pemmican to fill but a single bag. As a traveling-provision it is invaluable. There is no danger of spoiling it, as, if ordinary care be taken to keep the bags dry and free from mould, there is no assignable limit to the time pemmican will keep.

The camp, which has for days been on the verge of starvation, after the return of the hunters from the chase becomes a scene of feasting and revelry; and gastronomic feats are performed which seem incredible to those unacquainted with the appetite begotten of a roving life, unlimited fresh air, and the digestible nature of the food. As with the daughters of the horse-leech, there is a continued demand for more, until the consumption of tongues, melting hump, and dripping ribs, bids fair to threaten the entire camp with immediate asphyxia. All night long the feasting continues among the groups formed about the camp-fires, and roasting, boiling, and stewing are the order of the hour. Were the supply certain to be exhausted on the morrow, the consumption would go on just the same, the improvident hunter entertaining no idea of reserving of present excess for future scarcity. Happily, the supply is abundant, for it sometimes happens that the carts are fully loaded with meat in a single chase. In that event, the major part of them are at once started homeward in charge of boys and the younger men, while the hunters follow up the herd to obtain a further supply of robes. A view of the prairie, after a run in which the acquisition of robes is the sole object, reveals the enormous waste of life which annually occurs. The plain for miles is covered with the carcasses of buffalo from which nothing has been taken save the hides, tongues, and it may be the more savory portions of the hump; the remainder being left to the wolves and carrion-birds. Should the first run fail to secure a sufficient supply of meat, however, the chase is continued until the complement is obtained, each hunter starting his carts homeward as they are filled.

In such manner has the work of the semi-annual hunts been conducted for over half a century, and in

the same way will it continue, growing less in importance yearly, until the last buffalo shall have ceased to exist. Their importance in the years gone by can hardly be over-estimated. They have furnished the main support of a population numbering ten thousand souls, and furnished the trade with a great part of its animal supplies of robes and furs. An enterprising and flourishing province is springing up about the site of the little colony of hunters, ren-

dered all the more easy of establishment by the stability and wealth derived from the chase. But, unfortunately, the older nomads are crowded by this civilization. They belong to a race apart, and are scared by fences and inclosures, as if they confined even the free air within bounds and limits. Gradually they retire before it, following the buffalo closer and closer to the Rocky Mountains, until finally both will disappear together.

CHARLESTOWN RETAKEN,¹

DECEMBER 14, 1782.

BY PAUL H. HAYNE.

[The surrender of Cornwallis may be said to have virtually terminated the Revolutionary War. Its effect throughout the Carolinas was particularly marked. Every British post and fortification erected in the interior was at once dismantled, while the terrified invaders hurried pell-mell toward Charlestown, behind whose strong defenses they looked for protection from their exasperated and now triumphant enemies. The American army pressed hard upon their rear—following them, in fact, to the very gates of the metropolis.]

"On a fine winter's day," says Horry, "we took possession of our capital. The style of our entry was novel and romantic. On condition of not being molested, the British had offered to leave the town unhurt. Accordingly, at the firing of a signal-gun, they quitted their advanced works, while the Americans, moving on close in the rear, followed them all along through the city down to the water's edge, where they embarked on board of their three hundred ships, which, moored out in the bay in the shape of an immense half-moon, presented a magnificent appearance."

The scenes and events of that day must, indeed, have made an indelible impression upon all who participated in them. They transcend the cold limits of prose; and I have therefore attempted to perpetuate them in a ballad-measure, not unsuited, perhaps, to the varied and picturesque nature of the details introduced.]

As some half-vanquished lion,
Who long hath kept at bay
A band of sturdy foresters
Barring his blood-stained way—
Sore smitten, weak, and wounded—
Glares forth on either hand;
Then, cowed with fear, his cavernous lair
Seeks in the mountain-land:

So when their stern Cornwallis
On Yorktown heights resigned
His sword to our great leader
Of the stalwart arm and mind—
So when both fleet and army
At one grand stroke went down,
And Freedom's heart beat high once more
In hamlet, camp, and town,

Through wasted Carolina,
Where'er from plain to hill
The Briton's guarded fortresses
Uprose defiant still,
Passed a keen shock of terror,
And the breasts of war-steeled men
Quailed in the sudden blast of doom
That smote their spirits then.

"Our cause is lost!" they muttered,
Pale-browed, with trembling lips;
"Our strength is sapped, our hope o'erwhelmed,
In final, fierce eclipse;
And what to us remaineth
But to blow our earthworks high,
And hurl our useless batteries
In wild-fire up the sky?"

'Twas done! each deadly fastness
In flaming fragments driven
Farther than e'er their souls could climb
Along the path to heaven;
Coastward the Britons scurried,
In reckless throngs that flee
Wild as December's scattered clouds
Storm-whirled toward the sea.

In Charlestown streets they gathered,
Each dazed wisacre's head
Wagging, perchance in prophecy,
Or more perchance in dread.
Horsemen and footmen mingled;
They talked with bated breath
Of the shameful fate that stormed the gate,
Of wrack, and strife, and death!

Meanwhile our squadrons hastened,
Keen as a sleuth-hound pack
That near their destined quarry
By some drear wild-wood track.
Ah, Christ! what desolation
Before us grimly frowned!
The roadways trenched and furrowed,
The gore-ensanguined ground,
With many a mark (oh! deep and dark!)—
Made ghastlier by the star-white frost—
'Twixt broken close and thorn-hedge-row,
Of desperate charge and mortal blow
In conflicts won or lost!

Proud mansions, once the centre
Of jubilant life and mirth,
Now silent as the sepulchre,
Begirt by ruin and dearth;
Their broad domains all blackened
With taint of fire and smoke,
And corpses vile, with a death's-head smile,
Swung high on the gnarled oak!

No sportive flocks in the pasture,
No aftermath on the lea;
No laugh of the hinds at labor,
No chant of birds on the tree—

¹ During the Revolution, and some time after, we believe, the metropolis of South Carolina was known as *Charlestown*, not *Charleston*, as at present.

But all things bodeful, dreary,
As a realm by the Stygian flood,
With odors of death on the uplands,
And a taste in the air of blood !

On, on our squadrons hastened,
Sick with the noisome fumes
From man and beast unburied,
Through the dull, funereal glooms ;
Till in unsullied sunshine
One glorious morn we came
Where far aloof, o'er tower and roof,
We viewed our brave St. Michael's spire
Flushed in the noontide flame !

Without their ruined ramparts,
Beyond their shattered lines,
Just where the soil, bowed seaward,
In long, low slopes declines,
The foe had sent their messengers,
Who vowed the vanquished host
Would leave unscathed our city,
Would leave unscathed our coast !

Only—due time they prayed for
(Meek, meek, our lords had grown !)
To range their broken legions,
And rear ranks overthrown—
So that, though smirched and tainted
Their martial fame might be,
In order meet their stately fleet
Should bear them safe to sea :

Who win, may well be gracious ;
We did not stint their boon,
Though the white 'kerchiefs of our wives
Were fluttering in the noon—
On house-top and on parapet
Each token fair and far
Shone through the golden atmosphere
Like some enchanted star !

Next morn their signal-cannon
Roared from the vanward wall,
And to the ranks right gleefully
We gathered, one and all.
Our banners, scarred in many a fight,
Could still flash back the winter light,
And proud as knights of old renown,
With sunburnt hands, and faces brown,
Borne through the joyous, deepening hum,
'Mid ring of life, and beat of drum,
'Neath purpling silk, and flowery arch,
Our long, unwavering columns march ;
And yet (good sooth !) we almost seem
Like weird battalions of a dream ;
Our souls bewildered scarce can deem
We tread once more,
Released, secure,
With fetterless footsteps as of yore,
The pathways of the ancient town !

And still, as borne through dreamland,
We glanced from side to side,
While mothers, wives, and daughters, rushed
To greet us, tender-eyed ;
Each hoary patriot proudly
Lifted his brave, gray head,
And the forms of care-worn captives rose
Like spectres from the dead—

Like spectres whom the trumpets
Of freedom's cohorts call

To burst their grave-like dungeon,
And spurn their despot's thrall ;
To take once more the image
Of manhood's loftier grace,
And, chainless now, the universe
Look boldly in the face !

And the young girls scattered flowers,
And the lovely dames were bright
With something *more* than beauty,
In their faithful hearts' delight ;
The very babes were crowing
Shrill welcome to our bands,
And perched on matron shoulders clapped
Blithely their dimpled hands :

And naught but benedictions
Lightened that sacred air,
Freed from the awful burden
Of two long years' despair—
Two years so thronged with anguish,
So fraught with bitter wrong,
They seemed in mournful retrospect
Wellnigh a century long.

But if years of mortal being,
Trebled threescore-and-ten,
At the last, our souls exultant,
Would recall *that* scene agen,
With its soft " God bless you, gentlemen !"
Its greetings warm and true,
And the tears of bliss our lips did kiss
From dear eyes, black or blue.

Nathless, despite our rapture,
Down to the harbor-mouth
We dogged the Britons doomed to fly
Forever from our South !
They left as some foul vulture
Might leave his mangled prey,
And pass with clotted beak and wing
Reluctantly away.

Three hundred noble vessels
Rode on the rising flood,
Wherein with sullen apathy
Embarked those men of blood ;
Then streamed their admiral's pennant—
The northwest breeze blew free ;
With sloping mast, and current fast,
Out swept their fleet to sea.

We strained our vision waveward,
Watching the white-winged ships,
Till the vague clouds of distance
Wrapped them in half eclipse ;
And still we strained our vision
Till, dimmer and more dim,
The rearmost sail, a phantom pale,
Died down the horizon's rim.

Thus, o'er the soul's horizon,
Did thoughts of blood and war,
Through time's enchanted distances
Receding, fade afar.
Thus, o'er the soul's horizon,
Our strife's last ghastly fear,
Like all the rest, down memory's west
Did slowly disappear !

¹ The *precise* period of the British occupation of Charleston was two years, seven months, and two days.

THROUGH A GLASS, DARKLY.

BY EDGAR FAWCETT.

IT was esteemed by many people a most unexampled kindness on the part of Dr. Frederick Champlin when that gentleman took upon himself the education and support of young Hubert Howe. Hubert's father had been, it is true, the intimate and valued friend of Dr. Champlin, and his sudden death from the effects of an unexpected bankruptcy had left little Hubert both kinless and penniless; but Friendship, in the judgment of respected authorities, may continue a very creditable affair and still not hold herself the inheritress of awkward obligations. Dr. Champlin's conduct to the son of his deceased friend was thought to be something unconventionally generous.

Young Hubert himself, who became the recipient of this kindness at sixteen years of age, discovered toward the doctor an immediate and truly intense gratitude. He had been about to start for Germany just before his father's abrupt misfortune and rapidly-following death; in which country paternal preference had very strongly desired that his education should be completed. Dr. Champlin, shortly after the funeral, placed the boy in charge of some friends who were starting for Europe, and through a period of eight years Hubert remained in Germany. It is questionable whether or not his gratitude alone made him a hard student during these years. His nature was one in which prudence and a dogged capacity for work held almost equal mastery with an intellectual thirst after fact. In a German university such qualities are almost like the ideal lever of Archimedes; there is no computing what wonders they may not accomplish. They accomplished for Hubert academic triumphs of a most solid sort. He came back to his benefactor in New York one of the best-educated young men on the continent he had just quitted, and with a sort of latently heroic yearning to repay Dr. Champlin by some splendid deed of gratitude.

The doctor laughed, in his dry way, when Hubert first touched upon this question after his arrival. Dr. Champlin was a great, massive man, whom the word iron-gray, intensely applicable as regarded his bushy mane of straight hair, might almost be said to suit as a description of his entire age-touched *physique*, but, most of all, of his solemn face, large-featured, close-shaven, and set in lines unvarying as though wrought in bronze.

"It isn't every soil, Hubert," the doctor said, "which will reach a certain grade of culture. Your father was a scholar and student. I trusted to hereditary instincts and have not been disappointed. The great problem of the would-be almoners in this world, my boy, is to know whom to help. By-the-by, you have already decided, I suppose, what to do for a living? I dare say medicine has not entered your head?"

Hubert (whose yellow hair and yellow-bearded

face somewhat strikingly suggested the German student) replied most humbly that he had presumed to decide upon nothing uncounseled by the doctor, but that he esteemed the profession of medicine a career full of the most noble and humane possibilities, and that a rather close proficiency in the physical sciences would perhaps offer him valuable aid toward adopting it.

The doctor grimly listened, said to himself, "This fellow, with all his learning, has the modesty of a girl," and then told Hubert aloud that there was no reason why he should not try and be a doctor. This meant, of course, an offer of still further help from hands that had already given so much. A few days later Hubert had begun a course of study at the medical college, and was at the same time enjoying the advantage of being always in Dr. Champlin's office when not employed with his preparatory readings. Hubert's quickness of perception and his well-trained mental powers won Dr. Champlin's grim admiration again and again. "To give the fellow a new idea is like throwing a nut to a hungry squirrel," he once told a professional intimate; but, as for Hubert, he rather divined this admiration than ever positively witnessed it.

Before going to Europe, Hubert had seen nothing of Dr. Champlin's family, and had indeed been wholly in ignorance regarding that subject; for his father was the sort of man who rarely leaves his own library, and then never with social intentions. The visiting had been all on Dr. Champlin's side. On his return from abroad, Hubert had been somewhat promptly presented to the doctor's motherless daughter, Lucia Champlin, a young lady of two-and-twenty.

Lucia Champlin was a tall, slender girl, who carried her head like a deer, and looked at you from a pair of deep-lashed gray eyes as though she herself read you perfectly at sight, yet defied the exercise on your own part of any similar penetration. It occurred to Hubert more than once, during the early period of their acquaintance, that Miss Lucia had much about her very difficult to interpret; but, while months wore away, her insolubility by degrees appeared to him as the sort of psychological opaqueness that is not coexistent with depth.

Hubert fell into the habit of often visiting at Dr. Champlin's house during the evenings. Lucia reigned in the drawing-room as a queen with a plentiful supply of courtiers. People were perpetually coming and going between the hours of eight and ten; it was a kind of protracted reception from week to week. "I am shamefully selfish in a social way," Lucia had said to him. "I scarcely ever go anywhere, yet insist that people shall let me entertain them." Dr. Champlin would now and then play host during a portion of an evening, but he did not often receive with his daughter.

Lucia was an admirable hostess. She had the

magic accomplishment, when large assemblages filled the rooms, of charming her guests equally by distributing her presence among all in a series of delightful impressions, each being the product of mere moments. When few persons were there, her grace and a certain native leadership became even more apparent. It must be recorded that, when Hubert first returned from Germany (while his yellow beard and over-long locks yet remained untrimmed), Lucia dazzled him as a combination of all possible feminine attractions.

But Hubert's was a mind that perpetually went, so to speak, with its nose against the ground, scenting facts backward to their causes. While Lucia (if she thought at all on the subject) was ranking him as one of her most loyal servants, Hubert had been quietly, night after night, starving the altar-flame across whose perfumed smoke he once saw his divinity. He knew Goethe far better than Tennyson, but he had studied psychology in a German university, and was four-and-twenty years old, and so told himself, no doubt, in more or less different words, that "they are dangerous guides, the feelings." Lucia, he decided, was a soul into which all things entered, as it were, beneath the triumphal arch of her own vanity. She played the patronizing hostess to everything—even moral rules. All her charming polish had a metallic explanation beneath it. She was a transcendently subtle piece of machinery. You thought of how wonderfully she imitated real Nature, just as you might in a similar way have reflected concerning a wax rose. "But for me," thought Hubert, "there has latterly grown up an inseparable sense of a glass case between myself and a work of such delicately accurate art."

What emotional effect these opinions exerted upon Hubert is, of course, another question. If we do not fall in love by means of our judgment or our conscience, equally true is it that we fail to fall out of love through the help of such respectable agencies. Whether or not Hubert had been in love with Lucia before drawing these desolate deductions concerning her character, certain it is that, after having drawn them, his periodic appearances at her "evenings" still continued.

He had now passed his final medical examination; was, to a certain extent, associated with Dr. Champlin as an assistant physician; and had already become enviably regarded as that gentleman's professional heir. Lucia was generally conceded to rank among the wealthy matches of the day, and perhaps Hubert had never presumed, even while holding the most rosy views concerning her womanly worth, to connect her with any matrimonial possibilities as regarded his own future. Now, surely, he was far from such speculations. Every fresh interview which they held together seemed to harden his opinions from theory into fact.

"You are a stranger," she said to him one evening, when he had staid away for nearly a fortnight. It was a stormy evening, and Hubert had chosen to avail himself of it for finding her alone. "But papa tells me that you are very diligent. I

suppose that you sacrifice everything to your profession?"

"Not everything," denied Hubert, with a certain hardness, looking down. "In medicine, of course, it is folly for a man to be lukewarm; he had almost better break stones for his living."

"It is a grand profession," Lucia said, a kind of change coming over her face that once seemed, in Hubert's eyes, like a soft light touching it (but now he drew no such poetic analogy). "I suppose papa would have made me a doctor," she went on, "if I had been a man. Do you think that I would have made a successful doctor?"

"The first point is," said Hubert, with a faint smile, "whether you would have made a successful man."

"Well?"

He seemed to reflect for a moment.

"You have mental strength; I should say that you have courage; and then your ambition—"

"Why do you mention ambition?" she broke in, flushing.

"You must own to ambition," said Hubert, whose candor was nearly always childlike, and sometimes a little rude.

She flushed deeper.

"You always see my worldly side. You think I am perpetually moving about a drawing-room, trying to make guests comfortable. But perhaps I shouldn't complain; it is a deed of charity to entertain people—if one can do it well."

"Are you charitable? I did not know it."

"You say that queerly—uncivily, I mean."

"Excuse me," said Hubert, with great gravity. "Some fashionable women, like yourself, find much time for charities. I was thinking of those. By-the-by," he added, "there has recently come under my notice a very tempting case for the almsgiver. A young, struggling doctor, such as I am, finds all sorts of patients, you know: the patient to whom I refer is a lady of not over five-and-twenty—a widow, with one child. I am sure she has been accustomed to a life of luxury; everything about her speaks of such a past. Her name, she tells me, is Marlowe. Have you ever known any one of this name?"

It struck Hubert that Miss Champlin wore a slightly bored manner as she shook her head negatively to his question.

"This lady," he went on, "is living now in most wretched quarters and suffering from a miserable sort of intermittent fever. She has one friend, who has followed her through all her misfortunes, but whose income is in itself so slender that she is enabled to aid Mrs. Marlowe but little. I call upon the poor invalid nearly every day, and yet, strangely enough, I have never met this faithful friend."

Lucia Champlin was looking full at Hubert as he finished speaking. It suddenly seemed to him as if his position in the present interview had become altogether objective, and that he filled, just then, no other office in creation than to furnish a cause for his hearer's placid, half-amused surprise.

"How very pretty!" Miss Champlin said. "You

ought to meet this charming *inconnue* and fall in love with her."

Hubert made a great effort to be light.

"I have met her," he answered, with a broken little laugh—"on pasteboard."

A very astonished look crossed Lucia's face.

"On pasteboard?" she replied.

"Yes; Mrs. Marlowe showed me her photograph, but would not tell me her name. She placed it on a table near her bedside when I handed it back to her, and I—well, to call a spade a spade, I stole it. But I shall return it to-morrow. Do you know the face?"

He had produced the photograph during his last words. Lucia took it and stared at the face for some moments in silence, her own face being nearly hidden from his.

"I don't know of anybody living whom it looks like," she presently said, handing the photograph back to him. Her tones were cold, and a cold laugh jarred amid them. "It is much too angelic to be any of my acquaintances."

While Hubert was replacing the picture in his pocket, she suddenly burst forth into a louder laugh and a colder one.

"Pray what induced you to tell me all this?" she asked. "Was it to measure my charitable impulses?"

"Oh, no," he said, scarcely conscious of what answer left his lips. He was chilled and wounded, he could not precisely have told why. He had somehow slipped into a new and lower state of disillusion regarding this girl's character. It was nothing that she had said, it was no special tone or action, but all taken together, that so bitterly affected him.

Very soon after this a new visitor entered. He was a person whom Hubert had never seen before, tall, dark, and exceedingly handsome, looking as though he might be either French or Italian. Miss Champlin at once presented him to Hubert as the Count de L—, and the conversation immediately became French. Hubert could not fail to notice in the manner of this gentleman and Lucia an appearance of something more than intimacy, but the count himself inspired an immediate and marked feeling of distrust. Hubert rose very soon, and took his leave, wondering, as he passed from the room, whether anything could be more smilingly expressionless than Lucia Champlin's "good-night."

It was some days later that he was astonished to find in a daily paper a scandalous chronicle regarding the antecedents of this Count de L—. He chanced to encounter the article while in the office with Dr. Champlin, and he at once called the doctor's attention to it.

"I have seen it," was the rather laconic reply. "I suppose you know that he used to visit Lucia. There can't be any doubt about the truth of the article. I have told Lucia to cut him."

"And will she obey?" Hubert could not help asking himself. Grim and autocrat and egotist as he had already discovered his patron to be, was Lucia, he reflected, humble-spirited enough to bow beneath any such edict, provided this French ad-

venturer had really won her love? For it did not occur to Hubert that heartless women might love very passionately after a certain manner of loving; he was too close a metaphysician not long ago to have hit upon this truth. The belief in something much stronger than a possibility that Lucia had fallen in love with De L— grew upon Hubert the more that he considered the fact of this man's extraordinary beauty and remembered how intimate together these two had seemed the night of his own last visit to Miss Champlin.

That this idea haunted him for several days cannot be doubted. During one of his calls upon the unfortunate Mrs. Marlowe, Hubert had occasion to traverse a certain ugly cross-street not far from the house of his patient. In this street stood a building which he had frequently before noticed, its entrance surmounted with those three balls for whose unmistakable significance we are, it is said, indebted to the De' Medici. The general dinginess of the neighborhood made him observe with some curiosity a very respectably-clad female figure which was emerging from the same doorway while he himself approached it. The lady's veil was up, and she stood quite still on the sidewalk for a moment, looking cautiously to left and right before deciding upon her course. As her face turned itself in his own direction Hubert recognized, with a thrill of supreme amazement, Lucia Champlin. A moment afterward she had lowered her thick veil and was hurrying away.

The intense surprise of this meeting left Hubert in a somewhat dazed state. He walked quietly along, and saw her vanish round a distant corner. What earthly motive, he kept asking himself, had induced Lucia Champlin to enter that place?

Before reaching Mrs. Marlowe's room Hubert had concluded that there could only be one motive for so strange a step. Pecuniary need in Frederick Champlin's daughter implied reckless previous expenditure; and the inference of such expenditure led but to one conclusion. Cold as he knew her nature to be, there had doubtless entered into it the heat of some passionately overmastering infatuation. And this outcast Apollo, this beautiful reprobate, De L—, must be its object. The man's present difficulties, graphically narrated in that scandalous newspaper scrap, greatly strengthened Hubert's belief.

No doubt his manner struck poor Mrs. Marlowe (whom he found in bed, suffering from an acute attack of her stubborn fever) as both perturbed and preoccupied.

"I see that your good angel has been to visit you," he said, glancing at one or two dainties that ill compared with the common table on which they rested. "How strange that I should never meet her!"

"But you have seen her already," answered the invalid, with a smile in which there was a gleam of reproach; for, although Hubert had restored the photograph and confessed his theft, Mrs. Marlowe had not yet quite pardoned him for taking what she evidently held as a most precious treasure.

"But not in the way that I wish to see her," was

Hubert's answer. "She must be a good woman, and truly good women are rare, you know. Her face, strangely enough, reminds me of one seen somewhere before—but where, I cannot conjecture."

If Mrs. Marlowe observed any marked change in Hubert's manner, she probably did not miss from it his usual tender cheerfulness and encouragement. Her little child, too, a charming boy of about three years old, received from him the customary gentle fondling, for Hubert was a warm lover of children.

"I think you are one of the best men that ever lived, Dr. Howe," the invalid told Hubert, with tears in her voice, that afternoon, just before he left the house, and while he held her thin, hot hand in his own cool clasp. "Don't look offended, now, for I do! Oh, how I wish—" But here she abruptly paused, and although Hubert, his curiosity somehow roused, asked her with earnestness to finish her sentence, she refused with an excited sort of emphasis that made him, for physical reasons, cautious about questioning her.

That night Hubert called upon Lucia. There was a throng of people in the drawing-room when he entered it. Dr. Champlin was also present. Lucia beamed upon the new-comer, and spoke polite nothings to him, while he quietly searched her face for some sign of embarrassment or shame; but none was evident. If self-control, it was superb self-control. Perhaps, Hubert told himself, she was quite ignorant that he had seen her before during the day.

She was about going away from him to discharge other duties of hostship, when her father approached them.

"Lucia," he said, a flavor of pleasantry giving to his usual grimness something the effect of a sunbeam striking on granite—"Lucia, my daughter, I have just been having a talk about diamonds with Mr. Wentworth. He is a collector of precious stones, and a noted connoisseur in diamonds."

"Well, papa?"

Oddly enough, Dr. Champlin appeared to be scrutinizing his daughter's arms. "You haven't on that diamond bracelet, I see—the one that your mother left you, I mean. Pray go up-stairs and get it, Lucia—or send. I wish to let Mr. Wentworth examine the stones."

It was plainly apparent to Hubert, as her father finished speaking, that Lucia had become very pale. Dr. Champlin turned away, as though confident that his command would at once be carried out. Lucia stood perfectly still, her eyes following him for a moment, and then fixing themselves with suddenness upon Hubert. From the sort of restrained terror that filled her face, Hubert believed that he read miserable disclosures. It was therefore scarcely a shock to him when she said, low-voiced, looking at him very intently all the while: "I cannot get it for him. What am I to do?"

Hubert, in turn, looked at her steadily. "Do you mean—this morning?" he asked, making quite a long pause to mark the odd hiatus in the sense of what he said.

Her pallor gave place to a rapid flush. "Yes," she returned, with a tremor of tone he had never heard in her voice till now. "I discovered that you saw me. I believe you to be sufficiently my friend for me to trust you without an explanation."

"You forget that I am your father's friend, also," he answered, in stern undertone. "I did wrong not to have told him directly what I saw. You speak of an explanation. Surely you can offer nothing adequate?"

Her eyes flashed. "To you?" she exclaimed, defiantly. "Pray, what explanation do I owe *you*?"

"An ample one," said Hubert. "Your father's reputation should be something that I, above all men, ought to guard from stain, if it is within my power to do so."

Her cheeks now burned in two scarlet spots; she was biting her under lip. "I know that," she replied; "I know it very well, Dr. Howe." And here she abruptly paused.

Hubert felt that he ought to recoil from her. We do not always act up to our fine standards, however. "What can I do for you?" he asked, in a voice that was almost tender. "Anything? If so, count on me."

She shook her head, her eyes being now averted. "No, nothing," she answered, in much softer tones. Suddenly she looked at him with a momentary fixity of expression. "I don't know why I told you," she said. "It was a mistake. Grant me this favor: do not ask for any further explanation."

"It is not needed," said Hubert, with a bitterness of which he was perhaps unconscious. "I can readily guess why your bracelet went."

All the color quickly died from her cheeks.

"You know the reason?" she faltered. "Who told you?" she added, after a little pause, almost fiercely, and in a whisper.

"Observation," Hubert answered. His suspicions were certainties now, and so he went on, boldly: "Remember, I saw that man in your company last week. There are certain signs which are almost unmistakable, you know. Then I became aware that your father had made you forbid him the house, and of course the story reached me of his pecuniary troubles and the accusations against him."

Hubert paused. Some newly-arrived guest had joined them, and claimed Lucia's attention. He moved away, expecting to rejoin her when she was again disengaged; but on the stranger's leaving her she quietly walked toward her father and the Mr. Wentworth to whom he had referred, and with whom he was still conversing.

Hubert watched Lucia address her father. She seemed quite composed; the pink of a wild-rose had by this time touched her face; now and then she looked smilingly toward Mr. Wentworth.

"She is inventing some falsehood," Hubert mentally said; "most probably she is telling him that the bracelet has gone to be repaired. And her father, of course, believes her; why not? Have I the right to suffer this gross deception of one to whom I owe so much as I do to Dr. Champlin?"

This latter question, while he asked it of himself,

sent a shudder through Hubert's frame. His was just the nature, indeed, to feel his present position with something very like acute agony. He remained standing in silent watchfulness of Lucia for a short time after she left her father, though apparently he was examining a certain picture, a recent purchase, placed on an easel in front of where he stood. He observed the easeful grace with which Lucia moved here and there; he saw her smile and bow and turn her neck with the old, pretty stateliness. A paleness overspread Hubert's face; a struggle passed on within him, strong but brief.

"I cannot betray her," he told himself, almost aloud. A little later he had slipped from the rooms, and presently he quitted the house. He had decided to say nothing.

On the following morning he met Dr. Champlin with an inward pang of sharp shame. A voice seemed jeering at him, and the words of the voice were, "So this is the way in which you repay years of generous protection!" Hubert found it almost impossible to fix his thoughts on their necessary work. Dr. Champlin, according to custom, left the office and entered the carriage which waited to take him on his round of professional duties. As he was quitting the room, an impulse seized Hubert to detain him and tell all that he knew concerning Lucia. But the impulse died away in a moment, and the doctor left the office for his carriage. Hubert, sitting within the office, heard the carriage-door shut and the vehicle itself rattle away.

Who has ever read the human soul, or even followed one clew definitely along its labyrinth of inter-blending motives, passions, and desires? No sooner had Dr. Champlin gone than Hubert regretted not having told him. The office chancing to be empty, he sprang from his seat and began pacing the floor with short, nervous steps. Ten chances to one, he told himself, that newspaper scandal was at least half true, and Lucia was throwing herself away on a worthless adventurer. Why had he paused for a moment in telling her father the whole truth? Was it his own pride that had kept him silent? Was it a strange sense of lealty to Lucia? Fine lealty, indeed, that permitted such self-destruction! His brain was in a whirl as he ceased walking, and flung himself into a chair. Fortunately, professional duties soon presented themselves in the shape of several patients. But during the next three or four hours a resolve strengthened within him to let Lucia's father know everything when next they met.

Death, if it strikes with suddenness, always appalls; but when certain terrible tidings were brought to Hubert, at about twelve o'clock that day, the intelligence fairly stunned him. It was a story horribly brief and simple. The horses of Dr. Champlin's carriage had taken fright and escaped their driver's control; they had run for some distance at furious speed until, dashing round a corner, they had hurled the coachman from his box and overturned the carriage. Galloping on, they had finally been stopped. From the shattered vehicle Dr. Champlin had been taken out in an unconscious

condition. The coachman's injuries were believed not to be fatal; but the doctor had died almost at once.

When Hubert's horror had in a measure worn away, he was enabled to use that shrewd sense of which he possessed so large a share, and to rid himself of all morbid fancies regarding this dreadful death being in any wise connected with his own misconduct. But while he stood, hours later, beside the white-faced Lucia, and watched her gaze down upon her father's still whiter face, a miserable sense of this girl's utterly untrammelled freedom to act as she chose assailed him with stern force. Lucia seemed to bear the shock heroically enough. Friends and family relations crowded about her. It was not, indeed, until three days after the great ceremonious church-funeral that he and she met alone together.

Lucia then sent a message into her late father's office, which, as with most physicians, was on the basement-floor of the house. It was a message merely requesting that Dr. Howe would meet her up-stairs. Hubert at once ascended to the room indicated; she was waiting for him.

She looked beautiful in her mourning-dress, her wan face gaining from its darkness a kind of new sculpturesque beauty. But if Lucia's face had the pallor of a statue, it had also its cold rigidity.

She offered Hubert no greeting except a slight bow. She was standing when he entered, and remained so after she had bowed to him. Hubert waited for her to speak, which she presently did, in icy tones.

"You have received from my father, whose will was yesterday opened, a legacy of some importance." Lucia named an amount whose largeness made the word "legacy" seem almost inappropriate. "I considered that I should be the first to inform you of this bequest," she proceeded, "and it was on this account that I sent for you."

"Such liberality amazes me," faltered Hubert. "I had expected nothing." He could speak no other word, just then. Remembrance stabbed him with a fresh wound of remorse.

"I suppose," Lucia went on, as though she was reciting what she knew by heart, "that you will naturally succeed to much of my father's practice; but you have, no doubt, already contemplated a change of office, and—I need not—"

Her pause seemed intentional. It was almost as though she had ended with a request that Hubert would himself finish her sentence. He flushed, and a faint flash lit his eyes.

"You need not remind me, you doubtless mean," he answered, "that my further residence here will be unsatisfactory. Are you sure," he went on, with a kind of sad dignity, "that you are justified in supposing I had intended to remain?"

Her composure gave way to a kind of ruffled haughtiness.

"It would seem as if you had so intended," she answered, a little confusedly. The fingers of one hand played in a nervous way with a small bronze

ornament on a table near by; her mouth made a sort of sneering curve, and her eyes were averted from Hubert. Suddenly she looked at him with angry fixity. It seemed as though she could no longer keep within bounds a certain passionate indignation.

"I can't help being rude to you," she abruptly exclaimed. "Your insult of the other evening still rankles; I confess it."

"Insult!" repeated Hubert, almost astonished out of language. "Pray, when did I insult you?"

Lucia was now making an apparently hot struggle to keep back the tears; and they seemed tears of pure rage.

"You accused me of giving money to that wretched De L——; you hinted that we were lovers."

"I believed it. Am I wrong? If so, pardon me."

"Are you wrong!" cried Lucia, utterly exasperated. But further words died on her lips, for through a suddenly-opened door there entered a pale-faced woman clad in black, whose appearance drew from Hubert an exclamation of surprise. It was his patient, Mrs. Marlowe. A little later this lady had taken Hubert's hand in both her own, and so held it while she spoke these words:

"Forgive her, Dr. Howe. She hates the thought of being so utterly misunderstood. You said, when you first saw me, that my face reminded you of some face before seen; you meant my sister Lucia's; for Lucia is my own sister."

"Your sister!" exclaimed Hubert, incredulously.

"Yes. I married against my father's will, and he never forgave me; indeed, his anger was implacable ever afterward. He forbade Lucia to see or speak with me, and more than once declared to her that if he knew me to be starving he would afford me no aid whatever. When my husband died, I made my last appeal. That was three years ago. Since then Lucia has done for me all that I would permit—and all that it was prudent for her to do. My father's suspicions might have been roused if she had denied herself in dress or any minor luxuries; but her visits were incessant and her attentions untiring, as you know; for she it was whom you called my good angel. The photograph that I showed you, belonged to our sister Ellen, who died before my marriage. When I became the object of your kind interest, I begged Lucia to let me tell you everything; but she would not allow this, declaring most positively that your position toward my father, whose generous help you so valued, would then grow unbearably painful. When you saw her enter that dreadful place, that morning, she had gone to pawn her bracelet on my account. You remember how sick you found me. Lucia, more alarmed at my state than she had ever been before, determined after leaving my room, that morning, to have my quarters at once changed. Having little money at her command, just then, she feared to create suspi-

cion by asking my father for so large an amount. It chanced that, for purposes of repair, she had taken the diamond bracelet with her on leaving home. The sudden impulse to raise money seized her while she passed the pawnbroker's, and recollected the jewel in her pocket. The whole thing was done for my sake!"

At this point Hubert's eyes left the speaker's face, and wandered toward Lucia, who had rested her head upon that little table near which she had recently been standing.

In this attitude—one wholly tragic—she was endeavoring to repress the great sobs which now shook her frame.

So absorbed was Hubert in watching her that when Lucia's sister dropped his hand and glided out of the room he did not, until some moments afterward, become aware of the exit.

Lucia's sobbing had now ceased. Hubert rose and drew near her in a half-timorous way, as though her grief were too sacred for rapider approach.

"I must ask you for your pardon," he said, with a humility that was not without much manly sweetness.

She raised her head and looked at him with swimming eyes—and eyes most unromantically reddened, also. But to Hubert she had never seemed so beautiful as now. An overmastering conviction of her great worth, her high nobility of soul, swept through him with telling strength.

"I have so utterly misunderstood you," he exclaimed, in a voice that seemed to throb warm with feeling—"I have seen your soul 'through a glass, darkly,' not 'face to face.' Pray forgive me!"

She did not answer, but rose, saying in a low voice:

"Where is my sister?"

Hubert appeared no longer himself. He seized her hand, almost forcibly holding it.

"Do you despise me?" he cried. And then something in her face drove the color from his own. He dropped her hand. A thought had flashed through his brain that made his heart beat a very tumult of strokes. They were standing close together. "Your sister left us," he now faltered, in a completely changed voice. "I don't know why. Do you?"

Their eyes met. It seemed to Hubert as if a great light broke in upon him. He felt like kneeling, but only did the wofully prosaic thing of almost wrenching his watch-chain in two pieces.

"How *should* I know?" she asked, with a kind of fierce pliancy. And then she sank into her chair again, and there was another great rush of tears. But a little later Hubert was actually doing something very like kneeling at her feet, while he pressed kiss after kiss on one of her hands. Perhaps he felt that this old-fashioned method would best express his love and his contrition at one and the same moment. Was Lucia of similar opinion? However that may be, her hand was not withdrawn.

AN ENGLISH BY-LANE.

BY CHARLES E. PASCOE.

IT is Leigh Hunt, in one of his charming essays, who dwells upon the pleasure of tracing a connecting link of friendship between the writers and gossips of his own day and those of an age gone by. He shows us how Moore, whom he knew, knew Sheridan; Sheridan knew Johnson, who was the friend of Savage, who knew Steele, who knew Pope. Pope was intimate with Congreve, and Congreve with Dryden. Dryden is said to have visited Milton. Then we can trace a something more than friendship between "rare Sir William Davenant" and the immortal author of "Paradise Lost," for the venerable poet is said to have saved Davenant's life after the latter had attempted and failed to get away to Virginia. Davenant knew Hobbes, who knew Bacon, who knew Ben Jonson, who was intimate with Beaumont and Fletcher, Selden, Clarendon, Raleigh, and the other wits and great men of Elizabeth's time, until we have a continuous chain of what Hunt is pleased to call "beamy hands," from our times up to Shakespeare. If the reader—the middle-aged reader—will take the trouble to throw such a bridge of thought as the foregoing suggests across his own mind, he will be astonished at the degree of affinity which he may establish between men and things of the present and men and things of the past. He will find that the apparently limitless space of time comprised within a hundred years fades into nothingness, and soon he stands talking with the veritable ancestor who formed one of that small band of dauntless men who signed the compact in the little cabin of the Mayflower. And it is surprising how delightful this process of mental bridge-building becomes when its foundations are thoughts suggested by the contemplation with the naked eye of some old relic, or an ancient church, or some building of historic fame, which serves to withdraw us for the moment from the actual present to events connected with days that are long past.

Strolling from off the main road the other day into the quiet retreat of a peaceful little pathway, in a green country lane on the borders of Hertfordshire—literally on the borders, for it is at a point where that very lovely English shire joins itself to Middlesex—I fell a-musing upon a few fragments of history, which thrust themselves upon the memory, connected with the leafy shade where I found myself walking. Hidden between some trees, whose boughs were weighted with the exquisitely delicate pink-and-white flower of the sweet-smelling chestnut, was an unpretending little church. Truly an unpretending little church: a primitive building enough, of red brick without, quite destitute of ornament, and conspicuous for a certain grave simplicity. It could boast a low, embattled structure, which did duty as a tower, and which seemed to lay some claim also to being styled a Norman belfry; but so overgrown was this toy-tower with ivy, which hung in luxurious

folds slantingly to the roof, that the dear little relic of feudal times had but small chance of asserting its claim to the dignity of being classed as a specimen of that rare early church architecture which I take to have been imported into Britain by William the Norman. Around the church was a picturesque and peaceful God's-acre, given over to the chirruping of birds, and to the cultivation of rose-trees, fuschia-bushes, laurestines, and such like trifles of Nature; and little mounds of emerald-green turf sprinkled with daisies marked out the spots where parishioners of lowly degree had been laid to rest in graves ten thousand times more becoming than the lordliest mausoleum ever raised over the remains of wealthy and pompous humanity. In a corner, over against the church, nestling again beneath the wide-spreading branches of flowering trees, was the rectory, out of keeping with the little church in regard to architecture, but part and parcel of itself in respect of graceful surroundings and primitive natural beauties. I had strolled down one of the neat graveled pathways beside the rector's house, until I found myself standing opposite to a grave, the headstone of which bore the following inscription:

"IN MEMORY OF
WILLIAM POWELL,
THE HARMONIOUS BLACKSMITH,
WHO WAS BURIED FEBRUARY 27, 1780, AGED 78 YEARS.
HE WAS PARISH-CLERK DURING THE TIME
THE IMMORTAL HÄNDEL
WAS ORGANIST OF THIS CHURCH."

An anvil and a hammer, and the first note of the delicious melody from the great composer's "Suites de Pièces pour le Clavecin," were cut into the stone in bass-relief. Then I fell a-musing, as I say, and it was not difficult to bridge over in a few moments a good century and a half of history, and picture to the mind events which had happened in the little church, and in the green lane adjoining, and in the surrounding neighborhood, in the days when the first of the kings of the Hanoverian dynasty began to rule in England. This was the church—the chapel, he preferred to call it, as more in keeping with his own lordly and ambitious pretensions—of James Brydges, the famous Duke of Chandos. Paymaster of the forces during the reign of Queen Anne, he seems to have accumulated an enormous fortune in a surprisingly short space of time, and to have lost it almost as readily as it had been acquired. Writes Speaker Onslow of this duke, in a foot-note to the annotated edition of Burnet's "History of his Own Time:" "He (Brydges) was the most surprising instance of a change of fortune raised by himself that has happened in any age. He never inherited more than a few hundred pounds a year, and in little more than ten years, living expensively the while, he had accumulated a fortune of between six and seven hundred thousand pounds. Without any

vices, or being at all addicted to pleasure, in the compass of about twenty-five years he had reduced himself to almost the difficulties of indigence, by a course of extravagance in his expenditures which had neither taste, nor use, nor sense in them." With a portion of his great wealth—for, for those days, the sum was, of course, prodigious—the duke purchased himself an estate called Cannons, and of this the little church, originally the church of the parish, became an ecclesiastical appanage. Two hundred thousand pounds his grace of Chandos spent in building himself an elaborate mansion, which was wonderfully beautiful in interior embellishments, and extravagantly costly in its general detail. During his residence at Cannons he aped the manners and habits of royalty. He mimicked the then royal custom of dining in public, and flourishes of trumpets heralded the changes of the dishes. A body-guard he had of picked, retired non-commissioned officers of the army, dressed in elaborate costumes; and, when he rode in his splendid coach to town, he was attended by such a troop of retainers and lackeys as made the good people of the city open their eyes wide at the sumptuousness of the great Duke of Chandos's manner of living. Poor Mr. Brydges was the type of a man, unfortunately not altogether uncommon even in this world of to-day, who, without a fault that could be properly called a vice—on the contrary, he seems to have had very considerable virtues, for Speaker Onslow says of him, "He had parts of understanding, and knowledge, and experience of men and business, with a sedateness of mind and gravity of deportment, which more qualified him for a wise man than what the wisest men have been generally possessed with"—with all these excellent virtues, James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, still managed to bring ridicule upon himself and ruin to his family by his absurd and lofty pretensions to a position which in reality he had no claim to fill. No one seems to have divined what could have been his precise object—if, indeed, he had one—in squandering his wealth in a vain show of outward pomp and magnificent course of living. Hints have been thrown out by some that at one time he cherished an ambition, about which, however, English historians have been altogether silent; but, whatever his true motives in creating himself a petty king at Cannons, his name only lives in history now as the man who was mainly instrumental in securing to England the illustrious honor of being able to number Händel among her greatest men. And, strangely enough, the little church played no mean part in bringing the immortal composer's name prominently before the English public.

Among the duke's other hobbies he cherished a love for church-music. He loved also the ornate splendor of the Catholic Church in celebrating divine worship, and he had a predilection in favor of the Italian Catholic mode of church-decoration. His little church was plentifully bedaubed—not painted, as visitors will at once recognize—with allegorical displays of saints, the Christian virtues, and chubby-

faced cherubim, by Laguerre. Belluchi, an Italian artist of some fame, embellished the walls with a "Nativity" and "Dead Christ," and a pretentious "Moses receiving the Law." Dr. Pepusch, a man of considerable eminence as a writer of church-music, composed the greater number of the morning and evening services for the chapel; and Dr. Desaguliers, a divine whose name is still held in some veneration as being the man who first publicly lectured on experimental philosophy in London, was appointed chaplain. Shortly after his arrival in England, the services of the great Händel were retained as chapel-master. The duke wished to transform his toy-chapel into a miniature Italian church, and to have divine service performed within its walls in a style seldom seen outside of a cathedral. The gaudy chamber—for, after all, the chapel is little more than a chamber in size—has resounded with the music of some of the most celebrated vocal and instrumental performers of England of the last century, and more original compositions, perhaps, have been played upon its tiny organ than on any other existing organ, I should say, in the world. The two *Te Deums* and the twelve famous anthems by Händel, called "The Chandos *Te Deums*" and "The Chandos Anthems," first had their rare beauties made known through the pipes of the little instrument. Eight more original anthems Händel played upon its keys. But, most noteworthy of all, on the 29th of August, 1720, the master played, for the first time publicly, his oratorio of "Esther" upon it. Engraved on a brass plate, on one of the organ's panels, is the following inscription:

"HÄNDEL WAS ORGANIST OF THIS CHURCH
FROM THE YEAR 1718 TO 1721,
AND COMPOSED THE ORATORIO OF ESTHER
ON THIS ORGAN."

The duke paid Händel for this composition alone one thousand pounds. "Acis and Galatea," it may be mentioned, was also composed for the duke, and was performed for the first time at Cannons. "The pretty poem for this English serenata," says Schoelcher, in his "Life of Händel," "is by Gay, assisted by the other literary frequenters of the mansion. Here may be found some verses by Pope, 'Not showers to larks,' and a strophe by Hughes, 'Would you gain the tender creature?' nor did they hesitate to take 'Help, Galatea, help!' from Dryden's translation of the thirteenth book of Ovid's 'Metamorphoses.'"

The duke was not only regal in his style of living, but regal in the patronage he bestowed upon art (unfortunately, he little understood it), music, and literature. Though "a man of more true goodness of nature or gentleness of nature," Mr. Onslow says, "never lived," and notwithstanding that he had bestowed much consideration and shown great kindness to Mr. Pope, the venomous little satirist, for pure spleen's sake, it would almost seem, took note of the duke and his doings, and crushed him and them in lines of terrible strength in his celebrated "Essay on Taste." Upon the chapel services he was cruelly severe:

"And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you all to the pride of prayer;
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre;
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite."

The weak side of the duke's character he has summed up in a few words:

"His study! with what authors is it stored?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round—
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo! some are vellum and the rest as good,
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look,
Those shelves admit not any modern book."

But, whether Pope was true or false in his estimate of the duke's character and doings, he turned out to be wonderfully correct in his prophecy of the ultimate destiny of the ducal estate:

"Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrow the slope and nod on the parterre;
Deep harvest bury all his pride has planned,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land."

With the exception of the little church, now called Whitechurch, not a relic of the lordly domain of Cannons remains. In 1747 the whole estate with its mansion was purchased by a Mr. Hallett, a London cabinet-maker, who, with a careful eye to business, pulled the great house down and sold the materials, and divided up the estate for farming purposes. A marble staircase of grand proportions was transplanted to the Earl of Chesterfield's house in Mayfair. An ill-treated, battered monument of the poor duke's one-time greatness may have been seen by many of the readers of this paper. It was the wretched-looking equestrian statue of George I. which for so many years stood rickety and forlorn in the garbage-ground of Leicester Square, to which dingy resting-place it had been consigned from the courtyard of Cannons. The duke lies buried, with two out of three wives, in a gorgeous and costly sepulchre of marble in the little church which his ostentation had made so famous. An inscription on his monument tells us that his "modesty ordered all encomiums on his tomb to be avoided; yet," writes the composer of his epitaph, "justice to his memory and truth tell the reader that, if a youth spent in constant application to business which tended more to the good of his country and friends than his own, a life passed in acts of the greatest humanity and charity, forgiving every one and going to the utmost of his power, ended in an old age dedicated to patience, resignation, and piety, deserve from mankind gratitude and love, they are most strictly his due."

But Whitechurch—rarely sought out, because little known, by American travelers; and here I may mention that it stands about half a mile off the main road from Edgeware, easily reached by the Midland Railway—Whitechurch speaks far more of the genius of Händel than it does of the regal mag-

nificence of the comparatively unknown Duke of Chandos. Down the little lane leading to the church must have passed time and time again the wonderful man of music. We may almost picture him to ourselves sauntering along—large made and portly, a trifle ungainly in his gait, with that peculiar swaying motion of the body which distinguishes those whose legs are bowed, his features finely marked, and his countenance placid, and bespeaking, we are told, "dignity attempered with benevolence;" the man of genius all over, with the large, full forehead on which rested the ample wig of the period, flowing to the shoulders; the counterpart in dress, deportment, and lineament, of the only true likeness we have of him, the statue on his tomb in Westminster Abbey. Irascible to a degree—he once threw a kettle-drum at the leader of the orchestra in the very presence of royalty itself, and nearly choked a prima donna—he was still a man of singular breadth of heart. The latter days of his life were wholly spent in acts of benevolence. "For the relief of the prisoners in the several jails, and for the support of Mercer's Hospital," so runs the advertisement of the performance, "and of the charitable infirmary on Inn's Quay, at Dublin," the glorious "Messiah" was performed under the personal direction of Händel himself, for the first time. His charity to the Foundling Hospital in London is notorious.

Händel was a man, too, of most extraordinary activity of mind, and an intense worker, and one of the most gifted as well as one of the most learned men who have ever lived. His opera of "Rinaldo" (the first opera, I believe, ever performed in England, and one which met with an extraordinary success) was so rapidly composed that Rossi, the Italian poet who wrote the words declared in an advertisement to the reader that the composer was so swift in his work that to his (Rossi's) great astonishment it was entirely produced in a fortnight. The grand oratorio of "Samson" was composed within the space of thirty-five days. The sublime and magnificent "Messiah" appeared in manuscript entire within twenty-three days from the date the composer penned its first note. Händel seems to have been perpetually working. He had no sooner conceived an idea than it took shape, and with a little turning over in the brain appeared ultimately, and in a marvelously short space of time, be it said, either as some elaborate composition of consummate workmanship and skill, or as a less pretentious piece of music of score harmony and beauty. His life seems to have known no idle moment. Half a mile or more, perhaps, from Whitechurch is a rude wooden shed standing in the main street or thoroughfare of the village of Edgeware. One day, as Händel was on his way to Cannons, he took shelter from a shower in a humble cottage which stands at the back of this shed. The cottage was the dwelling-place of one Powell, who to his energetic if humble calling of blacksmith united the more exalted office of parish-clerk of his grace of Chandos's chapel at Whitechurch. After the usual salutations had passed between the chapel-master and his colleague, the blacksmith fell to work

at his forge in the shed, and being, like most blacksmiths, light of heart as well as strong of limb, he sang a song to himself while he wielded the hammer. Händel listened for a moment. By an extraordinary phenomenon, the hammer striking in tune drew from the anvil two distinct harmonic sounds, which, being in accord with the melody Powell was singing, made a sort of continuous bass. Händel fell a-thinking. His brain conceived an idea, and forthwith it began to take shape. The ring of the hammer on the anvil and the voice of the blacksmith should be made to form a piece for Händel's favorite instrument, the harpsichord. At once he trudged home, and in due time "The Harmonious Blacksmith" was given to the world, which after the lapse of a century and a half is still held to be one of the most charming and popular melodies ever

composed by man. The shed where Powell sang at his work yet stands. The writer hopes that he has succeeded in awakening a passing interest in behalf of these most interesting and little-known relics of the immortal Händel. And he would venture to offer no better advice to those who may visit them than that they should stand at the grave of Powell and ponder upon the vanity of human greatness. At their feet lie the ashes of a man whose name goes down to posterity as the humble originator of an idea that suggested a melody to Händel. Before them, in the little church, enshrined in lofty sarcophagus of marble, with pompous inscription of his virtues, lies buried the one-time owner of the lordly and scattered domains of Cannons, whose fame is scarcely known except to chance visitors to a by-lane in Hertfordshire.

AVICE GRAY:

A STORY IN THIRTEEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER VIII.

FRED'S LETTER.

WE have left Dr. Wells a long time upon the road, but during our digression he has accomplished his journey and arrived at Mrs. Harmer's door.

"I'm raal glad to see you, doctor," said the good woman, coming out to meet him, and setting wide the doors of the wagon-house for the willing entrance of the chestnut pony. "I wanted to see you the worst way, for there's two or three things on my mind."

The doctor followed her into the kitchen, which was in its afternoon condition of cleanliness and order, and disposed himself in the rocking-chair she drew forward for his reception.

"I s'pose you've seen Avice to-day," she went on; "but I'm most afraid to ask how she is, and how she feels, now the time is getting so near."

"Horribly near," said the doctor. "She is ill enough in body to cause me some anxiety, and as for her mind, poor child—" The doctor paused. "Mrs. Harmer, if the 26th of next month arrives, and we have no news—if the trial comes on, and we find no trace of the stranger who is our only hope—what shall we do? What *can* we do more than we have already done? Think for me—I have thought until I am bewildered, and know not what to think."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Mrs. Harmer, taking up her apron to wipe her eyes. "I'd lay my life upon the poor child's innocence, but I find it hard work to get the rest to believe as I do; even the boys seem to be turned again her now, and, as for Dorade, she won't listen to a word in her favor; and then I fret so about what Fred will—"

"Ay," said the doctor, "when did you hear from Fred?"

"I've only had one letter since he went away,

and that was to Dorade, and not to me. I can't make out what's keeping him so long, unless he's heard about Avice and darsn't come home; he was only to be gone three weeks, and it's five now."

"Have you written to him?"

"Dorade wrote for me—you know, doctor, I'm a poor hand at learning. I told her what to say, and she told me she said as gentle as she could about Avice, and that he was wanted very bad at home, and to come as soon as he could."

"You did not read the letter after it was written?"

"Why should I? And Dorade's writing's none too easy to read; it's a very ladylike hand," said Mrs. Harmer, quite unaware that her praise was the reverse of complimentary.

"Who posted the letter?" asked the doctor. "Did it go from here?"

"No; Dorade and Ben was going to Whitechester, and she posted it there."

"Did you read Fred's letter to Dorade? Can you tell me what he said?"

"I didn't read it myself, but Dorade read it out for me; he said his aunt's business would take him longer than he thought, and he might be gone a month; we wasn't to look for him till we saw him; and he hadn't got our letter when he wrote, for there wasn't a word about the bad news we had been obliged to send him."

"When did you write?" asked the doctor.

"When he'd been gone a fortnight and three days."

"And when did you get his letter?"

"Let me see—I think it was Tuesday in last week."

"Hm!" said the doctor, in a low tone; "so he had been gone nearly five weeks when he said he should be back in four. Patience, and it will come at last." He fell into silence, and various detached

and formless suspicions began to group themselves and take shape in his mind.

"I beg your pardon," said Mrs. Harmer, who had not caught the words he had unconsciously uttered aloud. "I did not hear what you said."

"No matter; I have a bad habit of talking to myself sometimes. I should like to see that letter of Fred's if you've no objection."

"Of course you can see it. I'll call Dorade to bring it down to you."

"Wait a moment" (as she made a step toward the door). "There is no hurry. How is Dorade?"

"Indeed, she's very poorly; and that's another thing I wanted to speak to you about. She don't seem herself no more than cream is custard. She says it's the work; but, besides that I take the heft of all Avice used to do, she don't act like being overworked. She might be tired nights, but then she'd sleep instid of walking up and down; and I know she does that, for I hear her, for all she seems so sound asleep if I ever go to her room; and if she didn't like the work she'd slip out of doing it, as she's done many a time before, and not crave to do more than I want her to. And she don't eat, coax as I will. If I thought she fretted about Avice I shouldn't wonder; but she don't seem to care about her distress at all."

The doctor reflected a moment before he spoke.

"I've been friends with you a long time, Mrs. Harmer; you won't take it amiss if I speak what's in my mind?"

"I'll be obliged to you, whatever you say," was the hearty reply.

"Of course I know, as everybody else does, that Fred wanted to marry Avice. Do you think that Dorade was angry about it—that she took it amiss?"

"Quite contrary: she did all she could for it. I didn't quite like it myself at first, and she made me agree. She said she was altogether contented with the match."

"And Fred was her favorite brother, and you might have expected her to look higher for him; and she does not care now for the danger and disgrace that have fallen on Avice, and the consequent reflection of it on Fred; nor for the unhappiness it must occasion him?—Mrs. Harmer," he said aloud, "did you never suspect—suspect is hardly the right word either—did you never think that Dorade was fond of Stephen Vanvannick?"

Mrs. Harmer fixed her eyes on the doctor in undisguised amazement.

"Mercy sakes, no! Why, she hasn't spoke to him six times in six months, and she never could have liked him and me not know. Besides, she knew of his fancy for Avice as well as anybody, and she'd be far too proud to—it couldn't be, Dr. Wells."

"Reasons against it notwithstanding, I believe it is," said the doctor. "These things don't go by reason; and, if it be so, if I think right, it would account for much that has puzzled me in Dorade. Poor girl! she is much to be pitied if it be really the case."

"But it is not; I am sure you are mistaken," said the mother, with a mother's repugnance to admit the existence of what was unknown to her. "I'd ask her, if I was not afraid of offending—"

"Do no such thing, please!" interrupted the doctor, hastily. "What good would it do, and what right have we to try to discover what she has taken such pains to conceal—that is, if I am right?—but I am just as likely, after all, to be wrong."

He paused. Of what further thoughts were in his mind, Mrs. Harmer was the last person he could choose as confidante; and he hesitated how to frame his next words.

"I have sometimes thought," he said, after a minute's silence, "that perhaps something altogether new and unexpected might come to light in this matter before the trial; events take strange turns sometimes. If any fresh evidence should come to my knowledge or to yours, I suppose we should be bound to give it?"

"Bound! I'd only be too glad to give any that would help Avice."

"Whatever it might be? You would hold back nothing?"

Something in his tone struck her, and she looked at him hard.

"What do you mean, Dr. Wells? Have you heard anything new? Oh! tell me if you have."

He returned the look; but, while hers was all inquiry, in his there mingled a touch of commiseration.

"No," he replied; "I know nothing; it was only my own idea, and I cannot give you any reason for it; but my mind dwells so much on the matter that—Where is Dorade? I should like to see her. I may perhaps be able to prescribe for her. Tell her to bring the letter, too."

But Mrs. Harmer merely called her name, and the girl entered the room unaware that any one but her mother was there; and it did not escape the doctor's quick observation that her countenance changed when she saw him. She was certainly altered, though it might not have been easy to say how; her pale cheek was no paler than usual, nor was the brightness of her eyes less vivid; nor was she depressed, for she spoke and smiled cheerfully, and, if it were by effort, the effort was well concealed; but the doctor felt that there was an indefinable change in her, and received the impression that she was on her guard, and especially against him. He could not be sure, however, how much of this idea might be due to his previous train of thought, and waited to see if it received present confirmation.

"Dr. Wells is going to prescribe for you, Dorade," said her mother. "I've been telling him you're not very well, and he's going to give you something to do you good."

The girl flushed angrily.

"What need had you to say anything about it, even if it was so?" she said, petulantly. "I want nothing. I'm as well as I ever was in my life."

The doctor did not pursue the subject.

"We have been talking of Fred, Dorade," said

he; "you expect him home soon, don't you? Your mother says he wrote to you."

She gave him a quick glance, but his face told her nothing.

"Yes, I had a letter," she said, shortly.

"The doctor wants to see the letter; go and get it," said her mother.

She looked with a slight but sudden start at the doctor, and he answered by a steady gaze; she could command her muscles, and not one stirred; but she could not rule the telltale blood which ebbed away and left her very lips colorless. In his calm face she could see no suspicion; but she knew that if he felt such her aspect could not fail to give it fresh strength; and she maintained a quiet if defiant demeanor, and rose and left the room slowly, as if to obey.

She was so long gone that the doctor began to wonder what would be the result of her absence, and how she would overcome the difficulty in which he had placed her. Her mother called her twice before she returned.

"I cannot find the letter," she said, as she came in and seated herself with perfect composure in a manner that showed she did not intend to move again. "I have either torn or mislaid it, for I have looked carefully, and it is not to be found."

"Carefully!" echoed her mother. "There's no care about you. And that letter had his new address in it, too! What are we to do when we write again?"

"I dare say you will hear again when convenient," said the doctor, significantly; "never mind not finding the letter for me. I know quite as much about it now as I need to know."

He looked at Dorade as he spoke, but her face was marble, and her eyes cast down.

"If ever a man was in a difficult and a painful position, I am," he said to himself when he was again in his gig, and had persuaded the chestnut pony to move on. "If I know the guilty one, as I fear I do, how can I ever bring myself to raise the suspicion and set justice on the track? And yet how to save the innocent without? And I have so little to go on, and there is so little time! I must wait for more light yet; it is a coward's part to temporize; but I am a coward, I suppose; I could take off her arm without the quiver of a nerve, but how can I do what I must if I guess the truth? That girl will never speak; she could tell if she would, but—" The doctor sighed and said no more. He thought he knew, or at least could guess, all; but, like many other guessers, he was very wide of the mark.

CHAPTER IX.

STILL WATERS.

On the morning of the next day little Flora Vanvannick awoke with headache and some fever. Naturally delicate, the grief and excitement of the last few weeks had wrought a bad effect on the child's

sensitive organization; and her mother, still in the agony of her late bereavement, and terrified at the least symptom of danger to her remaining treasure, lost no time in sending for Dr. Wells.

He allayed her fears when he arrived, and soothed the little patient into rest and quietude; but he still felt sufficient anxiety to induce him, as he had no pressing engagement, to remain until late in the day. It was Sunday, and after dinner the house subsided into even more than the usual Sunday hush and calm; man and maid departed on their weekly holiday, the master of the house retired for his afternoon repose, and Mrs. Vanvannick sat in the darkened chamber where her sick child lay; the doctor, being thus left to his own devices, and not being inclined to sleep, left the house by the back-way and strolled down to the shore.

The boat lay as usual among the weeds and rushes, and, by an impulse for which he could never afterward account, Dr. Wells pushed off and paddled across the creek to the other bank. It was from no morbid curiosity to visit the scene of the tragedy, for he, like others, had been there while the horror was fresh; but, all the same, he moored the boat, slowly mounted the gentle ascent, and traced the woody paths, now brown and sear under the summer sun, till he came out on the open space where Stephen had been found.

In other lands, perhaps, a cross might have been erected, or some memorial placed, to mark the spot where a life had so suddenly and so fearfully come to an end; but here nothing of the sort had been done, and only the associations of those who knew the story shed an awe over the place. It seemed to the doctor that a deeper hush brooded here than elsewhere, that the slanting rays of the sun threw a more solemn brilliance, and that the leaves rustled with a fainter sound. He sighed as he looked round, and thought of all that had gone by and all that was yet to come; and, crossing the glade, took the path, or rather the no-path, to the pond. Reaching it with silent tread, and standing in the deep shadow of a tuft of alder-bushes, he started and drew back as he caught sight of the figure of a woman seated on the farther side.

He did not need a second glance to assure him that it was Dorade; and all the ideas and suspicions he had tried to stifle leaped up like new-fed flame. What was she doing here, in this ill-omened place alone—a place from which every association, every feeling of womanly timidity, would seem to hold her back? Dr. Wells shuddered as he thought, "Can it be the lash of conscience that drives her back to the scene of a repented crime?" He did not like to hide and watch her, but, impelled partly by fear for her, and partly by a sense of duty to others, he waited a few minutes in the shadow of the alders to see what she would do.

She did nothing. She sat on the ground, her hands clasped round her knees, and her eyes fixed before her, both face and attitude expressive of hopeless dejection. Released, as she thought, from observation, her guarded look had given way, and Dr.

Wells was shocked to see how plainly sickness and sorrow were to be read in its place. But, though grief was stamped in as with a branding-iron, there was no remorse; misery every feature told of, but not guilt. He was shaken again in his convictions as he looked at her, and followed with his own the direction of her eyes.

But she seemed to see nothing, and there was, apparently, nothing to be seen. The aspect of the pond had changed; the water looked as unfathomable as ever, but here and there the top of a tuft of rushes broke its black surface, whose golden blossoms caught and reflected back the afternoon sunshine; bunches of purple fire-weed and asters, and sprays of brilliant golden-rod, made patches of color on the margin, softened and toned down by the summer haze; the horror that had hung over the place on that July morning was gone. If the bosom of the pond, like that of the woman who haunted its banks, contained its secrets, it hid them now, as she could sometimes do, under a smiling face.

He waited so long for her to move, and waited so long in vain, that at last he became impatient, and, without allowing her to see him, shook the alder-bushes in a way to attract her attention. She rose then with rather a startled look, but a weary, listless manner; and, after a long, fixed gaze over the rushes and away where the slants of light broke the western shadows, moved slowly away, and was lost to sight in the trees.

"What does it mean?" said the doctor to himself. "I am all at sea. Shall I speak to her? To what purpose? Only to get a denial, and set her more on her guard. But for Avice's sake I cannot let things go on much longer. I pity the girl, but right is right and must be done, whatever the cost; and, to judge from her appearance, she could not suffer more if the truth were known, whatever that truth may be. I must take the only course; but I will be careful. I will not excite suspicion till I have something more to go on. I will just wait until I see the child better, and then go in search of Fred."

But the doctor reckoned without his patient. So far from being better in the morning, the child was considerably worse; and the entreaties and anxiety of the parents, to say nothing of his own, made it impossible for him to leave her to engage in an undertaking of which he could not foresee the end. To write would, he knew, be perfectly useless; Dorade's manner with regard to the letter had convinced him that Fred was not to be reached in that way—by him, at all events; and to go where he was most likely to be found would involve an absence of four days, which, under present circumstances, was out of the question. It was almost a relief to him, the enforced quiescence; there are times when any course is painful alike, when delay is grateful, and when even to doubt seems better than the certainty which we fear must be evil. "After all," thought the doctor, "I hold the key in my own hands. I will have patience a little longer. Our one witness may come still, and then I need never try to verify what I only dimly suspect; and, if not, if I *must* rip open the bleeding

wound, why, I will only do so at the last moment, when I have no choice left. It will be a hard necessity, whenever the time comes."

You have no doubt perceived that Dr. Wells was not a man of any great power of will. He knew to the full the misery—for it is misery—of indecision and of doubt as to what to do for the best. He was not one of those fortunate people who see plainly that there is but one right path, which they promptly take, having no tolerance for those who are tormented by doubts and perplexed by difficulties. He did not think he was right to conceal what he certainly did not know to be, but what might be, the truth; but he could not think it right to precipitate unadvisedly a result which must be one of distress and disgrace to all involved; so that to delay seemed the course of least evil, if not of most good.

Of one thing, however, he was certain, and that was, that he must give what comfort and hope were in his power now to Avice Gray; *she* had suffered enough of fear and suspense, and he must tell her sufficient to lift some of the load from her heart. How much to tell and how much to leave untold he could not decide; he must be guided by circumstances when the time came.

She looked up at him as usual when he went to see her the next day, with the sad aspect he knew so well now; but she saw at a glance the new expression in his face, and a sudden hope shone out of her eyes as she exclaimed:

"You have something to tell me to-day! Is he come?"

"No, my child," said the doctor. "I have no such good news for you as that; but I have something else to say to you, and I want you to listen and think."

She fixed her eyes anxiously upon him, but did not reply.

"Avice," he said, after some hesitation, "would you think any price too high to pay for your liberation?"

"For my freedom only, or to be cleared of—what they charge me with?"

The words were simple, but they struck the doctor dumb. They revealed a depth in the untaught nature at which he, who had thought he knew that nature best, stood surprised. She, who in the perilous position in which she stood could dissociate the ideas of liberation and acquittal, and speak of *freedom only*, must rise in thought higher than he had yet had need to follow her. He scarcely knew what to say next.

"Both, my child," he did say, after a pause. "It is too late for one without the other now. Tell me—what do you say?"

"If the doors stood open I would not walk out uncleared. To face the truth is the only way left me to show the truth. But, oh! to have the truth known and my innocence proved, what price could be too high? What is there I could not bear?"

"You could bear anything, Avice; but supposing that, to prove your innocence, you must make others bear—what then?"

She looked at him doubtfully and inquiringly. She did not understand.

"I believe, Avice," he continued, "that I have the clew to what will exonerate you. I have always known you innocent; but I fear now that I know who is guilty. And I leave it to you to say if I shall clear you by making it known at once or not."

The color rose in her cheek, her eye brightened, and her breath came quick.

"You know what will clear me? What will save me from this dreadful charge? Oh, can you ask me if you shall speak? Do not delay a minute! Let it be known at once!"

"Wait, Avice: You know, for you have felt it, the dread and shame you lie under now. You can experience no more than you have already borne, except the trial, and from that you are safe; for, if the certainty that it must be comes, I will speak then. I will do so now, if you bid me; you have a right to that. But I ask you to think before you inflict, or desire me to inflict, on others what you are suffering now."

"Think! Why should I think? Why should not the guilty suffer? Tell me this moment who it is! Who has so wasted and destroyed my life?"

"Wait again, Avice. Before I tell you, or you guess, the guilty one, let me tell you on whom the shame and the sorrow will chiefly fall, and you shall say whether you will not spare her as long as she can be spared."

"Why should not others bear shame and sorrow as well as me? I have had enough of both—it is time some one else had their turn."

The girl's fingers were twisted convulsively together, her features worked, and a look strangely different from the usual mild expression had come over the pale face. The tone of voice was angry and sullen, and the doctor looked at her in surprise and doubt. He was not so sure as he had been how the conference would end.

"Avice," he said, "the person who will suffer most if the whole truth—as I fear I know it—is ever disclosed, is Mrs. Harmer—she who has been better than a mother to you, Avice Gray."

She looked at him in utter incredulity and amazement.

"I mean it, Avice. Listen. If you will wait patiently till the time of the trial, the stranger who can clear you may come, and in that case I shall never try to verify whatever suspicions I may feel, but leave the guilty to the punishment of conscience and of God. If he does not come, I must then speak for your sake, and, if you tell me to do so, I will speak now; but think whether you do not owe her something—will you not spare her what you have suffered, if you can?"

"But tell me what you mean. What can she have to do with it? How can she be concerned in the awful suspicion that has fallen on me?"

"Suppose—" he hesitated—"suppose, Avice, that some one very near and dear to her had committed the crime—suppose some one else had loved Stephen

as well as you, and been jealous, even to madness—suppose—"

He stopped suddenly. The girl turned ghastly white, and put out her hand as though to ward off a blow. Over her face there broke the light of a terrified comprehension; and she seemed to struggle for words.

"Don't speak—don't tell me!" she gasped out, at last. "I know! I know!"

There was a dead silence, while Avice buried her face in her hands. The doctor dared not speak. He had not expected to be so soon and so readily understood, and was frightened now at the thought of the feelings and passions he might have raised.

When at last the girl lifted her head and looked at him again, he was shocked at the change in her. The sweet curves of her mouth were bent into a cruel smile of triumph; there was a baleful light of gratified malice in her eyes. The evil-one works quickly sometimes; and in those few moments he had sowed dark seed in the heart of Avice Gray.

"She always hated me," she said, almost in a whisper, and the voice was not her own. "And she killed him because he loved me."

"I do not say it—I do not know it—but it might be so."

"But I know it," said the girl, her tone changing to one of sudden fierceness; "I can see it now, though I have been so blind. Oh, how I hate her! Oh, how sweet it is to be revenged! Oh, when she is here, where I am now, how I will rejoice in her shame!"

The doctor sat aghast and amazed at the sudden outbreak, but it would have been hardly in human nature for something of the sort not to have occurred. Dorade had never been her friend; had never endeavored to conceal her dislike; had incessantly wounded and insulted her in the thousand petty ways a jealous woman can devise: and now burst on her all at once the knowledge of this incalculable injury, this intolerable wrong. To Dorade she owed her blasted happiness; to Dorade she owed the peril of her life in which she stood; to Dorade she owed the death of the well-beloved of her heart! What wonder if all the milky sweetness of her tender nature curdled at her heart? What wonder if, in the first excitement and anguish of discovery, she should think for a moment how sweet would be revenge?

The doctor waited to allow the storm of feeling to expend itself, and then said, softly: "And what of others? Revenge is in your power; I can bring her here and put her in your place; but what, then, of her mother—of her who is mother both to her and you?"

There was no answer. The dark gleam died out of Avice's eyes, and the old sad, wistful look came back. The doctor's heart swelled with thankfulness at the change, but he did not behold it long, for with a shiver she again covered her face.

"What comfort will revenge bring you, Avice? Will it give Stephen back to you again, will it make you happy, will it undo any part of the past, will it

give hope to the future? Will the thought that you have made others miserable solace *you*? I hope I know you better, Avice Gray; you know yourself innocent, and you are safe. It may be that the blow must fall on her; it may be that in justice to you she must be told the wretched truth—but, Avice, is it for you to hurry that dreadful time?"

Still no answer; but he could see that she was listening.

"Avice, my child, there are few who have had a harder lot than you to bear. Will you faint under the burden and prove unworthy of the trial, or can you turn the cross to a blessing, the shame to a crown of glory? Can you listen, not to the dictates of revenge, but to the voice of gratitude? Can you say, 'If the knife is to be planted in that kind heart, it must not be my hand that strikes?' Can you be patient a little longer? Can you say, 'I will try to forgive?'"

The girl burst into a passion of weeping. He let the tears flow.

When at last the sobs ceased, a silence succeeded, so long that he felt tempted to speak, though fearing to break the chain of her thoughts; but at last she raised her head and looked suddenly up, and her face, though deadly pale, was very calm, the calm of an autumn evening when a thunder-storm has convulsed and purified the atmosphere, and the sun goes down in sober gray. Dr. Wells never knew, no mortal ever knew, what Avice had endured in that silent conflict; such a conflict as comes but to few, and out of which fewer still come conquerors.

"Do you remember that piece in the Bible when Agag says, 'Surely the bitterness of death is past?' I feel like Agag now."

"What do you mean, my child?"

"I said once that if it would do Mrs. Harmer good to lay down my life for her I would do it. I did not think then that it would ever be needed, but I will keep my word."

"What do you mean, Avice? Who talks of your laying down your life?"

"I do. You are right: revenge can do me no good; it cannot give me back Stephen; it cannot give me back my happiness. My life is worth nothing to myself or any one else; her daughter's life and name are worth a great deal to her. Let her keep them, and let mine go."

"You do not understand me, Avice; I never dreamed for a moment of your remaining under this charge longer than—"

"But I mean it. I will never try to clear myself now. If that man comes, well and good; but if not, and if what you think is true, it must never be known."

"You are not in earnest, surely?" said the doctor, in amazement.

"Quite in earnest. She did all she could for me; it is not her fault she could not do more. She saved me, she believed in me, she tried to make me happy and to make my life worth having. I will do what I can for her now. What you say would crush and

humble her, and make her miserable for life. You must never tell her—she must never know."

She was in earnest. Incredible as it might appear, she had resolved if needful to die and make no sign. The doctor said no more. What use in reasoning with one in the first frenzy of a heroism and self-abnegation almost more than human? The feeling might ebb, the glow of the martyr might fade, but for the present feeling and glow were real.

"If you can so sacrifice yourself, Avice," he said, after a pause, "you can surely forgive. Can you forgive *her*?"

The girl's lip trembled.

"Don't ask me; I cannot do it yet; I am afraid I am glad to think her own heart will punish her worse than the law; that her misery will be ten times as great and as long as mine."

He did not understand it; the vindictive words and the ardor of self-sacrifice did not seem to agree, and yet it was easy of comprehension. Strong feelings seldom exist alone; where love is very ardent, the opposite of love is very likely to lie behind; and Avice's devotion to the woman to whom she owed her life's good by no means implied forgiveness of the one who had inflicted on that life's happiness a mortal wound.

The doctor left Avice feeling that another puzzle was added to the many of his life, more than ever convinced of the unfathomable nature of even the simplest soul. To the girl's intended sacrifice of herself he attached no weight; the disclosure of the truth lay with him, not with her, and the possibility of taking her at her word never even crossed his mind; but that she, at all events for the time, was capable of it, was quite evident; and he marveled how little he had ever sounded the depth of *her* soul before. He was depressed also; perhaps he had hoped to be contradicted when he hinted at his suspicions; but he could have little doubt of their likelihood when he found with what rapidity another mind had leaped to the same conclusions as his own.

CHAPTER X.

MORNING AND EVENING.

THE interior of a lawyer's office is not, in general, a very cheerful locality. Its cobwebs hint at the nets spread by the law for the feet of the unsuspecting and unwary; its dust and darkness speak of the mystery which envelops the present; its mouldering atmosphere of unused books and musty parchments shadows forth the grave-like oblivion of the suitors and their suits which shall be in the future. Those who enter such places with high expectations of justice to be done and grievances to be redressed usually come forth impressed with a strong belief in the fallacy of human hopes; while those who take in with them a mind burdened by anxiety or oppressed by doubt generally contrive to bring away with them again a firm conviction of the certainty of human disappointment.

The office of Mr. Burnside was no exception to the rule, nor was the face of Dr. Wells more cheerful to behold than those of many of the other clients who had in turn occupied the well-worn chair placed facing the one window, and tried to extract information and comfort from the inexpressive features which never answered the appeal. Why, indeed, should Mr. Burnside allow his face to tell the truth? It was the business of his tongue either to give it or withhold it, according as he was paid or as he saw fit. Dr. Wells waited for his tongue to perform the former office now. It was the 25th of September, and on the morrow Mr. Burnside was to defend Avice Gray. The doctor, after much self-questioning and self-torture, much doubt and dread, had, at this last moment, hopeless of the appearance of the one witness from whom Avice had anything to hope, confided all his suspicions, and all the reasons which had led to and appeared to confirm them, to the lawyer who had undertaken, in the face of difficulties, to clear her from the charge against her. Dr. Wells, from long brooding on the subject, had come to consider it as a settled affair in his own mind, and was astonished to find in what a different light the shrewd mind of the lawyer viewed it when the case was laid before him.

"I am afraid, my dear sir," said Mr. Burnside, leaning forward, and thoughtfully tapping the arms of his elbow-chair with his fingers as he spoke—"I am afraid I do not quite see the case as you do. I can understand how the circumstances have affected your mind, I can understand the inferences you draw from very slight premises; but when we come to facts, you see—"

"But, indeed, the facts are as I have stated them," said the simple doctor.

"My dear sir, what do they amount to? The young lady, you say, has fallen into a bad state of health; what more natural, under such distressing circumstances in the family, and the overwork consequent on the loss of the prisoner's services? I believe I understood you to say that it was but your own idea that she had any partiality for the murdered man, and that neither she nor her mother gave you reason for supposing it to be so?"

"So far as she is concerned, I never asked the question; but I am bound to admit that her mother strongly negatived the supposition when I made it. But the suspicious points are, the long absence of her brother, and my seeing her so moody and so brooding, especially the day that I observed her, unperceived by herself, near the scene of the murder."

"As regards her brother—I think you said that the young man is in communication with his family?"

"Yes; I have not seen the letters, but I heard there was one a few days ago."

"Well, we all know the delays in law business; there is nothing remarkable in his not getting his completed sooner than other people. Besides, you forget he may be remaining away purposely; it would not be very pleasant for him to return at the present time, every one being aware of his former liking for the prisoner, to say nothing of himself in

the matter. And as to Miss Harmer, my dear sir, we should live in a strange world if a young lady is to be accused of murder because she takes a walk to a somewhat famous spot on Sunday afternoon."

Dr. Wells was silenced, but not convinced. His own opinion was not shaken, but he saw that he could not communicate it to the man whose business it was to know best.

"You think, then," he said, "that you can make no use of what I have told you?"

"I wish I could, my dear sir. I wish I could see any reason for altering the line of defense I have laid out, for I honestly confess that bad is the best I can make of it. But accusation of another, without any kind of proof, would be more likely to damage the prisoner's cause than to do her any good. And against Miss Harmer there is not the shadow of a case—at present, I assure you, not the shadow of a case."

The doctor thought that, though there might be no shadow, there was ample substance; but he was not a man given to wasting words, and he did not say so.

"I'll tell you what you can do," continued Mr. Burnside. "After what you have said I shall make some difference in my examination of Mrs. Harmer to-morrow; tell her to bring her son's letters, or bring them to me yourself. If I see anything in them, or in the want of them, to lead either to a favorable termination of the trial, or to the possibility of deferring it, depend upon it I shall make use of such material. For anything else it is too late, without the *proof*, which I fear is entirely wanting at present. If we had had time we might have hunted up some evidence; but as it is—excuse me, doctor, but if you had all this so strongly in your mind you should have spoken before."

The doctor began to think so himself, and to fear that, in avoiding the appearance of evil, he had fallen into the reality. His morning's interview had given him little comfort; indeed, comfort he had not hoped for, for even had he succeeded in imbuing his advocate, and after him judge and jury, with his own belief, it would only have transferred the charge and the risk, and not removed them. But in the one case he would have felt that he had vindicated the truth, and that the penalty would fall where it was justly due; as it was, he feared that the innocent would suffer for his faint-hearted delay. He took leave of Mr. Burnside with a heavy heart, little consoled by that gentleman's assurance that he would do his best, and that he did not at all despair of the result; he dared not go to Avice, much as he knew she must desire to see him, with, as he felt, his disappointment written in his face, but sent a message that he would be with her early in the morning. He was nervously agitated all day, paid as few professional visits as possible, and toward evening, less from the wish to do so than from being unable to resist, he ordered out the chestnut pony, and drove to Mrs. Harmer's, to talk over with her, for the hundredth time, the coming trial, and to endeavor to obtain those letters of Fred's of which he had never yet caught sight.

Late as the hour was, Mrs. Harmer was hard at work, and surrounded by the evidences that her labors in the household department were likely to endure till midnight. No matter what may lie in the past or loom in the future, present duties exact attention, and the fact that she was to be an important witness in the Whitechester Court to-morrow did not exempt Mrs. Harmer from her culinary tasks to-day. She looked up at the doctor, as he entered, from over the bread-trough, and seemed struck by the dejected expression of his face.

"Is anything fresh the matter, doctor? You look downhearted. But, indeed, it's natural you should be so, and I'm a fool to ask."

"There is nothing new the matter. I have been taking a dream for reality, and have just awakened to its unsubstantiality, that's all."

Mrs. Harmer did not quite understand what he meant, but it was against her principles to admit as much, so she diverted the conversation to the subject of her own grievances. "It's a very unlucky thing, but Ephe has just told me the thrashers will be here to-morrow, when I didn't expect them till next week, and no preparations made, so it's thrown me all on end. It can't be helped, however; we've got a heavy crop, and if we lost the chance now there's no saying when they'd come again, and I told Ephe they'd have to put up with the best I could do. If I leave all ready I guess Dorade can manage well enough while I'm away."

Dorade, who was seated doing nothing in another part of the room, made a hasty movement, which attracted the doctor's attention.

"You needn't depend on me," she said, "for I mean to go to Whitechester to-morrow to hear the trial."

"Good land, Dorade! Surely, you can't be in earnest? If you felt like me you'd pay a heavy price to stay away."

"I can't help how you feel. Why shouldn't I want to hear it as well as anybody else?"

"Strangers might be curious about it; but you—"

"I'm all the more curious because I'm *not* a stranger. Anyway, I mean to go."

"But what will they do here without either of us?"

"Oh, I'll find some one to do the work. I wish nothing troubled me more than that."

Dr. Wells had been observing the girl while she spoke. There was a feverish color in her cheeks, and a feverish light in her eyes, and a suppressed excitement in her tone and manner, very different from the melancholy depression so apparent in her of late. "There is something new in her mind," the doctor thought as he looked at her. "She has come to a decision. Can it be possible that she means to go to Whitechester in order, if necessary, to tell the truth of her own accord?"

The thought made his heart beat quick. Was the truth to be made manifest and the mystery solved without his agency, and through the promptings of conscience alone? But, on a moment's reflection,

he rejected the idea. It was not likely she had gone so far to draw back now; it was not likely but that she who had guarded her secret, whatever it was, so religiously, would keep it to the end.

Dr. Wells had not even yet learned his lesson. His experience of Avice in the morning, strange and unexpected as it was, had no influence yet on his evening's opinion of Dorade. He could not yet imagine that there might be chords unsounded by his or any other hand; he could not yet believe in the existence of what he did not see.

While Dr. Wells observed Dorade, and while he was endeavoring to decide on the best way of introducing the subject of the letters and of getting them into his possession; while Mrs. Harmer busily pursued her occupations, and Dorade had sunk again into abstraction, there was silence in the room—silence also without, for the night was very calm and still, and, though the windows were raised to admit the soft evening air, no sound entered with it.

The silence was suddenly broken by the roll of wheels on the road and voices at the gate. In troubled times slight events will engender anxiety; and the three within, unable, from the gathering darkness, to see anything without, looked at each other in suspense and with bated breath, waiting with eagerness for which they could not have accounted for what was to come.

"You need not wait," said a strange voice, that of a man. "I shall stay here to-night. You can come for me to-morrow." Then steps approached the house, and the wheels rolled away.

Mrs. Harmer did not know whether she hoped or feared, but her hand trembled as she opened the door to the knock. Avice Gray could have told them who stood on the threshold, but to the eyes that looked on him he was a stranger. He made a salutation which included all in the room, and then advanced to Dr. Wells.

"Dr. Wells, I believe?" he said, addressing him. "I am glad to make your acquaintance, sir, and glad I am in time to do so under favorable circumstances. I heard in Whitechester you were here, and took the liberty of following you. You do not know me, but I can tell you who I am in a few words. My name is Foster; I am the witness you have advertised for for the coming trial—the witness who can prove the *alibi* for Avice Gray."

"Thank God!" broke fervently from the doctor's lips. Mrs. Harmer tried to say the same, but for the woman the sudden relief and revulsion of feeling was too much, and she burst into tears. The assurance of safety, after such dark and hopeless dread, had come almost too suddenly and unexpectedly to be believed; but, when Mr. Foster spoke again, no doubt remained.

"I am only just returning from the journey on which I was engaged when I met the poor girl on that unfortunate day. It was by the merest chance that the paper containing your notice fell into my hands, and I had to make considerable effort to get here in time to be of service to-morrow. I have heard all about it in Whitechester, but I have not

seen your lawyer yet ; I thought it best to come first to you. Are you sure my evidence is all you want ?"

"Quite sure. It is enough and more than enough," said Dr. Wells, in an accent of deep thankfulness and relief. "You do not know the load your coming has removed from—"

He was interrupted and startled by a loud scream from Mrs. Harmer.

"Good God ! what is the matter with Dorade ?" she exclaimed, as she sprang forward just in time to catch her as she fell. On the girl the unlooked-for intelligence had broken with terrible effect ; the tightly-stretched cord of her endurance had snapped at last, and Nature had given way. She had uttered no sound, but she slipped from her seat and lay still and senseless, with closed eyes and white lips, on her mother's supporting arm. To that mother and to the stranger the source of her violent emotion was a mystery ; but Dr. Wells began to think he could now penetrate the feelings which had actuated her before, and which had overcome her now ; and great compassion for her filled his heart as he bent over the blanched face and lifted the cold hands.

"It is only a faint," he said ; "it will not last long."

Nor did it. Dorade had too long accustomed herself to self-constraint and self-command to yield to mere physical weakness, and, when sense had once returned, she struggled against the deathly sensations, and became composed. But to sympathetic inquiries as to what ailed her she was as impenetrable as ever ; she returned as little answer as she could to all further speech, and soon declared her intention of retiring, and leaving the others to talk over their business alone.

"It is the best thing you can do," said her mother. "We must be early in the morning. We may go to Whitechester now with light hearts, God be praised !"

"I shall not go there now ; I have changed my mind."

"Not go there now, when there is nothing to be afraid of any more ?" said her mother.

"No ; I feel no interest in it now. I will stay at home and do the work."

"You are a strange girl, Dorade. You would have gone when the result of the trial might have been fatal to Avice, and, now that she is saved and cleared, you refuse to be one to be thankful for her safety, and to tell her so."

"If you are thankful, that is enough ; you do not need me. If she is really innocent, of course it is right it should be known ; but Avice Gray is nothing to me."

She said nothing more but "good-night," and departed. Mr. Foster wondered at her strange demeanor, but made no remark ; her mother, who had not the clew, set it down as more of her "tempers," and hoped that a night's rest would set matters right ; the doctor, who in some sort possessed the key, felt for her a mingled sensation of horror and pity. If she were in any degree guilty, he saw that she was her own avenger, and he left her to keep or disclose her dark secrets as she pleased ; it was not his duty to unravel them. But his mind soon passed from her to the innocent and gentle one in whom he felt the true interest. Avice was saved ; and it was with heart-felt satisfaction that he discussed with him who was to be the means of her preservation the evidence that was to clear her name. As the doctor started for home that night, leaving his important witness in Mrs. Harmer's charge, he was a happy man. With him now rested the pleasant task of proving innocence, not the painful one of punishing guilt. The morning of that day had been dark and unpromising enough ; the evening-time had brought the light.

THE SUFFERINGS OF CHILDHOOD.

I WISH that some Chatterton, some immortal boy or girl, had left the record written, *at the time*, of the sufferings of childhood. If I could photograph the terrors and miseries of my tenth year it would distance anything of Gustave Doré's imaginings of the horrible.

The terrible ghosts and chimeras dire should form one compartment ; the dread of doing something wrong, or which should seem so in the eyes of my elders, should fill another ; and the sorrows of being *misunderstood* should fill still another and greater one.

The ghosts are a necessary evil, I fear, to children of imagination. How can I banish the terrific and amorphous inhabitants of a certain large and unoccupied chamber once used in a country-house as the storage-place of old trunks, old looms, deserted spinning-wheels, and, worst of all, the appropriate home of a swing, which bore a remarkable resemblance to a halter ? Through this dreadful

place, dark, vast, with rafters uncovered and strange beams built out, was I obliged to go often at midnight or after dark, to call servants when some one was ill, or to fetch some necessary hot water or mustard-plasters, myself, to a suffering patient, I being of a convenient age and size to send of an errand. In a large family no one seems to think of the eldest as having any nerves or any rights. The youngest absorbs everything. I have seen pale, grinning heads, with three eyes ; I have seen half a head, with all the complements of one set of half features ; and all these unpleasant people had a very fixed and determined interest in me. They moved toward me with slow but certain serpentine movements, and I have all but felt their cold, slimy fingers on my shoulder. My reading had furnished me with the fact that saying a prayer would exorcise these fancies, for such I knew them to be ; but I was none the better for such knowledge so far as the horror was concerned ; but I believe I owe what remnant of

reason has remained to me after years of such terrors to my habit of saying the Lord's Prayer to myself as I went through this dreadful room. To this day, as I sometimes revisit it, the familiar phrases seem carved on each beam—"Give us this day our daily bread" always coming just as I turned the corner of the staircase and saw the blessed vision of a door at the foot of said staircase, which would soon open the familiar and commonplace kitchen to my view.

With that secretiveness, or instinctive delicacy, or want of courage, or whatever it is, which keeps a child from telling his fears, I never told the story of my dread of this Udolpho apartment until I had grown up. Then I found that all my brothers and sisters had dreaded it as I did; each in his own different way had "suffered and been strong" through that dreary place. We might have all gone down by the front-stairs as well as by the back-stairs if we had ever made a protest, but it had never occurred to us that there was such an easy road out of the "land of Bugaboo;" and this is one of the evils against which parents and guardians should be warned. They should not let the little sufferer remain silent; they should say: "Are you afraid? To be afraid is no disgrace; tell me all about it." And in this way they can banish the ghosts. Many a dear mother, by sitting down by the bedside, holding a little cold hand, lighting a gas or candle, has put to flight a most disagreeable surprise-party of ghosts, who had come to spend the night. I wonder that children do not die of terror—their knowledge is so incomplete, things assume such undue proportions, and are so dreadfully shocking to them. My last experience of the haunted chamber was to see a white object depending from the swing, which made tremendous gyrations, and showed two burning eyes. This was a prepared ghost—a cat tied in a bag—and was the work of a diabolical negro boy, who read my imaginative terrors by the baleful light of his own prophetic, obi and demon loving nature. When this struggling creature came toward me, making the swing gyrate to within a foot of my head. I shrieked and fainted, letting my candle fall on my poor little night-gown, and nearly setting myself on fire. This brought help to me. For a few months I was spared the midnight errands through the haunted chamber, and some other ghost-ridden child was sent down for the hot water.

The opera of "Zampa" furnished me with unnecessary dreams for some months. I was taken to see it at an early age, and was not told that the marble statue-bride was simply a human being preternaturally still. When that hand went up, on which *Zampa* impudently desired to place the ring, or to remove it, I forget which, I had the sickening terror come over me which I knew so well. I foresaw hours of tremendous contest with this marble woman before me. As the opera went on, and she finally forced *Zampa* down into the burning flames, I became spellbound; and, when some kind person in the box asked me if the heat made me so pale, I said, "Yes, I am a little overpowered by it." No instru-

ment of the Inquisition would have dragged from me the humiliating confession that I was nearly frightened to death; but, when I went home and to bed, the marble bride came and sat by my side and grinned; she seized me finally, and carried me down, down, down, into the depths of a horrible pit, and I awoke—on the floor. This was my favorite demon for a long time; nor can I now hear that very familiar piece, the "Overture to Zampa," without a shudder.

I might go on with the spirits indefinitely, did not Bugaboo come in other forms. I think the undefined terror which children and young people feel lest their conduct will not be approved by their elders is one of the strongest miseries of childhood. I remember for years never knowing whether I should be whipped or caressed for what I was about to do. I once kissed a beautiful child, smaller than myself, who pleased me with her golden curls, and received a smart box on the ear for so doing. My nurse, an elderly and not unkindly person, told me afterward that this child had just come from an infected household where there was scarlet fever, and she thought I would get it, and take it to all my brothers and sisters. She and her ignorance and her injustice sleep in the grave this many a year; but the wrong she did me remains fresh in my character, and has injured it irretrievably. And I think parents and guardians often commit this kind of injustice. They praise or blame a child according to the pleasure or trouble which a child's innocent actions give them at the time, not with a philosophical study of the child's motives. How often is a child punished for upsetting the cream-pitcher unintentionally, and praised for making some appropriate remark which has cropped out quite as accidentally!

Injustice is worse than ghosts, for one does not grow out of it. An injustice done to one in early life leaves a bitterness behind it. We can joke about our ghosts, but not about our wounds. And as one grows older come the sorrows of being misunderstood—a romantic child with practical parents, or a practical child with romantic parents, a child with some genius hidden under a dull exterior, or, worse still, a child with a vivid imagination and strong feelings, who was mistaken for a liar! Sir Walter Scott, and many a genius, have told this story with immortal pathos. My particular form of suffering in this direction arose from a love of reading. It was considered a crime in the good, Puritan atmosphere in which I was brought up not to be a thorough housewife, a diligent seamstress, a great conqueror of work. To sit mooning over a book was dreadful, particularly if it were a novel. Shakespeare was considered food for my betters; and, if I had nervous terrors, they were, if found out, traced to *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, and such gentry, so that reading became a forbidden sin, and gained its last dear delight from that prohibition which makes even disagreeable things pleasant. I was the scorn of the diligent matrons around me. They pointed me out as a thing to be avoided; and I shall never forget one meek-eyed and sheep-faced lady who found me nurs-

ing a sick friend and was agreeably astonished that I did not kill her outright, and who remarked, "Why, Emily, I didn't know that you could do anything but read!" The scorn with which she uttered this last word cannot be communicated by print.

Such misapprehension has often been fatal to a character. No child, no young girl particularly, can be strong enough to rise above the constant pressure of ridicule, even if it proceeds, as it generally does, from those vastly her inferiors. We none of us find ourselves out until we are past the necessity of doing so. The character has been formed long before. I know now one of the most estimable of women who goes through life under a veil. Her heart was broken early by a cruel elder sister. This sister, a beauty and a genius, dominated a large family, and, through either selfishness or ignorance (let us give her the benefit of the doubt), made all the younger sisters believe themselves very deficient in attractiveness and talent. They all felt it deeply, but this one was ruined by it. I have seen many such instances of this side of childhood's horrors, and of its incompleteness; and it makes me a little angry when I read poems in praise of its delights, its incomparable joys, and its perfect happiness. Lord Houghton writes a delightful little poem called "Carpe Diem," which runs as follows:

- " Youth that pursueth with such eager pace
Thy even way,
Thou pantest on to win a mournful race—
Then stay, O stay!
- " Pause and luxuriate in thy sunny plain,
Loiter—enjoy;
Once past, thou never wilt come back again,
A second boy.
- " The hills of manhood wear a noble face
When seen from far;
The mist of light, from which they take their grace,
Hides what they are.
- " The dark and weary path those cliffs between
Thou canst not know,
And how it leads to regions never green—
Dead fields of snow.
- " Pause while thou mayst, nor deem that fate thy gain
Which all too fast
Will drive thee forth from this delicious plain,
A man at last."

But this is the picture of youth painted by manhood. I doubt if boyhood is happy. Its exuberant spirits and love of play, the eager appetite, and the forth-putting of a strength which knows no fatigue, are conditions which look very fascinating to the weary man who cannot digest his breakfast; but they are no more to the boy than the power of breathing is to the man. Youth has had this condition of happiness left out: it does not know itself; it does not know that it has an *embarras des richesses* which it is to perpetually lose. Hood expresses it in his inimitable way:

" And sure 'twere doubtful joy
To know myself more far from heaven
Than when I were a boy."

The sufferings of a bashful boy! Can any torture-chamber be more dreadful than the juvenile party, the drawing-room filled with critical elders,

the necessary parade of the Christmas-dinner, to a shy boy?

I have sometimes taken the hand of such a one, and have found it cold and clammy; desperate was the struggle of that young soul, afraid of he knew not what, caught by the machinery of society, which mangled him at every point, crushed every nerve, and filled him with faintness and fear. How happy he might have been with that brood of young puppies in the barn, or the soft rabbits in their nest of hay! How grand he was, paddling his poor leaky boat down the rapids, jumping into the river, and dragging it with his splendid strength over the rocks! Nature and he were friends; he was not afraid of her; she recognized her child, and greeted him with smiles. The young animals loved him, and his dog looked up into his fair blue eyes, and recognized his king. But this creature must be tamed: he must be brought into prim parlors, and dine with propriety; he must dress himself in garments which scratch, and pull, and hurt him; boots must be put on his feet which pinch; he must be clean—terrible injustice to a faun who loves to roll down-hill, to grub for roots, to follow young squirrels to their lair, and to polish old guns rather than his manners!

Then the dreadful slavery of school! Boys have suffered and have died of those wooden benches—those formal desks! What Heine said of the Latins and Greeks—that they conquered the world because they did not have to stop and learn their own language—always occurs to me as I enter a school and see the sad, captured looks of the young two-legged animal we call a boy.

And then the sensitive boy, who has a finer grain than the majority of his fellows, suddenly thrown into the pandemonium of a public school! Nails driven into the flesh could not inflict such pain as such a one suffers; and the scars remain. One gentleman told me, in mature life, that the loss of a toy stolen from him in childhood still rankled. How much of the infirmity of human character may be traced to the anger, the sense of wounded feeling, engendered by a wrong done in childhood when one is helpless to avenge!

All this may be called the necessary hardening process, but I do not believe in it. We have learned how to temper iron and steel, but we have not learned how to treat children. Could it be made a money-making process, like the Bessemer, I believe one could learn how to temper the human character. Our instincts of intense love for our children are not enough; we should study it as a science. The human race is very busy; it has to take care of itself, and to feed its young; it must conquer the earth—perhaps it has not time to study Jim and Jack and Charley, and Mary and Emily and Jane, as problems. But, if it had, would it not perhaps pay? There would be fewer criminals.

Many observers recommend a wise neglect—not too much inquiry, but a judicious surrounding of the best influences; and then—let your young plant grow up. Yes; but it should be a very wise neglect—it should be a neglect which is always on

the watch lest some insidious parasite, some unnoticed but strong bias of character, take possession of the child and mould or ruin him. Of the ten boys running up yonder hill, five will be failures, two will be moderate successes, two will do better, one will be great, good, and distinguished. If such are the terrible statistics—and I am told that they are so—who is to blame? Certainly the parent or guardian or circumstance—and what is circumstance?

One of the greatest of the *petites misères* of childhood arises from dress. A boy suffers dreadfully if his clothes are of a peculiar cut or a shade finer than his fellows'. I have known a boy made miserable because he was compelled to wear a collar of a peculiar and picturesque cut; and one of my gloomiest periods of mortification hangs round a sash that I was required to wear, which was considered unreasonably broad. The undying laughter of a scornful schoolmate still rings in my ears. When I came home and complained of it, I was made to wear it, to show me that I must be indifferent to ridicule! As if a child of seven could conquer and kill that emotion! The decision was very unwise, for it simply caused me to suffer, and took my mind from greater and better things. Had the sash been removed, I should have forgotten all about it; as it is, it has become the shirt of Nessus, and clings tightly to me through life.

A lady told me, a few years ago, that she felt she had made a fatal mistake in not allowing her daughter when a little girl to have a hoop-skirt; all the other children had them at the dancing-school, and looked, as she thought, ridiculously like ballet-girls, so she sent her child in among them in a lanky robe, which made her look very unlike them. The child was thus rendered conspicuous and unhappy. She wept, and implored, and begged to stay at home, but was made by her strong-minded parent to go and endure. After she had greatly suffered by this process, her mother discovered her mistake, and found that the subject of dress was hereafter to be her daughter's one subject of thought and interest, while a certain bitterness had crept in, to the great injury of an originally amiable character.

There is danger always, in thus asking of our children a virtue too great for their years, that we create the very vice we seek to cure. If children are dressed like their fellows, costume assumes its proper subordinate position. "It is the skin of the part," said a famous tragedian; and it should be like the skin, fitting, and not otherwise.

If that lady who denied her little daughter the hoop-skirt had been asked herself to go down Broadway in the Bloomer costume, she would have rebelled decidedly; and yet she demanded of her little daughter a courage ten times as great, and inflicted a suffering immeasurably greater.

For children can suffer. There is an intensity about it; like their appetites, it has not been dulled by repetition. One of the few privileges of growing old is, that we cannot suffer so keenly. We know from repeated blows that time will cure us. We get not to care—but oh! the strength of youthful grief! What enormous vitality it has! how protean its

shapes! I am never astonished when I hear of youthful suicides. The absence of the fear of death—so peculiar to youth, for we get accustomed "to the sweet habit of living," and hate to change; but youth has formed no such habit—the absence of this restraining principle and the love of change conspire to make suicide possible. Then the vision of what grief is; the terrible curtain that mercifully hides the future, drawn all at once; the pang that rends the heart as we recognize the friend untrue, the promise broken, the future void—no wonder that the river seems so merciful, the knife so kind, the poison so sweet! Youth has no philosophy.

I am dealing with abnormal feelings, unwise, precocious, and dangerous sentiments; but, like a wise physician walking through the wards of a hospital, we are all called to meet such diseases, even in our calmest, sweetest, most guarded homes. The scarlet fever does not hesitate to enter the cleanest nursery; abnormal fancies grow up by the most religious fireside; and we who have lived through childhood to rear dear children of our own cannot sufficiently study the subject, nor sufficiently pity the woes of childhood. It would be a curious and useful proceeding for the philosophical inquirer to draw from a number of people their recollections of childhood, and to find out, if possible, what has made the deepest impression. One lady, carefully educated for a ballroom belle, remembers that a practical cousin was held up to her as a model, "because she had painted the back piazza;" and to this day she associates virtue and painting the back piazza! Another says that she stole down to see a dinner-party, and, when the beautiful forms of the ice-cream passed her, she clapped her hands, for which she was subsequently whipped. Somehow this piece of injustice has made her chary of expressing admiration. Instances of children who are whipped for going out in the sun and getting their faces burned, and rewarded for going out in the same sun and not getting their faces burned, are innumerable.

It is only the great story of injustice told in different ways, but it might afford an amusing subject of biography, and point a moral as well as adorn a tale.

The ghost-telling nurse, the cruel creature who lives like the ogre by eating up young children, is also one of the terrible, and apparently incurable, evils of our modern as well as the antique plan of education. I do not know that she can be scotched or killed; she should be watched and dreaded. One such, of a literary turn of mind, opened a door for me which has never been shut. She read me, on a certain winter evening, when we were alone in a quiet country-house, the story of a murder.

I bore all the preparations for the murder very well. Even the crime itself, the young men dipping their hands in the old man's blood, the subsequent cleansing of themselves and riding away, did not kill me—for I remembered *Macbeth*, and was somewhat case-hardened—but, when she got to certain terrible particulars, I think I froze. The words are engraved on my memory:

"One woman, the accomplice of the murderers, was left alone to hide the instruments of destruction. She and she alone knew of a secret door, behind the wall-paper. Cutting the paper with a knife, she opened this closet and hid away what would have betrayed them. But, although she neatly pasted paper over the whole until it looked exactly like the surrounding wall, she was betrayed by the shadow of that open door. A woman who happened to be up at that late hour observed from the opposite side of the street the shadow of a door thrown on the curtain. She knew the house well, and was unable to account for the existence of this door. Owing to her testimony, the wall-paper was removed, the secret closet found, and the murderers brought to justice."

That door entered into my "study of imagination," and has remained there ever since. Why it should thus swing open noiselessly through the ages, and then shut itself, I do not know; but often, looking across a village-street at a lighted window, I expect its shadow on the curtain. The grim woman who remained to perform that commonplace act of pasting paper over the cracks, with the old dead man lying beside her, is photographed on my brain. I have seen many horrors, and have read of many since. Schiller's "Robbers," Mrs. Radcliffe's romances, "The State Trials," have all contributed to paint gloomy images on my brain. I have heard Wilkie Collins read his own "Ghost-Story;" I have read "After Dark" and "The Night-Side of Nature;" I have read the best ghost-story that ever was written, "The Watcher," and have studied with some pleasure the cool and elderly view of ghosts, and horrors, and terrors—but nothing has ever sunk so deep a plummet of agony and terror as did this story of the door. There was a practicality and deliberateness, a homeliness, in that horror, which gave

it infinite power and distinctness. Should I ever have a fever, or an opium dream, I am sure that the door would open and shut against that white window-curtain in a most aggravating manner.

It is another singular childish experience when terror dies. The ghosts depart as they have come; you are not afraid of them, or of ridicule, or of doing wrong; you begin to feel sure of yourself, to believe that you can do right, and that your opinion is as good as that of the rest of the family; suddenly you find that you are useful, believed in, beloved, a *personage*; and this is, I think (the period of early young manhood or womanhood), the very happiest period of life, much happier than childhood, and I am afraid a great deal happier than what comes afterward, although there is a vast deal of happiness in life; and I cannot agree with Lord Houghton that it is a "dark and weary path which leads to regions never green, dead fields of snow;" but that it has, amid its varied trials and its manifold disappointments, periods of unqualified happiness and hours of great remuneration for work honestly done, I feel and know.

Perhaps our disappointments are sometimes as vague and unreal as the ghosts of our childhood. We learn from year to year that "the moment our wishes are gratified they cease to be our wishes;" that the things which wounded us last year are not hurtful this; that we are always under the influence, more or less, of a chimera. Can we fight the unknown in mature life better than when in childhood we feebly bore our candle aloft through the darkness, and with a meek spirit strove to fight the giants of Darkness and of Despair by saying, in trembling tones, those immortal and soul-staying words, "Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name?"

M. E. W. S.

LIVING AND DEAD CITIES OF THE ZUYDER ZEE.

II.

ENKHUYZEN is situated on a peninsula jutting from the western shore of the Zuyder Zee about its middle, and which we imagine formed the northern shore of the ancient Lake Fleto. Its foundation is assigned to the year 1000, when a few houses were built here. When the North Sea burst in, it excavated a port, which was long considered the best on the Zuyder Zee, and Enkhuyzen grew to be the largest town in Holland, and was famous for its ship-building, its inhabitants numbering sixty thousand when Amsterdam was an insignificant fishing-village. Here, in 1395, Count Albert assembled a fleet of three thousand flat-bottomed boats for the invasion of Friesland. It was largely engaged in the herring-fishery, and its sailors, who adventured far into the northern seas, were esteemed the most hardy and skillful in the world, so that Charles V. would have none others to man the royal ships. Philip II. greatly favored the town, and even spent

immense sums for its fortification and embellishment; but, notwithstanding this, it was the first fortified town in Holland which opened its gates to the Prince of Orange. But sand-banks and shoals began to encroach upon its harbor; and although, in 1591, attempts at improvement were begun, new streets laid out, and fine buildings erected, it was too late. In the next century its commerce had become nearly extinct, and in another hundred years the town was almost deserted. Its present population is less than five thousand, and its port sends out fewer vessels than does the little island of Marken. You walk past the half-ruined buildings until you come to what appears to be the limits of the town; but, looking over a mile of green meadows, you see the picturesque ruins of what was once a gate of this walled city. The walls and ramparts have all disappeared, so that not a vestige of them is left. The gateway only remains, the solitary memorial of

the former extent of the city, which is, however, abundantly attested by books which the antiquarian may find in the libraries of Holland, one of which, wholly devoted to a description of the past magnificence of Enkhuyzen, is a volume of nearly one thousand pages. There are here a large establishment for making the great buoys, of which immense numbers are required to point out the shoals and channels of the Zuyder Zee; and an orphan-house with an elegant gateway, and two large halls hung, or, as we should say, "papered," with the finest stamped Cordova leather. The town-hall, of comparatively recent erection, contains some tolerable paintings, and a number of curiosities, among which are the old executioner's block, which is elaborately carved, and the historical sword of Admiral Bossu. M. Havard is disposed to question the genuineness of this sword. He says: "It is two-handed, and seems more fit for a German foot-soldier than for the commander of a Spanish fleet. I can scarcely imagine an admiral giving his orders for the working of his ship or his fleet with such a glaive under his arm, for, as to putting it into a sheath and suspending it from his side, its size would make it utterly impossible." He seems to be unaware that in those days an admiral had nothing to do with the working of his ship; he was rather the commander of the military forces on board; and history shows that Bossu, in this action, was armed and accoutred and fought precisely as though he were a foot-soldier, which indeed he was except on this one occasion.

Our voyagers visited Enkhuyzen at the time of the *fête* which had deprived them of their leg of veal at Hoorn; but we do not learn that they were able to come in for a slice from it. The *fête* was an agricultural show and trotting-races, which drew together a crowd of the neighboring farmers, who attach much importance to these races, to win one of which is a subject of the greatest pride. It gave them an opportunity of studying the holiday costumes of the peasantry of North Holland. The men usually wear a coat of dark cloth. The most notable feature of the female costume is their grotesque head-gear, the chief object of which is to hide the hair. As soon as a girl is married, she cuts her hair close, and assumes on great occasions a kind of gilt helmet, from which all sorts of metallic adornments hang down over the forehead, while two curls of black

horse-hair fall down on each side. They were told—but M. Havard is somewhat dubious as to the fact—that these helmets are to protect the wife's head in case of matrimonial broils. But the reasons for female coiffure all the world over are past finding out; these of North Holland have at least the crowning merit of costliness, for M. Havard assures us that "twenty to twenty-five pounds sterling is the ordinary price of this helmet."

Less than ten miles northwest from Enkhuyzen is Medemblik, now a decayed little town with some three thousand inhabitants, but which a thousand years ago was the renowned metropolis of the country. How much farther back its unwritten history should be dated no man can tell. The most current etymology of its name would carry it into



INHABITANTS OF URK.

remote pagan ages, perhaps as far as the first centuries of the Christian era. It is said that here stood a golden statue of the great goddess Medea, which so shone when the rays of the sun struck upon it, that *Medea blikt*—Medea shines—came to be a common saying, whence Medeblikt, and, for euphony, Medemblikt, came to be the name of the place. Be that as it may, it is certain that, somewhere about 700 A. D., this was the residence of the renowned Friesian King Radbod, when Pepin Heristal and his famous son Charles Martel ("Charles the Hammer," whose stout blows at Tours drove back the Saracen invasion of France, and, as Gibbon has it, gave Europe to the Cross instead of to the Crescent) undertook to convert the Friesians to Christianity by means of the lance and battle-axe. The heathen king was brought over by these potent arguments, and consented to

receive the rite of baptism. But, so runs the old chronicle, just as his foot was in the font, and Bishop Wolfranc of Sens was on the point of pouring over him the sanctifying water, a sudden thought struck him: "Where now," he asked, "are all the kings, my most noble ancestors—in heaven or in hell?"

"In hell, without doubt," was the response, "where are all who have died without baptism."

"If that be so," rejoined Radbod, withdrawing his foot, "it seems to me better to go where the greater part of my ancestors and friends have gone, than to follow the little batch who have passed to paradise."

Medemblik was the favorite abode of generations of the kings of Friesland, and the ruins of the old castle, their residence, some say that of Radbod himself, still exist. The guard-room of the castle has been converted into a concert-saloon, and high up, in an adjoining apartment, is hung what is averred to be a portrait of King Radbod, painted during his life; but M. Havard climbed up to it by a ladder and found it to be painted in oil, with an inscription in Roman letters, showing that it cannot be older than the sixteenth century.

Medemblik is emphatically the dead city of the Zuyder Zee, almost as dead as Carthage or Tyre. It is hard to say why; for its port is one of the best on the sea, but its houses are falling down one by one, and are never rebuilt. Even within less than a century there was considerable ship-building carried on in yards built by the government, and during the brief period when Holland was under the virtual sway of Napoleon vessels-of-war which bore their part in the naval operations of the time were built or repaired there. The magnificent admiralty building was afterward used as a rope-walk. In 1829 it was converted into a naval college. But in a few years this was removed to Breda, and thence to Nieuwe-Diep. The building is now rented to the village dominie, who uses only a dozen of its three or four hundred apartments. The grass grows in its spacious courts; and the admiralty garden, which boasted the finest collection of flowers in Europe, is planted with potatoes and turnips!

From Medemblik to Helder, the extreme northern point of the peninsula of North Holland, is a distance of only about thirty miles; but as the weather was bad, and there was nothing of interest in the voyage, our travelers left their skipper to bring the *tjalk* around, while they went overland. The short journey led through the prettiest and least known part of the peninsula. M. Havard shall describe some of its aspects:

"The pretty hamlets are so curious and so unlike what is to be seen elsewhere that I must devote a few lines to them. The houses from a distance appear to be alternately blue or red, according as our first view is the fronts or the roofs. The ground and even the trees are not safe from the paint-brush. Up to the lower branches the trunks of the trees are whitewashed or colored pearl-gray or sky-blue, and the ground which surrounds the house is often painted pale yellow, with bands of red on each side of the

space reserved for a foot-path. The fences, gates, balustrades, and the little bridges—for every house is close to a ditch full of water—are also painted in bright colors. The dark color of the walls is relieved by painting the window-frames a pale yellow or the shutters a light green. Most of the houses have two doors, one small and unpretending for ordinary comings and goings; the other, carved and frequently ornamented with gilding, is only opened on grand occasions, such as marriages and funerals.

"Every one has heard of the marvelous cow-houses paved with tiles and sanded in different colors, where one must not smoke or spit, or even walk without putting on wooden shoes whitened with chalk; of cow-sheds where the tails of the milky mothers are tied up to the ceiling to prevent the possibility of their becoming soiled. Well, it is in these hamlets that we met with these stables and these cows, and a whole arsenal of milk-pails, strainers, and pots, all polished until they look like gold. The peasants are rich, and pass their lives among their cheeses, ignorant of what is doing outside of their village, and not troubling themselves much about what takes place within it, their only care being to add every year to their piles of gold and silver."

Nieuwe-Diep is the proper name for the modern port of Helder, but the streets are so contiguous that it is hard to tell where either town begins or ends. It is apart from our present subject to describe this naval citadel, rather than city, of the Zuyder Zee. Suffice it to say that the great dike which defends it from the menaces of the North Sea far surpasses anything of the kind in Holland, and consequently in the world. It also serves as a part of the fortifications which one would think capable of defending the harbor against the combined navies of Europe. These great works were commenced by Napoleon in 1811 as a part of his grand idea of making the Zuyder Zee a grand naval depot, which should be a standing menace, and, if occasion served, more than a menace, to England. "I will make," he said, "Nieuwe-Diep and the Helder the Gibraltar of the north."

But we must go back to the one remaining dead city of the Zuyder Zee. At Helder we reëmbarked on board our little *tjalk*, and, passing the low islands, or rather sand-banks, of Texel and Vlieland, touch first at Harlingen, the busy little commercial port of Friesland, whence are shipped the beeves, pigs, sheep, poultry, and vegetables, which form no inconsiderable portion of the supplies of the London markets. Thence we descend along the eastern shore of the Zuyder Zee, as we had previously ascended its western, till we reach Stavoren, opposite Medemblik, at the point where the sea is the narrowest. Six centuries ago, it must be borne in mind, it was dry land northward of here; and it is said that a temple was erected midway between Stavoren and Medemblik, in full view of both places. It seems most probable that Stavoren was the point where the *Fletum* issued from Lake Flet, and that its outlet into the North Sea was between the present islands of Vlieland and Ter Schelling. Thus much may be inferred from the

old legend, which we briefly reproduce, and we know of no law which forbids any one to believe as much of it as he pleases :

When Alexander of Macedon was pursuing his conquests in India, three centuries and a quarter before Christ, he heard of a country somewhere, we suppose, near the Indus, called Friesland, that is, "The Free Land." It was a great and powerful state ; but, unfortunately, the queen of the country had fallen in love with one of the nobles, had killed the king, her husband, and raised her paramour to the throne. She also endeavored to make way with her husband's three sons, Friso, Sato, and Bruno, presumably the offspring of another wife. Alexander made war upon Friesland, was joined by the three young princes, conquered it, and when he returned to Babylon left them in charge of the government as his tributaries. The Frieslanders, instigated by a priest named Sandrocatus, rose against this foreign domination. Finding the rising too strong for them, Friso and his brothers embarked with their partisans in three hundred great ships to seek a new home. After three years' voyaging, fifty-eight vessels—all the others having been lost—found themselves in the North Sea. The legend does not tell us from what direction they came, what lands they skirted, or why they sailed so far. They may have passed around Cape Horn ; but the shortest way was down the coast of India, past Arabia, along the entire eastern coast of Africa, around the stormy Cape of Good Hope, up the western coast of Africa, past Spain, France, and the British Isles, into the North Sea.

Here a tempest scattered the vessels ; eighteen ships made for the coast of Germany ; twelve were driven northward to Russia ; the others, in which were the three princes, entered the Vlie, the Latin *Fletum*, down which they sailed. On the spot where they landed they erected a temple to Stavo, the Jupiter of their mythology, and a town, which they called Stavora. Friso remained here, naming his new dominions Friesland, after his old home. Bruno penetrated far into what is now Germany, where he built a town, which he named after himself, still called Brunswick—Bruno's town ; while Sato founded the Saxon state. The chronicle gives a list of all the rulers of Friesland down to the time of Charlemagne, who, in 802, united it to his empire of Germany. Friso is said to have reigned sixty-eight years ; his son Adel, ninety-four ; his son Azinga, eighty ; and so on ; so that the list of princes, dukes, and kings, of the Free Friesians, as they always called and still call themselves, is not so long as one might expect.

However much of myth or of sheer invention may be embodied in the legend, it is certain that, as early as the fourth or fifth century after Christ, Stavoren was a great and famous town. Its princes entered into alliance with the Romans, from whom they are said, upon perhaps questionable authority, to have borrowed the theatre, the circus, and gladiatorial combats. Still later, but long before the Zuyder Zee was formed, its sailors, passing down the *Fletum*, made voyages in the North Sea, far beyond any

region reached by other mariners. They rounded the peninsula of Denmark, penetrated the sound, and went far up the Baltic, as early as 825, and in reward were permitted by the King of Denmark to enter the port of Dantzic without paying any harbor-dues. Stavoren was among the earliest cities to enter into the Hanse League. It reached the height of its prosperity and greatness early in the thirteenth century, at which time, it is said, "it contained many magnificent churches and monasteries, and houses whereof the vestibules were gilded, and the columns of the court shining with pure gold."

The beginning of its decay was about the middle of the fourteenth century. "At this time," say the chroniclers, "there was in the foresaid city a certain widow so wealthy that she did not know the sum of her riches. She freighted a vessel for Dantzic, having given charge to the master thereof that in return for the merchandise he carried he should bring back the most rare and exquisite things he could pick up. Finding there nothing in more demand than wheat, he took a cargo of it and returned to Stavoren, the which so displeased this widow that she told him if he had taken it aboard at the poop he should fling it overboard at the stern. This having been done, at the very instant, and on the very spot, rose up at the mouth of the port a sand-bank so great that no large ship could thereafter enter, whereby, little by little, the foresaid city lost its staple, its traffic, and its commerce, and began to fall into decay." If any one should venture to doubt this legend, we can only assure him that the sand-bank, known to this day as the "Lady's Bank," is there to speak for itself.

But other causes of ruin were at work. Fire and water seemed to have leagued themselves against Stavoren in this fourteenth century. It would be hard to count up the conflagrations and inundations. Thus, in 1320, five hundred houses were burned down at once, and the grand monastery of St. Olof, which had stood within the city, was left far outside. Twenty years later the monastery was swept away by an inundation, and its site is now covered by the waters of the Zuyder Zee. A heap of ruins, now called "The Churchyard," or "The Stones," rising above the surface of the water, is supposed to be the remains of the monastery. Of the old city of Stavoren there is not now even a vestige. The present Stavoren hardly deserves to be called a village. There are perhaps a hundred mean houses, all quite modern, and tumbling to decay. They stand straggling along each side of a broad, deep canal, with wide gaps between, growing wider year by year. There is an ill-constructed town-hall, built only a century ago, but now dilapidated.

Our travelers were detained a couple of days at Stavoren, the weather being such as to induce their skipper to avail himself of the stipulation in his agreement not to put out unless he saw fit. Provisions on board the *tjalk* were getting low, and the most diligent effort only enabled them to procure in the town two bottles of brandy and an exceedingly tough old fowl. So, although the waves were still running high, the skipper consented to brave them ;

the good people of the town, men, women, and children, kindly lending a hand to tow the little craft down the canal to the mouth of the port.

They headed for the islet of Urk, almost in the



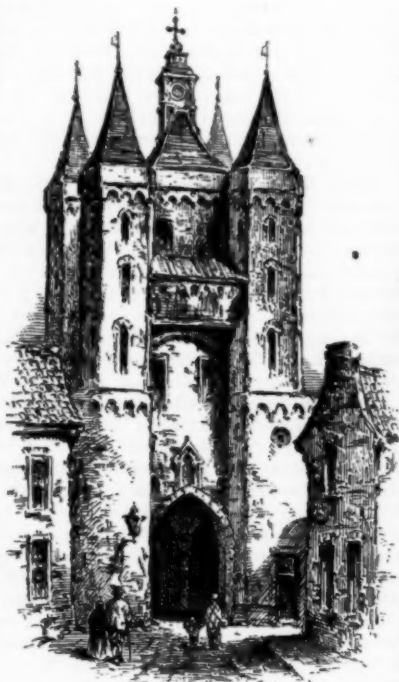
GATEWAY AT KAMPEN.

middle of the lower half of the Zuyder Zee, the rather monotonous voyage being only relieved by watching what M. Havard calls the "dog-fish"—seals, we presume—"which are so numerous that the surface of the water is covered with their black and shiny heads. These animals," he says, "are hunted only for the sake of their oil, and as this fishery is much less productive than that of plaice and anchovy, very few boats are engaged in it." They increase and multiply, causing much damage to the fishermen's nets, so that the fishermen are sometimes obliged to make battues to destroy them as they bask on the shoals or come ashore. Urk very much resembles Marken, only that the costume of the people is quite different; and, although it is a mere sand-spit in a salt sea, the well-water is remarkably pure and fresh.

Leaving Urk toward evening, we pass the islet of Schokland, whose two red beacon-lights gleam in the distance, and in the morning reach the mouth of the Yssel. Schokland derives its name from the frequent trembling of the soil, which has caused it to be deserted by almost all of its former inhabitants. Five miles up the Yssel is Kampen, one of the most thriving and beautiful towns in Holland or any other land, whose origin is almost coeval with the formation

of the Zuyder Zee. For some inexplicable reason, the people of Kampen have acquired the reputation of uncommon simplicity, and all sorts of absurdities are fathered upon the burgomasters: Once the grass was found to be growing upon the top of a high tower, and they ordered a cow to be hoisted up there to eat it off!—A fire broke out in the town, and the engines were found out of order; they thereupon directed that on the evening preceding any fire the constables should, under the penalty of a heavy fine, carefully inspect all the pumps and fire-buckets.—Again, they ordered a new sun-dial, to be elaborately painted and gilt, and, that it might not be defaced by the sun and rain, directed that it should always be kept under cover.—One of them proposed an original scheme for increasing the revenues of the town, which were derived mainly from the duties collected for the entrance of provisions and merchandise. "We have," he said, "seven gates, and so many florins are collected, upon an average, at each; now let us double the number of gates, and of course we shall double the revenue."

Kampen (i. e., Latin *Campi*, Fields) stands in the midst of a beautiful meadow-tract, from which it de-



THE SASSENPOORT AT ZWOLLE.

rives its name. In the fourteenth century it was surrounded with a moat and walls, with massy towers and seven gates. The fortifications have been demolished. The moat, filled by the river, is trans-

formed into an ornamental water with lilies and artificial islands; the ramparts turned into a fine promenade, and the bastions planted with trees, flowers, and exotic plants; the whole forming a large and beautiful park, which is kept in admirable order. Of the seven gateways four are standing, all kept in excellent repair.

Two leagues from Kampen is Zwolle, another fine town, the capital of the province of Overijssel, situated in a region which one might almost call hilly, a striking contrast to all other parts of Holland. Close by Zwolle was once the convent of St. Agnes, in which for sixty-five years lived Hammerken, better known as Thomas à Kempis, and where he wrote his "Imitation of Jesus Christ," which, it is said, has been translated into more languages than any other book except the Bible. Zwolle, like Kampen, once had strong fortifications, and nine gates. The works were completed in 1614 by the famous

Cochoorn, the rival of Vauban, and Zwolle was then considered to be one of the most strongly-fortified towns of Europe. Of its nine gateways there now only remains the Sassenpoort, which one might almost call a castle. It is a massive, square structure, with octagonal towers, rising high above the houses which have taken the place of the ancient walls. The towers, as well as the massive centre, are lighted with enormous windows, with large iron gratings, and over the fine portal is a niche which once contained a statue of St. Michael, which we suppose was broken in pieces in the iconoclastic rage which was so destructive a feature of the early days of the Reformation in Holland.

At Zwolle our month's tour upon and around the Zuyder Zee came to its end. Returning to Kampen, our voyagers parted with their tjalk and its pious skipper, and returned by railway to Amsterdam.

THE TUB AND THE PORTENT.

A STORY OF LIFE IN THE SCOTTISH HIGHLANDS.

THE following momentous events, which an inordinate love for the contemplation of the sublime-ridiculous induces me to relate, occurred in a remote district of the northern Highlands of Scotland, called Badenoch. The inhabitants of this country are Gaelic-speaking Celts, and, though extremely superstitious, they are a hardy, intelligent, and hospitable race. At one time, before the introduction of the Highland railway, the district was pretty thickly peopled by a few scores of frugal "crofters," or small farmers who cultivated the same wretched patches of land from generation to generation, raising scanty crops of oats, barley, and potatoes, rearing their own sparse stock of diminutive sheep and poultry, never rich, but never in absolute want; the men clad in rough kilted homespun and corduroys, the women in coarse "winseys" and cheap cotton; attending the same dreary, old-fashioned kirk Sunday after Sunday, with sober Sabbath countenances, to hear the same denunciations of "fiery wrath and judgment," and to listen to delineations of the nether world more often than to the revelation of Eternal Love. A letter from a relative in some distant land, or the quiet observance of their festivals of "Halloween," Christmas (or Nolic), and the yearly sacrament, when great "lights" from more enlightened regions came to infuse something of novelty into their customary spiritual fare, or, at long intervals, a funeral, the observance of which often resulted in something more potent than tears and cold water—these were the only incidents in the quiet tenor of their lives. A marriage was as nothing; the usual ceremony over, the small company betook themselves to a barn or other out-house, and there—occasionally refreshing themselves with oat-cake, cheese, and whiskey—they indulged in the inevitable "Highland Fling." Scotch reel, and "Tullochgorum," the bride

and bridegroom taking their parts in the violent performance, until the "wee short hour ayont the twal," when they all quietly betook themselves to their respective homes, and next morning the new Mrs. Donald sank quietly and unnoticed into the routine of household work, as if she had been married for twenty years.

In a certain deep valley of the Grampians, where are mingled in sweet and wild confusion stream and forest, leafy dell and woody eminence, the haunts of the wild-deer, the hare, and the woodcock, there is a solitary "loch," or lake, of three miles in circumference. This loch is nearly oval in shape, and surrounded on all sides but one by lofty hills, here and there dotted by patches of brown heather and clumps of stunted birch, in which the whirr of the coveted moor-fowl, and the bleating of hundreds of the small mountain-sheep, are the only sounds that break the universal stillness. Toward the south the mountains diverge, affording an outlet for the mountain-stream which, after rushing down the rocky crevices, flows tranquilly through the lake, bearing with it the young salmon and trout into a noisy, tumbling river, the swiftest in all Scotland. In this direction the prospect is surpassingly diversified and beautiful, affording, as many scenes in Scotland do, all the elements of a wild and beautiful landscape within a very limited boundary. Sheer precipices, crowned by miraculous woodland, overhanging the stormy torrent; here, a sharply-cut valley with tributary stream, bordered by greenish verdure; there, a bare hill destitute of tree or shrub—but its sides flashing all the colors of the rainbow—and, beyond all, the lovely woodland glades of the Laird of R——'s estate, yield satisfaction to eye and heart.

Into the lake—the scene of my narrative—juts a small and fertile peninsula, elevated and widening

toward the extremity, and thus forming a pleasant table-land of several acres in extent, the sides gently sloping to the lake, and terminating in a circle of thick brushwood, birch, willow, and broom. On this table-land are situated the parish church, churchyard, and minister's manse and out-houses, while on the narrow neck which joins it to the mainland, and through which runs a well-kept road, stands the country-side smithy, kept by honest Lewis Cameron, the best husband and the surest shot in the parish. His son, Alec, is between thirteen and fourteen years of age, tall and strapping, and daily accompanies the minister's son in a three-mile walk over a desolate moor to the parish school. Alec is lithe of body, with red hair, earnest gray eyes, and rather slouchy gait. His comrade, Quentin, is somewhat older and shorter, dark, inclined to *embonpoint*, and impulsive in gesture and bearing. Both are in the same class at school; both are what are called "good lads," loving their mothers, obeying their fathers, and well up in the Shorter Catechism. Quentin is unsteady and erratic in disposition, though true at bottom; Alec has more perseverance, and, of course, more forethought. In any unselfish, heroic course of action, we should not be wrong in attributing the inception of it to Quentin; for a safe and satisfactory consummation we should be more ready to rely on Alec.

Now those youths loved each other truly; they read the same romances surreptitiously; they assisted each other in difficulty, and they were the acknowledged leaders in classroom as well as playground. Everything went on smoothly, the years dealt tenderly with them, and promised fairly for them, when one wet summer afternoon—*O dies infelix!*—the country-carrier approached the kitchen-door of the manse, bearing under his arm a heavy square box, labeled in a scrawling hand, "To Master Quentin McKenzie, with best love from Aunt Doshie." On opening the box and inspecting the contents, they proved to be about three dozen of well-thumbed and brilliant-covered novels and romances, sent to him by an aunt more noted for her devotion to light literature than for her motherly discretion. They were principally of probable and improbable adventures by sea and land, and written by authors of all degrees of celebrity, from Grant and Mayne Reid to Marryat, Michael Scott, and Fenimore Cooper. Oh the mad enthusiasm, the shouting and jumping that Quentin, like one possessed, inflicted upon the astounded inmates of that quiet household! His mother alarmed, his sisters amused, eager, half-congratulating, half-reproving; the servant-girls, annoyed at such an interruption to their work, uttering subdued cries of "He's fair distraught; the laddie'll come to nae guid."

But Quentin, all heedless, flew off to carry the glad tidings to his boon mate, leaving the books strewn in disorder about the kitchen, and forgetful that, should his father be led to the scene by the uproar, there would be an end to his dreams of enjoyment. On his return, accompanied by Alec, the books were gone and silence and order restored.

His mother—wearing a look of covert fun—answered his eager inquiries with—"Ye didna think, laddie, that maybe your faither wadna thole (bear) sic glaicket (foolish) wylin' buiks?"

"Faither! he's no been in? he's no back, mither, is he?" asked Quentin, alarmed.

"Deed is he," replied his mother, and then stopped.

"Mither, mither," implored Quentin, the big tears in his eyes, "ye wadna hae the hairt to lat him fin' oot, for ye ken he'd burn the vera—"

"Hist, laddie, I tell ye!" interrupted his mother, whom this outburst of irreverence thoroughly alarmed; "ye needna fash sae muckle, ye'll fin' your treasure in your ain bit roomie, whaur I hae just carried it wi' my ain twa hauns: noo come and lat me gie you and Alec a bowl o' crowdie."

"Bless you, dear mither," was the grateful response, and after partaking hastily of the "crowdie," a composition of "broken milk" and oatmeal, he and Alec tripped lightly up-stairs. His kind-hearted and injudicious mother, who was far from being a guiding and restraining hand to his impulsive temperament, was unconsciously withdrawing him farther and farther every day from his father's stern but necessary and wholesome influence. Quentin was naturally wild and fanciful; no need to add fuel to his dangerous imagination by providing him with a class of books of which the distinguishing characteristic is that reality is kept carefully in the background, and every incident in the hero's life is endowed with a *couleur de rose*, and made to be one of a thousand connecting steps leading surely and speedily to fortune and happiness. Alas, poor Reality (both victim and victimizer), whose only interpreter is experience, what pity it is thou canst not take a quarter's lessons of thy brilliant sister

The boys read and reread those books. Walking home from school in the long summer days they would fondly linger on the shady hillside at even; or when Saturday half-holiday came, after the recapitulation of the week's Catechism and other exercises, they would hasten home, gulp their respective dinners, and scamper off to a huge, gray, lichen-covered rock, overhanging the deepest part of the lake, in which was a natural cavity so situated that, while they were effectually protected from the sun's rays, they could recline at ease, and watch the sportive motions of the trout, pike, eel, and water-hen, and behold all the changeful lights and shadows of that wild landscape reflected in the placid water.

But what was the result of all this one-sided reading and self-absorption on these boys? A very natural one. Quentin became simply crazy, and, instead of preparing lessons and performing his other duties with his customary cheerfulness and promptitude, was transformed into a visionary who despises the dinner-bell, and grants but a grudging acquiescence to the vulgar demands of every-day life. Alec—lucky for him—having a very keen sense of his actual position and prospects, gave less scope to his imagination, and although, when opportunity served, and the occasion was not altogether madcap and

breakneck, he was not slow in seconding his friend's "romantic" propositions, he allowed himself neither to neglect his education nor to acquire a distaste for the honest trade which made his father so useful and so much respected, and his own position so comparatively comfortable.

Now the principal way in which Quentin's fervid ideas displayed themselves was, in adopting a nautical phraseology in his conversation with every one but his father (of whom at present he had a wholesome dread); in seizing upon every available bit of timber to be applied to the purpose of building a large yacht; in appropriating several articles of nappery in order to fit out his father's crank, flat-bottomed boat with sails; in furnishing his bedroom with a hammock, and various other articles of naval architecture, which he had contrived either to procure or to manufacture for himself; in sitting up o' nights in a damp hut built by himself of the shrubbery by the margin of the lake, waiting and watching, with double-barreled fowling-piece in hand, for the wild-ducks as they stealthily left the water to conceal themselves in the ripening corn; and, generally, in manifesting a growing dislike to all kinds of restraint.

That he shot numbers of wild-ducks, and even of partridges, teal, and lanerocks, and thus kept his father's table plentifully supplied, we must give him credit for; this, however, was the only useful result of his florid romance-reading, and it was more than counterbalanced by his other vagaries. For, in obtaining the means to gratify his ship-building proclivities, he scrupled not to resort to means which the great authorities from whom he drew his inspiration would be too dainty to attribute to even the meanest of their wonderful *dramatis personæ*. For instance, I grieve to say that he was once known to have on the boat already mentioned a square-sail of very fine texture and exquisite workmanship, and the same week his sister went about the house affirming that there surely must be a thief among the servants, and threatening to ransack every corner in the premises until her lost property was found. Besides, he one evening dragged into the lake the piece of oblong planking used as a thrashing-floor in the glebe-barn; actually crossed the lake on it—a distance of a mile—returned and left it soaking in the water all night, not soon again to be fit for the blows of the rebounding flail.

Now, had the youth—for he had plenty of good sense at bottom—met with some older, more experienced head, who could have sympathized with him, or had he even had judgment enough to choose the best books of his heterogeneous collection—Dana's, for instance, in which a sea-life is depicted in its true colors, or others in which a spice of romance and color is added to the rugged facts—I believe that the spur thus given to his imagination would have resulted in good; for a life of monotonous seclusion and Calvinistic restraint is not found to be conducive to mental growth or freedom and liberality of idea, even when it is passed near flood and forest, rock and stream, among the solitudes of the

everlasting hills. Nor are the imagination and sensibilities of such a person—as might be expected—either enlarged, refined, or softened; on the contrary, the uncouth asperity of mind and manner of a man whose life is passed afar from the throbbing of the world's heart is proverbial. In the circumstances in which Quentin and Alec were placed, the allopathic treatment in literature was the only one to counteract the effects of narrow training, but self-treatment in the case of Quentin was hazardous; for he instinctively devoured and "assimilated" those books alone which were written with the double object of suiting the gullibility of youthful cormorants of "the impossible," and of satisfying the craving demands of a necessitous writer's life. So the evil was left to cure itself in some way; and in order to show what this was, and to draw the few threads of our story closer together, let us glance for a moment at the minister's "man," and we beg of this dignitary to excuse us for neglecting him so long, considering what an important part he plays in our little drama.

Pryse Campbell was a gaunt, powerful man of about fifty. His hair was very thick and very white; his countenance white also, and morose; he had a mighty hump on his back—said by the neighbors to be the seat of his extraordinary lifting powers; and, in short, in his Sabbath suit of musty broadcloth, he looked so accurately clerical that it was difficult to conceive that the little, stout, hearty old man in the pulpit could be the master of so solemn a piece of mechanism. But Pryse's appearance belied his disposition, for he was genial, humorous, and entertaining, and, though profoundly superstitious—like his class—he was a faithful servant and a good old man. He was an old soldier, had been to the wars, and though he *did* happen now and then to fight in battles in which his regiment had never engaged, we must attribute this rather to his love of glory and devotion to his country than to bad memory or disregard to truth. Pryse was lieutenant-governor of the minister's peninsular "glebe" or freehold land. Of this "glebe" the Scottish Established clergyman is sole life-proprietor, and thus he is the only man in the country, besides the laird and the English tenant-sportsman, who has the right of shooting on his acres, or of fishing in the neighboring streams. Often this is an immense privilege, and an energetic parson—even with the invariable large family—can make both ends meet decently without ever touching his very substantial salary.

All this contributes to make the position of minister in the Established Church of Scotland a very enviable one; and the people, as well from those causes as from their own backwardness, regard him with a reverence hardly conceivable to the inhabitants of a leveling and progressive country.

One memorable night Pryse, who slept in an out-house, heard, while half-dreaming, prolonged in the night air, that slow, moaning wail which the credulous Highlanders rank as one of the "portents" foreshadowing a sudden death. From mountain-crag to

valley, from moorland to woodland, it was reëchoed mournfully, now swelling, now sinking, until at last it faded softly away in the distance. While under its spell, Pryse lay as one dead, with dilated eyes and breath withheld. All his senses seemed merged in that terrible one of hearing. When this dismal coronach had ended, poor Pryse—who with a superhuman jerk had brought himself to a sitting posture in bed—presented a most striking confirmation of Shakespeare's assertion that strong mental emotion is discomposing to the operations of the hair-dresser. Every moment he expected the dread denizens of the churchyard—which was separated from him only by a green or lawn—to marshal themselves in ghostly array before him, and to point with warning fingers to him as the earliest accession to their ranks. However, as all things come to an end, he got over this excess of terror, and fell into a troubled sleep, from which he did not awake until late in the morning. But ascertaining, on anxious inquiry in the kitchen after breakfast, that he, and he only, of all the souls in that household, had heard those doleful forebodings of doom, his terrors returned fourfold; and he was firmly convinced that it all pointed directly to him, and that, therefore, it behooved him to solicit his reverence's ministrations before he should look on his "last of earth." Accordingly, after morning-reading, or family-prayers—which came *after*, not before, breakfast (an arrangement that seems to me as pious as it is sensible)—Pryse, with a very troubled voice, took the minister into his confidence, indicating as correctly as possible his position on the road leading from the city of Destruction, and winding up by asking what chances he had of ultimate salvation.

Be it observed that the Highland Presbyterian mind is essentially conservative, and that in its progress toward the Holy City it prefers to regard the increasing distance from the city of Destruction, and to date thereafter, rather than to anxiously count the days that intervene before the pleasant land of Beulah is reached. The excess of this feeling, this haste to get away from the city at all hazards, neutralizes to a considerable extent the burdensome effect of the "pack on the back," and our Highlander Christian finds himself far past the Interpreter's before he feels impressed with the necessity of ridding himself of his incumbrance; and the way he gets rid of it is a decidedly awkward and ungainly one. Had worthy John Bunyan taken a Scottish Presbyterian as a model for his inimitable Pilgrim he would, I think, have placed the site of Christian's release from his burden much nearer the Dark River.

The worthy clergyman, after sounding to what depth his present morbid craze extended, and knowing how vain it would be to combat his superstitious fears at their present high temperature, exhorted him in Gaelic—always the medium of communication between him and his "man"—to be of good cheer, urging that living or dying we are the Lord's, and that such supernatural manifestations, so far from being evil omens, were rather voices from heaven reminding its chosen children of the necessity

of constant preparation for the arrival of the bridegroom. So Pryse, with his thoughts turned into a healthier channel, went to his daily occupations, consoled if not cured.

Meanwhile, airy-headed Quentin, as a stanch and loyal worshiper of the many-featured goddess; of her who had many temples erected to her honor, even in *one* city, when other divinities had to content themselves with one or none at all; of her with the wreath of laurel—vaunted Libertas, claimed by autocrat, aristocrat, and democrat alike—Quentin was in high dudgeon at the curtailment of certain privileges which he considered as his inalienable rights. His mother, thoroughly alarmed by his mad excursions on the water during holidays, had felt compelled to inform her husband of her fears, at the same time, however, with characteristic weakness, concealing from him the source of his son's disease. One error leads surely to another, and this worthy woman, who in other respects was strong-minded and sensible enough, treated her first-born with such mistaken indulgence that, although she was conscious of doing wrong in concealing the state of matters from his father, she still, with a blind and culpable stupidity, went on deceiving herself with the idea that the "puir laddie must have his play," and laying the every-day flattering unction to her soul that no evil consequences could ensue.

The reverend *paterfamilias* peremptorily ordered Quentin a fortnight's devotion to Greek verbs, and made him promise that he should not, during his hours of recreation, venture to use the boat until he should think him worthy to be restored to favor and confidence, which promise Quentin dutifully kept. But how many promises are made but to be broken, and broken so adroitly that the letter of the promise is not in the least infringed upon!

Whether it was a piece of willfulness on the part of Quentin, or an after-thought prompted more by ignorance of metaphysics than an evil heart, I know not; but Quentin returned to the water again, without literally breaking his father's command, although, since he had a conscience, it could scarcely have testified very loudly to the integrity of his courses. The following dialogue, which took place between him and Alec on the day immediately preceding Pryse's supernatural visitation, will manifest his intentions. They were sitting in a snug "lookout-house" composed of an empty barrel and a quantity of hay and broken branches, the whole perched securely near the top of a handsome larch-tree. This tree was tall and symmetrical as the main-mast of a frigate, and had been taken possession of in due form by Quentin some time before and furnished in this manner, ostensibly for the purpose of reading up for the approaching "bursary" competition at the university; really in order to revel in the unreal world of his own creating which monopolized all his energies now, and occasionally to study navigation and astronomy from an aerial point of view. Indeed, latterly the poor lad had made considerable progress in the latter studies; for idleness, at all events, was not one of his faults. Whatever fancy seized upon him,

he invested the object of it with a kind of glory and attraction that incited him to earnest endeavor instead of awakening slothful feelings. Given a worthy object and his spontaneous appreciation of it, and he might safely be trusted to prosecute it with energy and success. On the evening in question he conducted his friend to this retreat, in order to exchange confidences. After scrambling to the "look-out," Quentin, who was bursting to unbosom himself as much as if overwhelmed with the cares of a nation, broke out with—"Alec!"

Alec. "Weel, laddie?"

Quentin. "D'ye ken 'at I'm forbidden the boatie?"

Alec. "Ay, I ken. She'll win roun'."

Quentin. "Win roun'! What mean ye?"

Alec. "The boatie maun hae a rest. She's over-dune; your daddie, honest man, is feared lest she come tae grief afore ye're fit to nawigate her across the Atlantick, and sae he maun lay her up for repairs. I heard him speer faither anent her."

Quentin. "What said he?"

Alec. "He said she cost him five pun' sterlin' ten year ago, but that noo—"

Quentin. "Ay, ay, I ken. He'd as lief sell her fastenin's as burn the timmer o' her; but ye needna lauch at me, callant; ye're ower wise to live lang, I reckon."

Alec. "I'm no lauchin'; faither tellt me 'at ye suld burn a' thay buiks, for 'at they're like roarin' lions gaein' aboot seekin' whom they may devoor; 'at they're the breath of the bottomless pit; and, gin ye gang on stickin' till them, ye'll be like a rollin' stane 'at gaithers nae moss, unstable in a' thy ways."

Quentin. "Ay, ay, ye come o' a worthy faither! Man, what a fine minister ye'd mak'! ye'd gar the clachan ring on a saicrament Thursday; belike ye'll wear the bands afore your mother, noo. Harken till me—but maybe ye're grown sae douce, ye wadna grant a puir, feekless body like me a favor. Ye ken your mother's big wash-tub?"

Alec. "Oo, ay; what's comin' noo, I wunner?" *(otto voce)*.

Quentin. "I had a gran' sail in her yestreen; she swung roun' a wee, but she only wants guidin' to mak' her a bonny ship. To-morrow my faither will be awa' veesitin', and I intend doing my exercise the night, and settin' sail the morn, and gin ye wad like to come and shove her off, and tak' your turn, I'd be muckle beholden till ye."

Alec. "The Lord preserve us, laddie! Ye wadna dae sic a glaicket thing?"

Quentin. "Ay, wull I, though. Will ye stead me?"

Alec. "Na, na, laddie. I wadna be your friend to dae sic an evil thing. Supposin' ye got droont, folks wud ca' me murderer; we're gettin' auld noo, and suld hae mair discretion."

Quentin. "Ay, ye're getting auld, and pawky, too" *(with spirit)*. "Ye're a runnin' commentary on the Scriptures—your heid's fu' o' holy lere."

"Quentin, my dear chiel," sorrowfully responded

Alec, "whiles a man must e'en withstand his best freen' and hairt's dear brither whan he's gaein' a wrang gait."

"Oo, ay, there ye're at your homilies again," quoth crusty Quentin, "but let's win' doon."

On regaining *terra firma*, Quentin, seized with sudden compunction for his unkind language to his oldest playmate, grasped his hand and said: "Ye'll forgie me, Alec? I didna mean onything to hurt ye; ye'll no tell?"

"No," incautiously replied Alec, glad at even this show of concession on his friend's part.

"Then I'll shove her off myself; guid-day," was the parting salutation of Quentin; and, having inveigled his scrupulous friend into giving this promise of secrecy, he made his way to the manse, while Alec remained behind, biting his lips with vexation at having suffered himself to be betrayed into such a dangerous promise. "I'll no tell, but I'll hae to watch the dear laddie myself," he thought, and with this reflection the honest lad went home, little dreaming of what was to happen on the morrow.

And it was not long before Quentin had grave reason to feel the force of his friend's sober remarks, for, years afterward, when he himself had learned to regulate his actions by Alec's honest standard, he was often heard to say, "Thus would Alec have done, and he was always right," and, when perplexed and baffled by the myriad complications of little duties, he would, before deciding on a final course, ask himself the question, "What would Alec have done in such a case?" Ah, how few there are whose lives and principles we can thus hold out before us as a glass, in which we can see the wrinkles and blemishes of our own souls, the incrustations of petty care and avarice, the surging of mean ambitions, the absorbing devotion to self! and alas! when we are blessed with such a one—God's best gift—how seldom we value him until he is lost to us, and his goodness is as a tale that is told!

On the morning of the day on which the events we are recording culminated in a disaster as heart-rending as any that the sober annals of the little parish can produce, matters stood as follows at the manse and "smiddy." The minister was going his weary miles of parochial visiting, which he always accomplished on foot; his wife was superintending and assisting in ironing operations in the laundry; Pryse was laboriously digging round the gooseberry-bushes in the manse-garden; the smith was hammering away on his anvil; Alec was perched in the "lookout" in the larch-tree, from which, unperceived, he could survey the whole surface of the lake, except that part of it which lay behind the manse, and on which the boat—the bone of contention—rode at anchor; and Quentin, as yet, did not put in an appearance.

I ought to have stated that that part of the loch which adjoined the left of the peninsula was much smaller than that to the right, and, being removed from the purifying effects of the mountain rivulet, it was stagnant, deep, with soft, sticky bottom, producing abundance of eels, pike, tadpoles, and leeches.

A belt of rushy water-grass, concentric with the irregular outline of the loch, extended from the shore to a distance of about eighty yards, terminating in a cleanly-defined border, and leaving in the middle a circle of clear water, so deep that the bottom could not be seen on the clearest summer day. At a spot on the land near which the water-grass had been cut away to a depth of a few feet beneath the water, the blacksmith's wife usually carried on her washing and bleaching, and here the necessary implements—including a huge tub, the source of so much grief—were kept in a small wooden hut.

Alec lay peering from his leafy elevation for several hours, and he was about to descend in order to fetch some dinner, when suddenly he spied Quentin walking slowly and deviously from the house, but evidently making in the direction of the unhappy washing-utensil. Without thought or care but for the safety of his friend, he remained in the tree, palpitating with excitement, for he knew well how ignorantly reckless Quentin could be at times, and how useless it would be to interfere until the proper moment had arrived. He decided to let matters take their course so long as Quentin confined himself to coasting, upheld by the water-grass, and in danger of nothing but dirt and temporary suffocation in the event of a capsize; but should Quentin exhibit any signs of making for the clearing in the middle of the loch, he was positive in his determination to alarm the household, and so either to frighten Quentin from effecting his dangerous purpose, or to have the boat brought round as speedily as possible from its position in rear of the manse. But the latter, Alec knew, would necessarily be a slow performance, for the distance was considerable, and so he was obliged reluctantly to trust to Quentin's own very questionable discretion. All his good plans, however, were frustrated by the precipitate haste with which Quentin—who had, meanwhile, arrived at the water's edge—launched and rigged his craft, and pushed away from the land. Let us approach the latter gentleman, and examine his strange vessel.

The tub is certainly a large one; but, although it possesses to a certain extent the quality of *buoyancy*, it is quite destitute of that equally essential property of equilibrium, which is the characteristic of beast and bird, but which is often so sadly wanting in man and the work of his hands. It was neither round nor square, but a sort of jagged elliptic, of which the material composing one side was immeasurably heavier than that of the other. It was not an ordinary tub, built of ribs and hoops neatly fitting; but it was of patchwork, rough boards, osier, tin, nails, old horseshoes, cement, and putty, in glorious confusion—serving well enough its legitimate purpose, but a sorry shelter against wind and wave. It was the sublime emanation of Pryse's vivid brain, and the handiwork of at least a decade. But we know that he did not intend it for a merchantman—that he did not get it classed at Lloyd's A 1 for a term of years, and retain its denomination after the term was expired; and therefore we freely acquit him of that

specially fiendish sort of malignity that attaches to the characters of those suave and "honorable gentlemen who murder while they smile."

Quentin dragged the thing into the water—it was much too heavy to lift—and then, taking up a pitchfork which he had secured, he embarked and pushed vigorously off. Using the only handle which the article possessed as a rowlock through which he drew the end of the long pitchfork, Quentin sat down on one knee, and, while grasping the side of his vessel with one hand in order to steady himself, he managed to make considerable progress to sea with the other—thanks to the pitchfork, which served in the double capacity of propeller and director. His madcap purpose was but too evident—he was making straight for clear water. When within a few yards of the inner circle, a piercing scream was heard. Alec had alarmed the household, and lo and behold! the worthy minister's wife rushing down to the water. Now, the minister's wife was a doughty woman when roused; in her ordinary mood she was meekness itself, but when excited by opposition from her inferiors, by danger to her offspring, or by any other strong emotion, she was terrible. See her now, stout and tall and furious, with "mutch" thrown back, and black, streaming hair, with sleeves upturned, exposing a giant's arm, while in her hand she brandishes a long garden-hoe as she shouts warning to Quentin! Her son, put off his guard by this *contre-temps*, made a false move, lost his balance, and tumbled into the water. The tub filled and sank like a stone.

He stood there a moment up to the neck in water, surveying the position, and then attempted to make for land. He might as well have tried to fly. There, as in a nightmare, stuck his feet fast in the mud at the bottom, and although, after superhuman effort, he managed to extricate one leg, it was only to return it quickly again to the mire—and, of course, the attempt to swim with his legs thus entangled could only result in self-destruction. Meantime his mother, hoe in hand, gallantly plunged into the water, and slowly but surely made her way through all obstacles to the young rascal who, quite regardless of his own awkward and perilous position, stood convulsed with laughter at his mother's appearance and behavior. Inch by inch the noble woman gained until within a few feet of him, when, overcome by exhaustion, she halted, arm-deep in water, to take breath.

"O Lord" (a sigh), "O Lord!" (a sigh) she shouted to him, brandishing her clinched fist in the air—"wait till I get ye oot o' that, ye young limb o' the deil, an' I'll teach ye maunners aff han'."

"Mither, hoo d'ye like the crawlin' things about your stockings? Haud oot your duds" (apron) "and ye'll maybe kep a gates" (pike), was the aggravating rejoinder.

"Laddie, I'll droon ye!" screamed the exasperated dame, and advanced to the fray. In four or five superhuman strides she was beside him, he up to the neck, she to the shoulders—for she had the advantage in stature as well as by virtue of the friendly

hoe, whose broad, flat extremity sank but little under the pressure brought to bear upon it. Storing her wrath till some more favorable occasion, she crisply told him to "lay haud o' the middle o' the hoe wi' his richt haun'," and to start off with his left foot, while she herself seized the hoe with her left hand close under his right, and led off on the return journey with her right foot timing with his left, and thus, after extraordinary exertion and sundry slips, they safely regained land.

No sooner, however, had they taken breath than, bedraggled and besmeared as she was, his mother, instead of embracing her beloved son with tears of grateful joy at his deliverance, for once conquered womanly weakness, and proceeded to belabor her darling mightily, all the while seasoning the performance with cries of "I'll gar ye lauch, my callant," and "I'll mak' a sailor o' ye," until he was fairly prostrate, and every aching bone in his body bore testimony to her prowess. Thus far courage, skill, and devotion, averted danger; but calamity often treads on the very heels of success, often appearing in a direction from which it is least expected, and turning merriment and rejoicing into consternation and mourning.—Where was Alec?

The poor lad, after first giving the alarm, had rushed madly to bring the boat round, but finding it half full of water, and knowing it would take too much time to bale out, he did not carry the attempt further, but, after wading quickly through the wide, shallow strait connecting the two bodies of water, he plunged into the smaller one on the side opposite to Quentin, with the view of reaching the spot where the thrashing-floor lay drying in the sun, and then, by pushing it before him in the water, to bring succor to his friend.

"But the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglee," we are informed, and it was so in poor Alec's case. He was a bold and practised swimmer for his years, but he little knew the nature of that deadly circle, small as it was, through which he must pass before effecting his object. Heated and excited he plunged into the grassy water, and had just reached the clearing when he perceived that Pryse, who had only just learned how things were, had forestalled him, and was pushing his way on the thrashing-floor, with a long pole, toward the mother and son, who, engrossed with their own difficulties, and unobservant of everything else, were now making way to land. Pryse, glad to discover that the "portent" could not, under the circumstances, have foreboded any calamity to him at any rate, was now anxious to have the glory of falsifying its predictions utterly by snatching from the jaws of death those whom he now confidently considered to be the parties aimed at.

Alec, with a shout of approbation and encouragement to the old man, was swimming bravely on, and had nearly reached the opposite grassy part when he came upon one of those cold "springs" which are common in water of this nature, and was suddenly seized with cramp. Still he struggled without uttering a cry, but in vain; after a few agonizing spasms, and yielding a gentle, plaintive moan of

"Mither! mither!" he sank in the deepest part of the lake, never to rise again.

He was heard only by the terrified Pryse, who, seeing the imminence of the greater danger, turned away from the lesser, and pushed toward the fatal spot. But he was now completely demoralized with dread and anxiety at the suddenness of the catastrophe, and as soon as he urged the frail, light plank with an unmeasured jerk into the clearing it overturned, and he was thrown into the water. He was no swimmer, but, after giving utterance to some piercing yells, he managed to catch the side of the thrashing-floor again, and, luckily for him, he did not attempt to remount it, but supported himself by it, with his chin above-water. Still, however, it would yield to his great weight, and he had to make the best use of his legs he could in order to keep himself afloat. Meanwhile, he was paralyzed with terror; he forgot poor Alec, forgot everything but the "portent" and his own doomed condition, and uttered such wails as had never been heard in that quarter before. No one but him had seen poor Alec go down. Quentin and his mother's attentions were first attracted to his own circumstances by his horrible screams, but they could do nothing for him but wait for the blacksmith, who, hearing the awful yells, hastened with a few neighbors to the scene. While they were wearing the boat round, Pryse, whose strength was giving way more from mental agitation than bodily exertion, and who thought his last hour was come, kept on shrieking the most awful implorations to the Almighty for his salvation, freezing the very souls of the listeners with horror. At last the poor, bereft blacksmith—who was as yet unconscious of his cruel loss—managed to bring the boat round and rescue Pryse just as he was sinking. There he lay, as they rowed to land, prostrate at the bottom of the boat, limp and cold, with eyes fixed and hands clinched, and trembling, scarcely realizing that he was saved. It was full an hour before he was restored to reason and memory, and then, with all of them standing round him, scarcely believing their ears, he cast one horrified look at the blacksmith, uttered a low wail, and in broken, shivering accents told them of Alec's fate.

So ended Quentin's first romance. Bitterly he mourned his loss, attributing all to his own headlong stupidity and selfish disregard of others' feelings. He—as his nature was—went from the one extreme to the other, burnt the ill-fated books, broke up the embryo yacht into material for fuel, dismantled the innocent and pretty "lookout," and went moping about with downcast, shamefaced look, talking to no one. He would sit for hours on an old tombstone in the churchyard, brooding over his grief, and gazing sadly westward toward the lonely moor across which he and Alec had traveled so many, many joyful miles together, dreaming, hoping, building into the unknown future. It was a long time, even with his temperament, before his buoyant spirits reasserted themselves, and then their tone was changed indeed. He now never alluded to his former passion, and, although he remained the same daring, ardent spirit,

his impulses fell more under his control, and he became a more dutiful son, a more considerate brother, and a more earnest and discriminating student.

Those first stirring events in his life happened exactly as I have described them—this is no fiction—exactly fourteen years ago. The fourteen years have added their history to the story of the ages, and Quentin is the energetic and popular pastor of a thriving western parish, where society is farther advanced in those arts which, nowadays, are found to be necessary to happiness, and from his snug manse he and his sweet southron bride can behold the tall ships going to and fro in the distance, and hear the solemn music of the mighty Atlantic.

It is needless to say that Pryse was thoroughly confirmed in his belief in omens, and, though confidentially informed by an unbelieving and irreverent acquaintance—a "Glessgie" wag—that he had only heard the wailing lament of a puppy bereft of its dam, he was incredulous, and exhorted his grinning tormentor to "turn unto the Lord," lest a judgment from heaven should alight upon him for his blasphemy. But, whenever he related the history of his extraordinary services in defense of his country's honor, it was noticed that he became more accurate in describing details, and that he even displayed a knowledge of chronology which, hitherto, he had not been known to possess.

PARISIAN TYPES.

BY WIRT SIKES.

AMONG the lower orders in Paris there are certain picturesque types of character for whom ever-active *argot* has always a characteristic name. The slang of the lower classes in that city is sometimes exceedingly suggestive, and has a grotesque appropriateness which is quickly recognized; but sometimes, too, it is blind and meaningless, to all appearances, or has a recondite signification which only the most skillful searching will find out. Why one's creditor should be called an "Anglais," for example, is a question not readily answered; yet it has been the fashion to so call the man one owes since as long ago as the fifteenth century. A guess can be made on the matter, of course, and it has been guessed that there is some connection between this slang and the ancient enmity between England and France. Many of the old slang words in use only among the *blousard* class are the language of tradition, just as in certain villages the *patois* now in use was the good French of four hundred years ago, the language being still maintained in its original condition in these villages, in spite of the changes it has undergone in the great centres. Thus "étrangouiller" (*étrangler*, to strangle) is a Romany word which easily recalls the Latin *strangulare*. "Cadenne" (*chaîne*, chain) and "pecune" (*argent*, money) are almost the pure forms of the Latin words *catena* and *pecunia*. No wonder Plato, in spite of his dislike for the lower orders, called them his "masters of language."

A Parisian character whose slang name is of the easily-recognizable sort is the "aboyeuse"—that is to say, the barker. If you have ever visited the old clothes-market of the Temple, in Paris—and it is a place which a good many Americans visit, either from curiosity or in search of bargains—you are aware that the most conspicuous feature of the huge mart is the woman who accosts you. Turn which way you will, you are accosted by a woman—generally a young woman, sometimes a pretty woman, but always a woman who is determined to entice you into some particular stall, that you may purchase there the bonnet, or the dress, or the other article you are in

search of. She is very much in earnest, is this woman, and she talks with a voluble self-assertion that is, to the last degree, trying; sometimes she goes so far as to seize hold of your garments in her efforts to detain you; but her tongue never ceases its clatter. This is the barker. She is in force at the Temple Market. As you promenade through that curious place, she assails you at every step; your ears are stunned with her noise; your dignity is ruffled by her familiarity of approach; your nerves are vexed with the perpetuity of her—for the instant you pass the territory of one you are pounced upon by another; and it will be a strong test of the amiability of your disposition if you can pass through the place without once throwing off the obtrusive touch of the barker with angry protest.

The barker is usually a virtuous person, I believe. Indeed, a dragon-like virtue shines in her eye, and brave would be the man who would venture to tamper with the feelings of that severely practical bosom. To approach the barker with an amorous purpose seems to an ordinary man an enterprise quite out of the question. It would not only be fraught with peril—though peril is not the thing that dampens a lover's ardor—but there would be involved an element of the awful, the terror-inspiring and soul-subduing, that ~~is~~ death to desire. I should as soon expect to see *Hamlet* make love to his father's ghost. But I have actual knowledge of a man who married a barker. I cannot swear that he courted her; but he married her. He was a "mastroquet," or keeper of a cabaret, and his wine-shop was in Old Temple Street, near the river.

It was a dingy room, lighted with a kerosene-lamp which had a tin reflector, and produced something the effect of a dark-lantern. It was not yet five o'clock, of a long summer day, when I chanced to go in there, but the lamp was burning, and burning with a light so dull that apparently it had been burning all day long. Its chimney was incrustated with dirt, and the whole room was uncleanly to a degree seldom if ever equaled in Paris. The floor

had nearly disappeared under layers of the accumulated dirt of centuries, for it evidently had never been scrubbed, at least in modern times. The walls, once white, were now black and greasy, and were decked with certain age-yellowed and fly-specked pictures of celebrated criminals, whose names were printed underneath—Papavoine, Elicabide, Sacenaire, and others—all murderers, I believe. The tables were enormous-limbed wooden benches, and were fastened to the floor, probably to obviate their being used as missiles in case of disturbance. There were no chairs, but low benches of a similar ponderosity of build with the tables, and, like them, firmly rooted where they stood. The ceiling, like the walls, had once been white, but age and tobacco-smoke had so stained it that you might have imagined it was hung with leather. The glasses, jugs, cups, plates, in a word, all the dishes required by the service of a cabaret—which is at once an eating-house and a bar-room—were of the heaviest description, but all more or less chipped, split, or injured, from long and no doubt vigorous handling.

Such was the abode of the *mastroquet* who married the barker. He was not at home at the moment, and, as I did not take the pains to call at his wine-shop again, I never saw him; but imagination conjures up a gigantic fellow like the Chourineur of Eugene Sue, whenever my mind reverts to him. The woman I recognized; she had sold me a curious piece of stage-jewelry at the Temple Market long before, and was noted for her eminence as a noisemaker among the noisiest. She appeared much subdued now, and poured out a glass of claret with the air of a martyr, after having received her pay beforehand—one of the formalities of the place, it appeared. It seemed to be the idle hour of the day, and there were no other customers present, a circumstance which did not awaken my special regret. It was one of the most sinister-seeming places with which my Parisian studies ever made me acquainted, and I hastened to depart.

The signification of "*mastroquet*" is simple enough, but is not precisely translatable. Literally, it means the man of the *demi-setier*, which is corrupted by *argot* into "*demi-stroc*," from which comes "*mastroquet*." The *setier* is an obsolete measurement, applied sometimes to acres, sometimes to bushels, but in this instance applying to liquids, in which case it means a quantity equal to about two gallons.

The signification of "*pitre*" is something of a mystery, but the character himself is a familiar study. In the Place Pigalle, the Place Clichy, or the open space where the Avenue des Gobelins ceases and the Rue Mouffetard begins, you may have chanced on a Sunday afternoon to see a crowd gathered around Le Pitre. It is a grinning crowd, but it grins in the quiet way that spectators of a familiar drollery adopt—not at all in the eager, excited way which greets a novel creator of laughter. The crowd is mainly composed of *blousards* (wearers of the blouse), with here and there a woman in a white cap, or a soldier of the *trouade-au-poste* order; and it stands at ease,

mostly with hands in pockets, lazily. The *pitre* is a clown in wooden shoes, blue stockings, and velvet small-clothes, wearing a gay jacket and a three-cornered hat, and he holds in his left hand a stick, while his right is thrust under the gown of a puppet with a wooden face. His little finger and thumb are in the sleeves of the puppet's dress, and his remaining fingers are hidden in the wooden head, thus enabling him to impart a semblance of life to the grotesque object. This he belabors smartly with his stick, and engages in conversation ventriloquially, with the stale jokes and well-worn witticisms of his race. Before him stands a folding-table, upon which are the cups, balls, bells, boxes, and other trick-contrivances of a street-juggler. He grimaces with his plastered face, and shakes his long, shaggy hair about his eyes, and varies his jokes with a profusion of snorts, whistles, and grunts; but he is only tolerated as the predecessor of better things, for the *pitre* is the juggler's raker-in of fools. His performance is called in *argot* a "*bagatelle of the door*," and is designed to draw the people together in sufficient numbers before the able performers begin their feats.

These follow presently. The juggler swallows his tow, and spits his fire and ribbons; he causes the egg to appear in mysterious places, and the double-bottomed box to exhibit its wonders; and gives place in his turn to the gymnastic *saltimbanques*, with their feats of strength and agility.

The open-air performers of Paris have recently been placed under a more rigid police surveillance than formerly. It was found that among these people escaped criminals were sometimes in hiding, the disguises of the business fitting their needs conveniently. Some of the ex-officers of the Communistic army were discovered hidden in the toggery of the *pitre* or the juggler. To abolish these open-air exhibitions entirely would be to give grave offense to the lower classes, who are much in love with this species of amusement, and would miss it greatly. The memory of the Parisian runs not back to the time when these market-space performances were unknown, and it is claimed that they had their origin in the "*mysteries*" of the middle ages. They change their character greatly from generation to generation, and even in modern times they have their periodical "*rages*" of popularity, just as the theatres do. In the theatres, now spectacle is the rage, now *opéra bouffe*, now burlesque; tragedy rules the popular taste in one season, comedy in another, melodrama in another. Tragedy is quite out of fashion at the present time; and in the open-air exhibitions sword-swallowing is no longer the vogue. Time was when no troupe was considered complete without the sword-swallower. His reign was succeeded by a dynasty of little girl tight-rope dancers; but there was such an epidemic of child-stealing at this period that the police put a stop to the fashion, and now a tight-rope-dancing child is seldom seen in the squares. Latterly there has been a rage for "*living phenomena*"—dogs with two heads, calves with three horns, sheep with five legs, learned pigs, and the like.

During the empire, when the imperial *fête* day approached (the 15th of August), the open-air performers, who at other times were distributed throughout the provinces, were wont to gather in enormous force in Paris. They sought for their rendezvous the largest open spaces in the city, such as the Champ de Mars, the Esplanade des Invalides, and the Place du Trône, driving thither in their great, lumbering wagons, and either giving their exhibitions there, or sallying thence into more thickly-peopled quarters of the town. They were required to make periodical reports to the police, and to obtain a license, for which they paid a trifling fee. To impose a heavy tax upon them would be to blot them out of existence, for their profits are of the lightest sort, sous being the only coin at all freely bestowed upon them by their auditors. To be without food to eat is a common enough experience among them. There are well-authenticated cases, however, of some who have grown well-to-do. The Nacuco family (a pseudonym, no doubt) and the *saltimbanque* Tresori are said to be rich to the extent of twenty thousand dollars. This is Rothschildian opulence for people of their class.

Forty years ago, the *saltimbanque* wagons licensed in France numbered no fewer than three thousand; now, not half that number are in existence. The human element following this poor trade is chiefly composed of men and women who inherited it from their parents; but occasionally the strangest stories have been told of the beings discovered hidden in the *saltimbanque's* dress. In France, it must be remembered, there is a police knowledge of every man's history and antecedents, such as is quite unknown in America; and it is from police-records that I have learned these tales of strange vicissitude. Among the *saltimbanches* have been discovered, from time to time, men who were formerly notaries; sub-officers who had been turned out of the army for insubordination; actors who once had standing in regular theatres; and even members of the legal profession. There are two well-authenticated cases of men who had received the "prize of honor" for high scholarship at French academies, who came to earning their living as open-air performers. One was Adrien Rieulet, who had received the *prix d'honneur de philosophie* at the Collège Bonaparte, and who was discovered to be the personator of a learned seal in a wandering troupe, uttering "papa" and "mamma" to the amazement of the *blousards*, and devouring biscuits and fruit in a way that seemed nothing less than human to the astonished spectators. Another was Léon Moreau, who received his diploma from the Collège St.-Louis, and who became a juggler, whose forte was swallowing a live chicken and immediately proceeding to gulp up eggs to the number of some dozens. Precisely what the circumstances were which drove these gentlemen into the way of life where they were found, is not explained—whether eccentricity, vice, or love. One case is known, of the son of a wealthy operator on the Bourse, who fell in love with a spangled maiden at the Buttes Montmartre, and became

a *pitre* in order to share her lot. The thought occurs that he might have lifted her to his own level instead of descending to hers; but this was in France, where they manage matters differently—especially matters of matrimony; and the young man's course appears to have proved the wiser one, for three weeks in the company of his adored cured him of his passion entirely, and he returned to a life which has the advantage of regular meals.

The slang of "bettandier" as a name for a beggar (*mendiant*) seems to be purely arbitrary—as entirely so as the English "cheese it" for "be silent." The "bettandier" is a beggar who follows the business as his regular occupation. There can be no question that ninety-nine out of every one hundred beggars in Paris are such because they find the business a profitable one. A creature in that grade of *blousard* life where a choice of occupation lies between such employments as rag-picking, street-sweeping, petty thieving, and the like, has no pride to govern his course, and he turns to beggary as a business quite as willingly as any other, if he can see his way to success in it. There is a necessity of talent involved in the occupation of a beggar, however. A stupid person setting up as a beggar will not be likely to earn enough to eat. But, if one has some histrionic ability, it can be turned to good purpose in this business. A talent for getting one's self up picturesquely is of immense value. Mental qualities of a high order bring their own exceptional rewards, in this field as in others. An old beggar whose post was, and for aught I know still is, at the entrance of the Passage Vero-Dodat, was reputed to be a man of wealth. He was certainly a man of talent. In a moment of communicativeness this old *bettandier* gave his "code," as he called it, which is worth printing. It is as follows:

Never ask alms from—

1. A man who is coming from dinner; roast-bread renders one selfish.

2. A gentleman who is following a lady.

3. Men who are too fat; it annoys them to stop.

4. A lady who is alone and unobserved.

5. Gentlemen who are putting on their gloves.

But ask always from—

1. A man who is going to dinner; he sympathizes with the empty stomach.

2. A lady who knows she is being followed.

3. People who are walking two by two; their *amour propre* makes them give.

4. Officers in full-dress uniform.

5. Office-seekers going into cabinet ministers' bureaux; they give, in hope that it will bring them luck.

A hideous-looking beggar was arrested recently in the Rue des Boulets, a sinister street in the Faubourg St.-Antoine, between whom and the police commissary the following conversation ensued:

"Your name?"

"Ponton Jacques—nicknamed Eyes-for-Everything."

"Your profession?"

"Witness."

"Witness? What do you mean by witness?"

"As I have eyes for everything, I know everything that occurs in the neighborhood, and am called up every time there is a row or anything."

In answer to further questioning, the man stated that he belonged in the Quartier Ste.-Marguerite, and that by his profession he netted about forty francs a month, his pay being two francs a time. This information, if accurate, would indicate with precision the number of rows per month indulged in by the scoundrels of the quarter. In the intervals between rows, Pontron Jacques practised on the sympathies of strangers as a beggar.

During one winter that I resided in the Rue de Provence, in Paris, there was a woman stationed directly opposite my windows, across the street, who begged with a baby in her arms. She was there every day early in the morning; she disappeared for a little while at noontime, for the purposes of sustenance, it was presumed; and then returning remained until nightfall. She was a meek-looking, whey-faced creature, about fifty years old, and did a thriving business, for the street is a thronged thoroughfare, and her station was next to a public institution of some sort, where hundreds of *bourgeois* went in and out all day long. She was such a convenient object for study that I paid a great deal of attention to her in the course of the winter. The baby, it was found by close observation, was not always the same; indeed, she exhibited quite a varied assortment of infants during the season; but each was clad in the same garments, and there was a pocket somewhere in the small of the little one's back, where the woman deposited her earnings. Once I counted her benefactors for an hour; they were fourteen in number; and, admitting that they gave her no coin larger than a sou, her receipts during the day might be modestly estimated at one hundred sous. Probably it averaged more than this, for it is unlikely that every giver limited his contribution to a single sou. Now, in a city where *blousards* of the lower stratum, such as street-cleaners, rag-pickers, etc., consider eighty sous a day fine wages, it is easy to see that beggary such as this is a profitable trade. The fact that she was regular at her post, and that no other beggar ever intruded on her domain, went far to prove true the stories we have heard about beggars holding their positions as valuable franchises, and, upon retiring from business, selling them for a round consideration.

M. Maxime Ducamp, a gentleman who prosecuted his researches with great assiduity for many years in Paris, declares that "mendicity is a regular profession," and that those who follow it secure a comfortable living, enlivened by occasional oases of debauchery in the desert of work-a-day life. The Administration of Public Assistance relieves an average of three hundred and thirty-eight thousand persons a year, selected as carefully as possible in view of their right to rank with the "deserving poor." Among these there are some who have had their names on the books of public assistance for

generations, handed down to them by their fathers and grandfathers, and who abuse the charity of the public disgracefully. Among other things annually distributed are thirty-three thousand litres of Peruvian-bark wine, as medicine, upon which numberless vagabonds get drunk; and even the alcoholic tincture of camphor, which is intended for external use, is employed by the luxurious *bettandier* as an intoxicating beverage.

There are very many hospitals and asylums for the needy and infirm in Paris, but the professional beggar seldom resorts to them. Like other men, the *bettandier* likes his freedom, and he has his resorts where he is a man and a customer, spends his earnings in style, eats his comfortable dinner, drinks his wine, and sips his coffee and cognac while playing a game of cards or dominoes on a marble table. Once, while studying low life in the Rue Brise-Miche (Broken-bread Street), I saw an old rascal playing billiards, who had begged of me with tears in his eyes, "Pour l'amour de Dieu," at the door of the Gymnase the night before. He played a very good game, too. The price of billiards in the place where I saw him—called a "brewery"—was six sous the half-hour; not an expensive luxury, certainly, but hardly comporting with our prejudices concerning needy folk. That the *bettandier* saves money, too, in many instances, cannot be doubted. In Paris every class saves money, and the *bettandier* has to provide for his rainy day like any other man. The sunshine of prosperity may not always shine on him; and if people generally would accept as fact, and not fiction, the revelations from time to time made, he would find his sun going down in utter darkness one of these days. But people are slow to credit the truth in this matter. Moreover, most of us are selfish in our charities, and find it easier and pleasanter to put a penny in any outstretched hand than to bestow intelligent consideration on the case. We give because the beggar is in the way; his apparently suffering condition is a reproach to our prosperity; and we take the readiest mode of soothing our consciences. "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," we remind ourselves, and make a virtue of the idle bestowal of pence which are of no importance whatever to us. It is perhaps too much to ask of the average busy man that he should give his time to looking into the merits of such cases of seeming want as are brought before him—in which event he would very often find there was no just occasion for giving; but it is at least his plain duty to aid in suppressing villainous impostures by refusing to give money to a street beggar under any circumstances. If this plan were universally followed, vast numbers of dissolute and worthless men and women would have to work for a living. A joke that was printed in the *Journal Amusant* had a keen point. "Ah, monsieur," said a beggar to a man who had given him a franc, "may Heaven reward you for having saved me from a desperate alternative!" "Indeed!" said the other; "what was that?" "Work," was the solemn reply.

A BIT OF OLD VENICE.

THE STORY OF BIANCA CAPELLO.

WE crossed the Grand Canal in a rusty gondola, rowed by a slender youth, with a red scarf about his waist and his olive skin gleaming through his ragged blue shirt. At the opposite *riva* we were hooked up firmly among the floating sea-weeds by a lame beggar, with the red-brown, corrugated face and long white beard of Spagnoletto's saints. The gondoliers, who, wrapped in their cloaks, lay dozing in the sullen black hulks clustered about the piles, opened their drowsy eyes upon us. Others, more active, were lounging on the bench under the vine-trellis, with their soft-eyed patroness over their heads, smiling down from behind the broken-nosed pitcher full of violets, and the dingy brass lamp that adorned her shrine.

It was one of those ineffable spring days when life and Venice seem to culminate. As you walk the streets, you feel a great pulse throbbing in the city's heart, that sets all your own beating in answer. A mysterious thrill runs through the serpentine bodies of the canals, which sways the shining green water, and, escaping through the uplifted bell-towers, rushes out toward the sky in a glad murmur. The very walls become sentient; the grotesque dragons and the monster heads smile tenderly upon you. The church-doors stand open, and the incense of the altar-lilies sweeps out on to the highways. The pale palace-fronts catch up their pearly-green tones from the sun-filled water. The people in the streets are as dewy and fresh and holy as Angelico's angels. Venice has unfolded, like the great white flower she is, has drawn the sun down into her bosom, and, folding her petals about him, will hold him captive for evermore.

We threaded narrow streets where it is always twilight, where only a line of blue shone above our heads, and where we had need to move warily for the sake of the strong-armed water-women from the mountains, who passed by with their overfilled coppers swinging across their shoulders and the water splashing about their bright dresses, while their long gold ear-rings jingled an accompaniment to their muffled barefoot tread.

The sunlight met us once more at the edge of a canal. Great black boats lay, like shapeless monsters asleep, along the slimy wall. Their masters hung about the little red-curtained wine-shops and chattered and swore, and studied the brown papers pasted up in the windows—the winning numbers of the previous week's lottery. A knot of tall houses clustered about a small court-yard, in which an old woman sat knitting under a dusty fig-tree, and a slipshod girl, with her mass of hair powdered, and a face like some antique marble, was drawing water from a well that was battered with age, green with damp, but had an angel at each corner that blossomed into a palm-leaf.

"One of those houses was Bianca's," said my companion. "This street was once all a canal. The *palazzo* stood on an island."

We turned a corner and came suddenly upon a great, brown, worm-eaten door. On the threshold basked two rosy, ragged children. They raised their lazy yellow heads at the sound of footsteps, and gazed dreamily at us.

"This is the very door," said my friend, "which the baker's boy had the indiscretion to shut that fatal morning, and thus caused Bianca's flight."

We entered a low, vaulted cellar, supported by short, massive pillars of gray stone. Blocks of dusty marble lay against the walls. A faded escutcheon on a painted board was all the color that broke the paleness of the arches, unless it were a flood of slanting sunlight and a space of bright, quivering water that gleamed through the wide canal-gate as it dimpled about the great harlequin stakes.

At the head of the stairs we were met by a woman who asked, in a cheery voice, what we had come to seek.

"Bianca Capello's house."

"There is not much to see, signori."

"Are there no relics of Bianca?"

"Nothing. That bad Bianca!" she ejaculated, with a curl of her lip and a shrug of her shoulders. "You can see her room, if you will."

She led us into a chamber so darkened that at first we could not distinguish the tall, gaunt figure that courtesied at our approach, nor the row of curly heads that shone along a bench against the wall.

"Ah, you have a school here!" I said, at last.

"Yes, their mothers leave them here while they work," answered the apparition, extending a ragged primer.

There they sat and drowsed and dreamed, a half-score of nurslings, in their rags and their dirt and their loveliness. Their poor little senses were overcome by the delicious twilight and the spring-time spell that a knot of white hyacinths in a soup-pot on the rude table had woven about them. Their heads were golden and tangled and unkempt, their innocent faces flushed with the warm air, their bare legs crossed over their weary knees, their coarse cotton garments half-torn from their shoulders.

I thought of one Gian Bellini, who, in the olden time, wandered about Venice and laughed with the children of the street, saw them splash their feet in the cool canals in the morning, saw them nestling to their mothers' arms at night, heard them singing about the windows or thrumming their old mandolins in the moonlight, crouching at a palace-door with their rags dropping apart. He gathered them all into his thoughts, this large-hearted man of the people, and, when he painted angels praising the heavenly hosts, what were they but little Venetian

children, singing and playing with that divine unconsciousness that you can see in their dream-filled eyes? They are lost in their own music, never thinking that the celestial multitude will care because they wear shabby serge and their bare brown legs are dingy with the miles they have walked, carrying their heavy harps, and because their hair falls tangled on their shoulders. A chanting angel in heaven and a young child dreaming at a threshold on earth were one to Bellini. He judged so wisely, the dear old master!

"They say there was once a secret stair here, by which Bianca went down to meet her lover," said the *padrona*, pointing to an empty niche between the two apartments.

We went out again into the great, bare hall, where there was only a table with a pitcher of foaming red wine upon it, and, on the walls, a few coarse prints of saints in yellow and blue surplices, with lilies in their hands. The sun streamed in through the great balcony-window, and irradiated the figure of the brown, sturdy *contadina*, with her crimson kerchief bound low and square across her forehead, and her scant garment of faded blue falling in straight folds to her feet.

If you go into a Venetian church at twilight, and sit awhile in silence, you will suddenly turn and look up at the neighboring altar, feeling that a pair of eyes have magnetized you into seeking them. You will know them at once, for they are brown, limpid, grave, with an innocent artfulness, a repressed merriment behind them, which matches well the forced demureness of the mouth. They look out complacently from under the dark hood that covers the brows. The features are small, but coarse and irregular. The figure wears rough homespun, for she is no lady, this Madonna of old Gian. She is the woman of the people, the hearty, sturdy peasant, who washes and mends, and tends her children, and sits in the market-place, and is glad of her holiday. Gian knew her so well, that simple, humble mother! He had watched her praying under a lighted picture at a street-corner; seen her rowing in a boat with heaps of vegetables about her; known her brave and grand with red handkerchiefs for a regatta-day; marked her in all the arch, shy pride of her young maternity; followed her through all her healthy, honest life, until her poor, tired limbs were laid to rest in the heart of that white sea-asphodel of San Michele; and painted her at last with all that grand humanity of his.

You may see her still, if you look closely through the streets. Sometimes she brings you milk and eggs from the country early in the morning. But, best and truest of all, there in Bianca's house, where the centuries have embalmed the old Venetian life of prince and people, I found old Gian's Madonna.

She led us out on to the balcony, and stood leaning over with us among the grinning stone heads. Behind her were some dusty geraniums in a macaroni-box, with one puny scarlet blossom that had forced its way up into the spring. Shirts, and towels, and stockings, hung above them in the sun,

and flapped from curve to curve of the window-lintel.

Below, a bridge spanned the canal—one of those graceful single arches that break the water into luminous shadows. The sun-saturated tide stole sluggishly on, and, as I watched the floating straws on its surface, I wondered whether the marvelous greens of the Venetian masters might not be traced back to these water-ways of translucent beryl. The canal, as it crept on, caressed the ruinous old walls, from which the pale plaster had dropped centuries before into its depths, leaving jagged hollows of battered brick, worn away by the long-fawning touch, and filled again with a wonderful ooze and slime, through which the tawny tones of the walls shone mellow and soft. It lapped the arches of the water-gates, and drew down the tangled sea-weeds from the rusty marble steps, and thrust an inquisitive hand under the iron bars of the low windows.

All Venice was asleep, wrapped in the velvet sunlight. There was no sound but the sharp cry of a gondolier turning a corner of some canal behind, and the faint echo of a bugle-call over the distant lagoon.

Suddenly a merry laugh broke the stillness. On the balcony of a neighboring house sat two young girls, the one dressing the other's hair.

"There is that very old Venice of Bianca's time for you," said my companion. "The beautiful patricians went out little, but placed themselves on their balconies and combed their hair where they might be seen of men. Here, where we stand, Bianca sat, and young Bonaventuri, sauntering across the bridge, saw and loved her. And there, do you see at the right, half hidden by this ugly Renaissance building, a *palazzino*, with the arches of its windows lost in the thick of the ivy that clammers up from the court? Do you not see two eager eyes peering out from among the leaves—a dark, graceful head lurking behind the old gray griffins? It is Bonaventuri, looking out from his uncle's window. The afternoon is drowsy. He cannot work at his accounts in the close banking-room. The canal steals along to Bianca's door in its sleep, and here, on her balcony, she sits in the spring-thrilled silence combing her hair like the very siren she is."

Stand here by my side among the dusty flowers, with those good, wondering peasant-eyes upon you, and listen to the story of Bianca Capello:

She basked away her first years in the square of sunlight that falls behind us on the marble floor. She grew up a haughty, imperious, beautiful child; led to mass every day by her nurse; passing the long hours in yawning over her embroidery; devouring every verse that fell in her way; nourishing her fancies with the gorgeous canvases that hung upon the wall of church and banquet-hall; stealing a wistful glance at the shadowy gondolas that crept by at twilight; lost in her sleep in the countless dreams of the Venetian night.

The blind, arrogant parents could not see the germs of passion and daring, defiance and ambition, that slumbered in Bianca's breast. They were very

proud, those old Capellos. My lord stood high in the confidence of the senate; my lady was the sister of a patriarch.

About that time a young man named Pietro Bonaventuri came up from Florence to seek his fortune. His uncle procured for him a situation as clerk in the banking-house of the Salviati, in which he himself held an important post. He was greatly pleased with his nephew's handsome presence and winning manner, and soon began to laugh and tell him that his face would make his fortune and perhaps captivate an heiress, and probably hinted that there was a beautiful girl in the opposite house, old Capello's daughter, who would be a rare prize for some bold youth. Undoubtedly, Pietro had the taint of the adventurer about him, but his uncle of course cheered him on. His practised commercial eyes recognized a capital chance for speculation.

Pietro began to steal across the bridge, feigning to watch the floating straws, and Bianca, with her heart full of repressed romance, began to give him glances and smiles and love-tokens in exchange for his own. At last Pietro prevailed upon her to meet him at night in Salviati's garden; and so, at many successive daybreaks, Bianca stole back to her father's house. One morning, as she gained the door of the palace, she found it shut. There was no hope of effecting an entrance without arousing the household. A baker's boy, passing to take his loaves from the oven, had noticed the open door, and, imagining it the work of thieves, had considerably closed it.

That moment changed Bianca into a resolute, energetic woman. For herself, discovery meant at best a convent; for her lover, it meant death. She, among whose ancestors were numbered kings of Cyprus and Hungary, who might have wedded the proudest noble in the state, cast it all behind her for the sake of her passionate, misguided, generous affection.

Bianca went back to her lover and told him that there was but one resource left them—flight. This may have been what Bonaventuri was waiting for. The baker's boy may have been his emissary. Certain it is that in his after-relation with his wife he showed himself a dishonorable coward. To him she was always the flesh and blood of the Capello, valued at so much an ounce.

They stole on to where the gondolas lay in the shadows, and bribed a gondolier to row them across the lagoon to the mainland.

I wonder if Bianca, in the days when she stood alone, friendless, persecuted, tempted, with her hand against every man's, never looked back to that midnight journey and thought of the fresh young hope that had seemed worth more than father or mother, or pomp or state? Down among the jewels and tapestries of the Pitti, at times when the weight of her golden misery dropped away from her, and left her naked heart face to face with the stern facts of her betrayed, distorted life, I wonder if she never heard again the plash of the oar that with every stroke carried her deeper into the great sea of the world, never

watched again the dank sea-weeds drifting by in the darkness, never saw the scattered lights of the forts slide back one by one, never heard the weird voices that echoed over the lagoon and made her shudder with their mockery?

The lovers reached Florence in safety, were sheltered by Pietro's parents, and married. They were very poor. Pietro copied law-papers for their daily bread, and Bianca sewed gloves.

Meanwhile the curse of old Capello had followed them. A price had been set upon Pietro's head. Bianca had been outlawed. The manœuvring uncle had been cast into prison, where, a few months later, he had the good taste to die.

Pietro and Bianca were rarely seen on the street. Even in Florence they were not safe from the emissaries of the outraged Capello. Yet I doubt not the Venetian was happier in her stolen rambles on the hills, in her humble peasant-dress, with her hands full of lilies and her lover's arm about her, than she had ever been in the family prison at home.

You may see just such faces as Bianca's in the streets of Venice to-day—loose waves of hair of that warm Titian blond piled high above the ivory forehead; the nose arched with that curve that implies command; the mouth and chin delicately chiseled, but very firm; the eyes cold and clear and self-controlled, languishing and fiery by turns, but oftenest superbly calm. The head is poised on a long, white swan-neck, and is carried as though the wearer were awaiting her coronation.

Such was the face that attracted the attention of Francesco de' Medici, Grand-duke of Tuscany. He set his spies to work to find out who this peasant princess was who sewed gloves for her living. He lured her into his presence through his sister, who formed Bianca's acquaintance, drew from the unsuspecting girl the story of her young love, her flight, her perilous position, her dread of her father's vengeance. She promised Bianca the protection of the duke against all the senators of Venice, and procured for Pietro a post at court. What wonder that Bianca, a girl of seventeen, whose only thought was one of love and care for her husband, who knew nothing of the world but that which her *quasi* conventual life had taught her, should have been plunged into an ecstasy of gratitude toward the beneficent Medici?

The duke treated her with the greatest delicacy and respect. They always went warily to work, those Medici. He showed the tenderest friendship for Pietro, encouraged him to drink and feast and gamble at a lordly rate, and when Bianca, who saw this idol of her youth cast down before her, remonstrated with tears and prayers, her husband turned her with the favor the duke had shown her.

At last Pietro embarked on a full tide of intrigue, and Bianca was left alone in the wily Florentine world. Insinuations, hints, slanders—every means that the luxurious Medicean court could bring to bear upon a young betrayed heart—were used to undermine her courage. But Bianca was still so warmly attached to the weak profligate for whose sake she

had thrown away home, friends, position, reputation, that she could harbor no other thought.

At last Francesco threatened her with death. * It was rumored that Pietro had sold her to the duke.

Thus, surrounded by liars, fawners, and traitors, consigned to infamy by her own husband, she yielded. She was only a sumptuous Venetian, who loved her jewels, her brocades, her serenades, and dreaded the cold, dark, silent earth.

The chroniclers are divided between the canonization of Bianca as a saintly, suffering victim, and apotheosizing her as the exponent of a tragic ideal, the lofty, invincible ambition which strides onward to grasp and wear a crown, and perishes at the moment of its triumph. I adhere to neither theory. To me, Bianca is simply a woman, young, ardent, beautiful, placed by that generous folly of her youth in a life-long falsehood of position—a woman as capable of good affirmations as of evil negations, but who, lacking the courage that could bear her high and pure above the mud of circumstance, could only take her fortunes as they came.

The Duke Francesco came of that race of men who made art their religion; who poured into their smelting-furnaces the gold they murdered men to procure; who stabbed a son or brother in the back as he left their banquet-halls, and wept tears of joy at sight of some Virgin or demi-god that their fawning painters and sculptors laid at their feet. Men of colossal purpose and execution, Titans scaling heaven on the ladders of their vile ambitions, and confronting the supreme principle of good with their insolent denials of its necessity, they stand out, across the centuries, as the eternal prototypes of that old leprosy of humanity—the substitution of the worship of intellectual creation for the higher moral law.

One day Pietro Bonaventuri was found dead, with a dagger in his heart. The murder was traced to a powerful family, whose dignity he had wounded. They were quaintly wrought, those Medicean crimes.

Her husband's death showed Bianca what the future had in store for her—a life of intrigues and toils and snares, of misery and heart-sickness, and at last a grave in the yellow Arno. It was a prophetic crisis. She shuddered and drew back.

She wrote to her father, to her brother, to the senate's self, entreating them to permit her to return to Venice. She told them how beset she was on every side—how every avenue of escape was closed to her but that of refuge in her native city.

The answer came back from those arrogant mouths, "In Venice a convent awaits you."

Fate was against her. She hardened her conscience and looked the world in the face. It was no time for tears and remorse and whimpering penitence.

Francesco had a brother, Ferdinand, a cardinal high in favor with the Holy See. He represented the papal interest in Florence, and his influence had brought about a marriage between the grand-duke and a pious Austrian princess. Bianca's influence over his brother had seemed to the wily cardinal

too powerful to forward the interests of the Church, for the Venetian outcast had been laid under a religious ban no less than a political.

The grand-duchess attempted to force her rival to leave Florence. This came to the ears of Francesco, and he swore to Bianca that after his wife's death she should share the throne. Soon after the Austrian princess died, perhaps of disease contracted with the scratch of a ring when her lord gave her his hand. Suspicions were aroused in the minds of the people, which the cardinal nourished in every possible way, for Bianca's marriage with the duke rendered his own succession to the throne a matter of doubt.

Bianca made a triumphal entry into Florence as Grand-duchess of Tuscany. Ferdinand paid her reverential homage, and, having been sent to Florence as legate of the pope, bearing his congratulations and apostolic blessing, was ever at her side. The state of Venice not only raised the ban of outlawry, but proclaimed Bianca a daughter of the republic and craved her alliance. And who, think you, was the ambassador? Old Capello himself, who, but a year before, had spurned his penitent daughter's prayer for forgiveness. Now he was but too glad to bend his knee before the powerful Tuscan duchess. But oh, the bitterness of it!—for her to look into the corrupt hearts of her kindred, and read there the avarice, the vile hypocrisy, the lie incarnate, that made them cringe to her where she towered above them on the heights to which she had climbed at cost of pride, of peace, of her soul itself; and then to think of the child whose love they had held the vilest disgrace to their name, because, forsooth, it wasted its brave young fires on a plebeian heart!

Ay, it was pitiful—that farce of fatherly forgiveness. Be sure, Bianca felt the ghastly satire. She knew that her life had culminated.

For several years she ruled over Tuscany with her husband—ruled wisely after the Medicean code. But she was neither happy nor secure in her position. The popular voice was against her, and her arch-enemy, Ferdinand, was ever at work. At last there came a day when he was present at a banquet with the duke and duchess. A little of that subtle Medicean elixir, which left no traces of its progress, found its way into the chalices of the royal couple. A few hours later they lay side by side, with the death-agony on their brows, and Ferdinand took the crown from his brother's heavy head and placed it on his own.

The life of Bianca Capello contains such elements of tragic situation and complex human passion that it is no wonder it should have been made the subject of dramas, poems, and romances. Of all the beautiful, high-born criminals that the corrupt civilization of the sixteenth century forced into bold relief, none occupies a more prominent place in the history of the Italian states than the fugitive daughter of Venice. It was in the study of such women as this that Tasso and Ariosto conceived their types of sensuous, pagan enchantresses, who won their heroes away from Christian truth and purity. She

is the embodiment of the *cinque cento*—that age of wanton splendor and luxury, and unholy exaltation of matter above spirit.

Bianca symbolizes as well the art of her time, that turned from its pale Virgins, with their bare feet and their dark serge robes, because it could not bear the gaze of the pure eyes, and made for itself goddesses that called themselves saints, and wore no reproach, but a smile, on their lips and pearls in their hair and brocades sweeping about them, and frowned haughtily upon the humble Christ who sat in their

midst and prayed—the art filled with the satanic principle of individual pride wrestling for power with the universal humility.

She is a superb figure, this self-sustained, indomitable creature, with her Venetian essentials of magnificence and craft, and silent, sure revenge. Inscrutable as its glittering water-ways, beautiful and mysterious as its summer night, violent as its storm-ridden lagoons, Bianca stands forth across the chasm of years as the worthiest exponent of the haughty city that gave her birth.

FALLEN FORTUNES.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A LOVER DISMISSED.

ALTHOUGH Kitty strove to comfort her sister all she could, she was herself filled, not indeed with sorrow, for Jenny's plain speaking, for that had her secret approbation, but with apprehensions for the result of it. She felt that there was now a gulf between their late friends at Riverside and themselves, which it would require all her address to bridge over; and they were in such sore need of friends. And Jenny on her part was consumed with regret that she had distressed her sister. As to Mrs. Campden and Mary, she had washed her hands of them for good and all; and even with respect to Uncle George—she could never think of him as Uncle George again; he had shown himself weak beyond expression; whatever she had said (I am afraid she did not quite remember what she *had* said) fell short of his deserts, and she did not repent it; but she regretted having selfishly given way to her own impulses. She felt that others might be made to suffer for her audacity, who, unlike herself, would have preferred to be patronized, and humiliated, and laid under obligations, rather than starve. What right had she to indulge her passionate indignation at the expense of her sister, and poor Tony, and the unconscious babe? These bitter reflections occurred to her, as she lay upon her couch in the drawing-room, racked with pain, and trembling with the excitement of her late interview. Kitty had been summoned to the baby, and there was no one to interrupt her solitary thoughts. She had not wept since she had seen her mother laid in her grave that morning; the fountain of her tears was dry, and, where it should have been, there was a fire that seemed to burn up her very brain.

Where was justice—for it was idle to talk of mercy—where was barest justice fled? What had they all done to deserve so hard a fate? Could not the merits of that late departed one win for her beloved children a spark even of hope? (She had talked of hope to Mr. Campden in a momentary spirit of pride, but she had, in fact, next to none.) Was there no such a thing as genuine friendship in the world? friendship that would stand the test of—

"Jenny!"

"My dear Jeff, how you frightened me!" cried she, holding out both hands. "I thought you had gone home with the doctor."

"What! without having had one word alone with

you and Kitty? No; I only waited till my betters had had their say."

"You mean Mr. Campden?"

"Yes, of course. But why speak of him in such a tone?"

"Oh, it's a long story. I have been a little angry with him because he is rich and we are poor; that's all."

"Well, but that was very wrong. I am going to be rich, some day."

"Some day, my poor Jeff!"

"Now, don't call me 'poor,' whatever you call me," returned he, smiling; "people in the city don't like it. I was really in earnest when I said 'some day;' and I mean some early date, *proximo* (you have no idea how classical we are in our business-letters). I have not told a soul save yourself, but I should not be the least surprised if Holt was to make me his partner."

"What for?"

"Well, that is scarcely complimentary, Jenny. How do you know that I have not exhibited a great commercial genius? Seriously, however, it is because he finds I am an honest man—quite a *lusus nature*, I assure you, in his particular line."

"But you are not a man at all, Jeff; though I must say you look very like one. How you are grown and filled out! You have got to be quite good-looking! and how becomingly you blush!"

"Yes; that is why I am so valuable to Mr. Holt. If one cannot blush one's self, it is something to have a confidential clerk who blushes. Of course I was joking about a partnership, at least for the present; but there is no calling in which a man can become rich early so easily as in ours. And, upon my word, I've hopes."

"Ah, dear Jeff, how I envy you!" sighed Jenny. "How I wish I could see any prospect of making a little money!"

"Well, well, don't despair. Of course, that depression in the lace-market—the unexpected alteration in the quotations—was very disappointing."

"It was worse than that, Jeff. Can you imagine anything so base as that woman's telling Mrs. Campden of my application, although I had put 'Private and confidential' upon my little note to her?"

"I can very easily imagine it, my dear Jenny. I have witnessed too many delicate 'operations,' though not in lace—to be astonished at anybody's baseness. However, you have another string to your bow, remember."

"O Jeff! have you any good news of that?"

"Not at present: but then there is no bad news."

"Good! I have been schooled to be thankful for small mercies. I shall ask no more questions.—Here is Kitty; perhaps you would like a word with her alone;" and Jenny was off in a moment. Kitty entered the room with a roll of flannel in her arms, which was the baby.

"My dear Jeff, I can't shake hands, you see.—Oh, you naughty boy!" For the young gentleman, since he could not shake hands, had saluted her with his lips.

"I thought that was what you meant, Kitty," said he, with simplicity.

"You thought nothing of the kind, sir; and I am very angry with you—or at least I should be, if I had the heart for it. How nice it was of you, dear Jeff, to come so far for a single day, just to—"

"Don't talk like that, Kitty; your dear mother was the kindest friend I ever had or ever shall have; and your poor father—"

"O Jeff, do not speak of him as though all hope was gone!"

"I did not intend to do so, Kitty; I only meant that he was to be pitied, as indeed he is."

"Ah, if he only knew! I scarcely venture to wish him to be alive when I think that, if he is not, dear mamma and he may be even now together. I know not what to hope, nor even to pray, Jeff. Things are very, very bad with us; and yet we are told that they will be so much worse."

"Who says that?" said Jeff, with a flash of his black eyes. "He was a brute, whoever he was."

"Well, it was a lady, my dear Jeff."

"Let us say a woman, Kitty. I can guess who the person was. She told you that it was her duty to speak the whole truth, did she not? We have people in the city who tell us the same, and who are not believed by anybody. If your father is dead, then, of course, things are bad, indeed; but, even so, there is some one else to whose care he confided you when he went away—a friend who will never desert you while life is in him."

"Alas! he has already deserted us, Jeff; or rather, I am afraid that we have seriously offended him."

"I think you must be mistaken there, Kitty."

"No, Jeff; it happened this very day. You must not speak of it, because it would hurt Jenny. But I feel that we can no longer count upon Uncle George—that was." And Kitty stooped down over her unconscious burden, to hide her tears.

"But I don't mean Uncle George at all," answered the other, gravely. "It was to another person that your father spoke these words when he left Riverside: 'Remember you are their only protector now.' Yes, it was to me, Geoffrey Derwent. I was a boy then; but those words made a man of me. They are engraved on my heart, so that no change nor time can ever erase them."

"O Jeff, dear Jeff, did he say that?"

"Yes, darling; and more than that (though I did not mean to tell you it for a long time—till I should be in a better position to speak of such things)—when he was going away—perhaps forever—and my heart was full for his sake, I thought it would be wrong to—keep it a secret from him; and I told it, Kitty."

She was sitting on the sofa, with her head bent over the child, so that he could not see her face, and that gave him courage—though his voice trembled, and its tone was hoarse and low.

"I told him how I loved you, Kitty; and—though I was but a boy, friendless and almost penniless—your father (God bless him for it!) was tender and gentle with me, seeing, perhaps, that I was speaking truth at all events. He promised nothing indeed; how could he? But he did not deny me. He said,

when he came back, we two should speak together about that matter. That was not much, you may say; but to me it was a great deal—for, Kitty, you are all in all to me. Don't answer me yet; don't treat me less kindly than your father did; only promise that some day—years to come—if it must be—that we two may speak together about that matter. But if you have—other views"—here the boy stopped, half-choked—"then tell me now, at once. I shall never blame you; I shall hope for your happiness with—with the man I am thinking of—in spite of hope."

She shook her head. "You are cruel, like the rest," she murmured.

"I cruel! and to you, Kitty?" sighed he. "Oh, no! Whatever seems good to you and right to you will be sufficient for me. If you say 'No'—just 'No' to the question that my heart is asking, I will ask no other. You shall never be troubled by me this way again. The purpose of my life, as respects you and yours, will be just the same. I shall still do all that in me lies for you, for Jenny, for Tony, for that poor little one that lies in your arms. I shall be always their protector, if not their only one."

"What is it you want me to say, Jeff?" said Kitty, suddenly. Her tears were no longer falling: she looked up at him without flinching, though her white face showed her pain.

"Can you ask me, Kitty? It is the simplest of all questions: Do you love me?"

"We all love you, Jeff."

The boy made an impatient gesture. "You are fencing with me, Kitty. Yes or no?"

"I am not fencing, Jeff. I will frankly tell you that, if I were my own mistress, without others depending upon my choice—others whose interests I am bound to consult before my own inclination—I might be foolish enough to say, 'Boy as you are, I will trust your love, and some day intrust my happiness to your keeping.' It would, perhaps, be folly in me, and certainly an injustice to yourself, to say as much; but you are so dear to me, Jeff, that I might have been tempted to do it. As matters stand, however, it is wholly out of the question. I might well say that on a day like this—the darkest in our lives, with the rustle of the earth upon our mother's coffin—lid still ringing in my ears—your topic is ill chosen; but I am willing to believe that your very love for my dead mother in a manner sanctifies your love for me, and excuses the expression of it. Let me say, rather, that neither to-day, nor for many days—nor perhaps for many years to come—is it likely that marriage will be in my thoughts at all. They will be occupied, dear Jeff, with very sober, very simple, and what most folks would call, with very 'uninteresting' things: the making both ends meet in a very humble household; the feeding, and clothing, and teaching them. If they ever get pudding, it will be either Jenny or I who will have to cook it. I shall not probably have the time or the opportunity even to read about love in a novel, much more to make it. That is the programme of my future life, Jeff. It is not pleasant; it is no use pretending that it is; but I mean to make the best of it. Pray don't make it harder for me by saying any more."

"I will not say a word more now, Kitty—"

"That's right," interrupted she, quickly. "It is close upon the doctor's dinner-hour, and you must not keep him waiting. I hope you will dine with us the next time you come, and pass your opinion on our pudding. We shall be always—always glad to see you, Jeff."

The baby was in her lap now, and she held out her hand for him to shake. Instead of doing so, he carried it slowly to his lips and kissed it.

"God bless you, Kitty!" he said.

"God bless you, Jeff!"

He looked so handsome, so honest, and so loving, that there was a struggle even in that self-sacrificing bosom to add something more; but she did not. She heard him run down stairs, and Jenny call out "Jeff!" as he passed in vain, and Tony cry, "Jeff! Jeff! where are you going?" without reply; then the front-door was opened and closed very quickly, but gently too, as though he who went forth had not, even in his haste, forgotten it was the house of sorrow.

Kitty moved to the window, but too late because of her little burden; there was nothing to be seen save the thickening dusk and the slow-falling rain. He had gone.

When Jenny entered the room half an hour afterward—she had been talking tenderly and gravely to Tony in her own chamber—she found Kitty at her mother's desk. It had not been opened since her death, but now the neat little account-books and the memoranda of their scanty incomings were all spread out upon the table, with already a note or two of Kitty's own. Jenny took in the situation at a glance.

"Kitty!" cried she, with a burst of penitence, "I have been very wrong. It is you who have the responsibility, and the trouble, and the care of us; while I have only indulged my passion and my pride. If it is not too late—if the mischief I have done is not irreparable—pray, think no more of my opinion, of my prejudices."

"Hush, hush, my darling! you have done no harm, or at least nothing wrong, which is the greater matter."

"You are an angel; you are like our mother," answered Jenny, vehemently; "and I am unworthy to be your sister. Henceforward, I will never oppose what you think right.—How is it with us, Kitty? Are we very, very poor? Will it be necessary—shall you ask Mr. Campden for that money?"

"For some of it, darling; I am afraid we must."

"And Mr. Holt? We need not take that—that loan he offers; need we, Kitty? at least not yet—there may be brighter days."

"No, dear; we will not take Mr. Holt's money. No, no, no!"

There were a calmness and decision in Kitty's tone which were rare with her; her face was very pale, and wore a set expression which was new to it.

Jenny looked at her sister for a moment with wondering eyes, then rushed into her arms.

"O Kitty, I am so glad, so glad!" she cried, bursting into tears. "Dear Jeff will be dearer to me now than ever."

"Be silent, Jenny; don't speak of him; I can't bear it," was the unexpected reply, delivered with strange vehemence. Then, in gentler but firm tones, she added: "Forgive me, darling, but you have given me pain. You are wrong, quite wrong, in thinking—what you said.—Here are the bills and the banker's book; let us look over the accounts together."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

KITTY'S DREAM.

THAT cynical phrase about "not being able to afford to keep a conscience" has a solid foundation in fact. There are some, indeed, who would rather perish than do anything contrary to their sense of what is right (though even that is a sacrifice which varies with the value men set on individual exist-

ence); there are as many more who would perish rather than endure a humiliation—who would take poison rather than swallow their pride. It is only the popular religion—a very different thing from Christianity—that has made death so terrible as to be weighed against shame; but, when it comes to the pinch, Necessity, or what we choose to consider such, overrules the law of the mind. This is a matter upon which drawing-room philosophers and comfortable divines are no judges. It seems so easy—and *is* so easy—to be independent, chaste, and honest, when there is only a temptation to be otherwise; but when the temptation becomes an alternative—on the one side poverty, debt, ruin, for example; on the other hand competence, not only for ourselves, but for those we love—that is quite another matter. Conscience has then a new antagonist, the first of his own laws; a sense of right, almost as strong as himself, which, allying itself with these various opponents, generally succeeds in overthrowing him. That "second thoughts are best," among all lying proverbs, holds the preëminence; second thoughts in morals are never best, but only, as it is natural they should be, second best.

John Dalton had so left his affairs that, if he should now be dead and drowned, as it was almost certain he was, he had paid up his legal liabilities, as he imagined, to the last shilling. Even the scoundrels who had "floated" the *Lara* mine could never point at his children as the offspring of a defaulter. His shares would have been paid up in full to the last penny. But his efforts to effect this had left him impoverished, indeed; all that his family had to live upon was the interest of some two or three thousand pounds and a certain small sum which he had left for emergencies in his wife's hands. Moreover, he had unhappily omitted to reckon a few outstanding debts, such as always attend a rich man's expenditure, almost unknown to himself, and which he generally settles with a sudden check and a malediction upon his own forgetfulness. The creditors were of that agreeable kind—may I instance one's tobacco-consumption—who do not plague us quarterly, nor even half-yearly, for one's little account; but who, when we start upon a sudden for Brazil, and are likely not to come back again, get naturally nervous, and would like to see the color of our money. When I said that Mrs. Dalton's correspondence had much fallen off in number since the family misfortunes, I should have made honorable exception of these gentlemen, who had not failed to send in their bills to her with the remark that "an early settlement would oblige." Of course, she had acceded to these requests—which, indeed, were only reasonable—but in so doing had not left enough money behind her to defray her own funeral expenses.

This was the conclusion that Kitty was compelled to arrive at, after a careful study of the financial position of the family. Jenny did her best to assist her in the investigation; but she was not so good at figures, and chiefly confined herself to "improving" what her sister made of them, like any city director, except that she did not get five hundred a year for doing it. They had enough, they reckoned, to go on with in their humble fashion—especially as Lucy was going—but for the present ready money was indispensable. Under these circumstances, there was nothing for it (even Jenny owned) but to apply to Mr. Campden for some portion of that loan which he had voluntarily placed at their disposal, and which Kitty at least had certainly not unconditionally declined. She therefore dispatched a letter to the squire, very warmly and gratefully worded, but at the same time expressing herself as practically as she could with respect to

the money itself. If her father should return to them, he would, of course, himself become responsible for the repayment of the loan; and, if God had willed it otherwise, the insurance he had effected on his life would enable his children to repay it. A few days ago, she would certainly not have used so business-like a style in addressing her correspondent; but now—though without having adopted poor Jenny's views—she was less inclined to wear her heart upon her sleeve, even to Uncle George. By return of post a letter came from Riverside in Mrs. Campden's handwriting.

Kitty looked at the envelope with vague alarm. She had not put "Private" outside her note to the squire, though she had felt herself inclined to do so; and was it possible that her late hostess had opened it, and replied to it herself? She felt a flush rise to her cheek, for, whatever had been her need, she would never have applied for aid to Mrs. Campden, nor even to her husband, had she thought he would have made his wife a confidante of the fact. He had given Kitty distinctly to understand that the transaction would be a private one. The envelope was weighty, and contained, along with a pretty long communication, two five-pound notes. She had asked the squire for fifty.

"Dear Kitty," the letter began, "in the absence of Mr. Campden, who is in London, I took the liberty to open your note, thinking that it might require an immediate reply. Its contents have astonished me exceedingly. I am grieved not only upon your own account, but upon hers of whom you speak—for whose sake, as you would have me believe, you have thought proper to make your very singular application. I cannot think anything would have distressed your poor mother herself more than the step you have thus thought proper to take. Let us hope, in the sphere to which she has been removed by an all-wise Providence, that she is ignorant of the circumstance. What you have asked Mr. Campden is, in plain English, to give you fifty pounds. There is even an allusion to a larger sum, which it seems you have been trying to persuade him to promise you, or which he has promised you of his own head. To take advantage of my husband in such a matter is, as you must be well aware, Kitty, to take advantage of a child; and it is my duty to protect him against any such attempts. However, I will confine myself to the fifty pounds. You speak hopefully, and I hope you have reason for your confidence, of your poor father's return home; but, if he does return, have you painted to yourself what will be his true position? Have you—has anybody—the least cause to suppose that he will be in a condition to repay the debts of his family? One of his best friends—and your best friend, if you would permit him to be so—has assured me that he has gone to Brazil in pursuit of a mere chimera; that he will come back poorer, if that be possible, than he went.

"Now, Kitty, it is my bounden duty to speak plainly to you. It is this very carelessness of other people's money that has brought your father to this pass. He gambled away first his own fortune, and then your mother's; and now he seems to expect to use the money of his friends as though it was his own. I have good reasons for stating that he proposed to draw upon my poor husband—while abroad—as on his own banker! You are doubtless shocked at this revelation; yet, if you examine the matter, the difference between your present application and that most outrageous one is only in degree. Fifty pounds, a hundred pounds, two hundred pounds—so we go on when this terrible course has been once begun. You think, perhaps, my husband is made of money, and that it does not signify how much you

ask. The money, my dear girl, is nothing, indeed, compared with the sacrifice of principle that would be involved if it were given you, and to which I therefore, for one, would never consent. But even the money is something. Mr. Campden is no doubt what some people would call a rich man; but rich people have calls of which poor people have no conception; he has his position in the county to keep up—an imperative duty—and a thousand other sources of expense, which you would hardly understand should I enumerate them. With respect to the expenses of the funeral, I have made inquiries, and, considering the simplicity with which it was conducted, in accordance with your mother's wish—and which does honor to her good sense—I find ten pounds will be ample, and I therefore inclose that sum. I am very glad to find that by frugality and care you will for the future be able to make both ends meet; always live within your income, dear Kitty, and then, whatever it may be, you may account yourself rich.

"I am sorry you did not accept my proposition with respect to the baby; a home, however, will always await it at the lodge, should you alter what I must venture to call your ill-judged resolution.

"And this brings me, Kitty, to another subject, the importance of which must be my excuse for once more breaking it to you. Do you know what you are doing, and do you know whom you are *undoing*, in rejecting the advances of Mr. Holt? From him a loan of fifty pounds, or of five hundred, could indeed be accepted with a good grace, and would be advanced with something more than alacrity. If ever there was an example of a girl's 'sinning her chances,' you, Kitty, are surely now affording it. What excuse you can possibly make to yourself for rejecting what I may almost call this gift of Providence, I cannot imagine. You *may* have your reasons; but they are most certainly mere personal ones, and you must forgive me for adding, selfish ones. Do you reflect that it only rests with you to give to your little household a natural protector? (At present, I do not see how it is possible for you to leave home even to go out as a governess.) Some men—nay, most men—would hesitate to marry a penniless girl surrounded by incumbrances; but this man is one in a thousand; and yet you treat him as if there was another such to be picked up any day and anywhere—in Sanbeck, for example. However, I have said my say.

"Mary sends you her best love; she is making up a little parcel of things which I hope will prove useful to you: a dress or two that she has outgrown, but which we think will just suit your figure; and when the spring comes on, she will doubtless find other articles that you may make available.—Always your sincere friend and well-wisher,

"JULIA CAMPDEN.

"P. S.—I think it will be better that you should treat this note as private and confidential. Pray, consult *your own* good sense before replying to the contents of it. Jenny has doubtless many good points, but the state of her health must alone prevent her exercising a dispassionate judgment."

This letter was a terrible blow. There was nothing in it to give ground for absolute quarrel; but Kitty felt that it henceforth divided her and hers from the Riverside people, as by a great gulf. She even believed that it had been written with that express object; in which she probably did the writer wrong. A more acute woman than Mrs. Campden might, indeed, have expected to arouse some angry rejoinder, which would have given her a good excuse

for breaking with her needy kinsfolk altogether; but the mistress of Riverside saw nothing offensive in the letter she had composed. She meant to put her foot down with respect to any further attempt upon her husband's purse; and she used the opportunity without scruple of placing Kitty's hopeless position before her, and of pointing out the one way of escape; but she had no intention of deliberate insult. She had, nevertheless, the sagacity to understand that Jenny would view her letter as such, and hence she marked it "private and confidential." Though she had not hesitated to break the seal of a communication addressed to another, she gave her correspondent credit for more delicate scruples—and took advantage of them. The children of this world are not only wiser than the children of light, but they trade upon their simplicity. A rogue will often deny the existence of an honest man, to save his own credit, though well aware that he is lying; but, when he has found one, he will use his honesty for his own purposes.

Kitty too was well aware that Jenny would have at once designated the writer of such a communication as dishonorable, mean, cruel, and a number of other perhaps not wholly inapplicable adjectives. The gift of the cast-off raiment would have been especially offensive to her. Whereas Kitty, in her humility, and her consideration for those committed to her trust, was resolved not to take offense, even if it had been purposely offered to her. It was unnecessary upon Mrs. Campden's part to have been so energetic against any future application to her husband. Nothing, *nothing* would have henceforth induced her to ask help of Uncle George. If the worst came to the worst, she would rather sell herself, as this woman was urging her to do, to Richard Holt. It would be horrible, it would be shameful; but the humiliation could not be deeper, and the advantage to others would be great and certain. If those two five-pound notes had been the wages of shame, she could hardly have regarded them with a more intense loathing: her fingers closed upon them fiercely, savagely; she longed to tear them to pieces; most of all, she craved to return them, with a few civil but cutting words. That money, she felt, was as much given to her out of charity—and that a charity which had no love in it—as the cast-off clothes which were to follow. She felt like a beggar (though she had never been one) who has been refused the alms he asked, and has had the crust of bread flung at him instead. If she could only have done without the crust, and have flung it back to the giver! There was one way which would, she knew, have Jenny's hearty concurrence, namely, that they should sell some article of furniture in Bleabarrow, and pay the undertaker's bill with the proceeds. But Kitty, always just, reflected that such a course would excite country gossip, and bring great discredit upon the squire, who was not answerable for his wife's actions, and, indeed, hardly for his own. Another alternative was to borrow the money of Dr. Curzon. But they surely had had enough of borrowing—or rather of the attempt to borrow; and, moreover, they already owed the doctor for many a professional visit. No; Kitty felt she must take these two five-pound notes, and acknowledge their receipt with words of thanks.

She had retired to her own room to read the letter, directly she had recognized Mrs. Campden's handwriting, and now she meant to destroy it before she saw Jenny; so that she could honestly say, "I have it not" if her sister asked to read it. But, hearing Jenny's knock at the door, she thrust the letter with its inclosure into her pocket, and rose to meet her.

"Well, Kitty what news? I need scarcely ask, however; I can read it reflected in your flushed face. From a reason over which he has no control—if you can call his wife 'a reason'—Mr. Campden cannot keep his promise."

"My dear Jenny, you said you wouldn't!"

"I said I wouldn't interfere with what you resolved upon. I may surely flatter my own foresight by 'spotting,' as Jeff calls it, these good people beforehand. The squire is weak as water: he would if he could, he says, but he can't."

"He says nothing of the kind, Jenny. The letter does not come from him at all, but from Mrs. Campden. She opened my note, it seems, in his absence."

Jenny smiled.

"What luck she must have thought it! I can imagine her gloating over a letter meant for somebody else."

"O Jenny!" cried Kitty, reprovingly. The thought crossed her mind: "What strange bitterness possesses my dear sister! Three months ago—nay, ten days since, while our mother was yet alive—such sentiments would never have found harbor within her, far less expression."

"Well," continued Jenny, "of course she will not let her husband lend us the money, 'as a matter of principle.'"

"It is something like that," said Kitty, reluctantly. "She has sent us, however, ten pounds, which will, I hope, be sufficient."

"I am glad it was no more," said Jenny, "for two reasons: first, because it corroborates my view of her; secondly— But never mind 'secondly' for the present. Well, what else did she say besides how fond she was of us, and how it was all for our own good? May I see the letter?"

"It is marked private and confidential."

"That was foolish of her, because I now know what it was about. You do not wish, I suppose, dear, to talk upon the subject?"

"No, Jenny; because it would be of no use."

"But you have not made up your mind!" cried Jenny, eagerly. "Before you do that I must speak to you, darling; I must—I must!"

"No, dear; I have made up my mind to nothing—except that we must take these ten pounds."

"Was there no message from Mary—dear Mary, who used to hang about your neck so lovingly but a few weeks ago?"

"Well, no; nothing particular. She is going to send us some things that her mother thinks may be useful to us."

"What things?" cried Jenny, contemptuously. "A pot of marmalade; some shilling novels; a yard of flannel—such as they send to the hospitals."

"There may be some flannel," said Kitty, quietly.

"Oh, I see: old clothes that are too fine for the lady's maid. We are in the first stage of our descent, my dear; they will send us next year old clothes that are not fine enough for her. For my part, I always thought Mary a humbug."

"Don't say that, Jenny; she is not strong, that is all. You might just as well say half the world are humbugs."

"Half the world! I say nine hundred and ninety-nine hundredths of them are so! What saith the Scripture?—'One man out of a thousand have I known.' There is Jeff, for example; and there is the doctor. But 'one woman in a thousand I have not known.' Or, at all events, she was not Mary Campden."

To this outburst Kitty replied nothing; and further questioning upon Jenny's part was put a stop to by the entrance of Tony in a wild state of excitement. Something had come for him "registered"

by the post; he had met the postman in the village, and gone back to the office to sign for it; and what did they think it was! They would never guess if they guessed forever: it was a watch and chain; a beautiful gold watch and chain!

"Why, Tony, who could have sent it?" cried Jenny, delighted at the lad's delight; then the joy faded out of her face, and she looked at Kitty, whose cheeks had become crimson.

"Well, I don't know," cried Tony. "I should have thought it was Jeff, only dear old Jeff could never have— The post-mark was Cornhill, too, and he said Mr. Holt's office was close by Cornhill."

"It came from Mr. Holt," said Jenny; "I know his handwriting. We must send it back again."

"Send it back?" cried Tony, growing very red in his turn. "Why should I send it back? I think it was very kind of him. He has always been very civil to me; and every fellow has a watch who goes to Eton."

"I don't think we can send it back, Jenny," said Kitty, gravely. "It is sent to Tony, you see."

"Yes; that is so mean of him," answered Jenny, stamping her little foot. "He knew there would be a difficulty about returning it."

"It would be exceedingly rude to return it just because you don't like him," said Tony, confidently.

"If you did, you may depend on it he would never send me anything again. See here: when you touch this button, the back opens, and there are the wheels and things. My dear Kitty, what are you at?—Jenny, Kitty is crying into my watch-works."

And indeed, while endeavoring to be interested in Tony's treasure, poor Kitty had not been able to restrain a tear. She laughed the matter off, however, in an hysterical sort of way, and, before the afternoon post went, had helped Tony with his letter of thanks to the sender; his tutor and literary adviser in ordinary, Jenny, having flatly refused to have anything to do with it.

It gave Kitty a pang, we may be sure; but, since the present was to be accepted, it was needful that it should be duly acknowledged. That watch and its works cost her more than it cost the buyer; it haunted her thoughts all that day, and even her dreams at night. This is what she dreamed: She was in a room full of figures like those at Madame Tussaud's, except that they all moved by machinery. There was her dead mother looking at her with pitying eyes; and her lost father, with changed, remorseful face, his hair and clothes all wet. These and many others revolved slowly round her at some distance, but none approached her. She herself was borne slowly but irresistibly forward toward a figure with outstretched arms. It was Richard Holt. His chest was bare, and, where his heart should have been, she saw toothed wheels at work, all gold; just as she had seen in Tony's watch, only larger. She heard them moving and clicking with a harsh, monotonous noise, louder and louder as she drew nigh. Then, as she came quite close, the arms—a picture she had seen in a "History of the Inquisition" at home no doubt suggested this—suddenly shot out knives and daggers, and were just about to enfold her, when, with a shrill scream, she awoke.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

AN AUTHOR AND HIS EDITOR.

ABOUT half-way between the Bank of England and Basinghall Street—a position somewhat typical

¹ In this street is situated the Court of Bankruptcy.

of many of its tenants—lies Abdell Lane—a street so narrow, although the houses are but three-storied, that in the sunniest days it is always dim and cool, except at noontide; while throughout the winter and half the spring the inhabitants pursue their avocations solely by artificial light. Their callings are various, and in many cases would be difficult to explain to the public satisfaction; and yet they have some right to be called respectable, since a rent of about two hundred pounds *per annum* is paid *per room*. Off Abdell Lane lies Abdell Court, connected with the larger thoroughfare by a huge arch (itself honey-combed by human tenements), through which the astonished passenger comes upon a tree, a pump, and a paved yard, in which for hours at certain seasons the sun is distinctly visible. The rents are higher here than in the lane, although the place is only approachable by foot-passengers. In fact, that is a circumstance which is a ground of boast to its residents, since it shows that the commercial element (in the shop-form) does not intrude itself. On the side of each door are painted, in black and white, the names of each occupant, as in Lincoln's Inn and the Temple; but there are no lawyers in Abdell Court. They are chiefly brokers, with a good sprinkling of that mysterious class of gentry called "financial agents." Unpromising as the material soil appeared, the seed of many a goodly mercantile tree had been dropped in Abdell Court, to grow and grow, and to bear golden fruit; also other trees, quite as promising, but which, never coming to maturity, were by many contumeliously termed "plants." On the ground-floor of one of these houses there sits, in what might be called, by contrast with its congeners, quite a spacious apartment, a gentleman, with whom we have made acquaintance under other circumstances. Black and gray are now his only wear, but the neatness and completeness of Mr. Holt's attire are almost as remarkable as they were at Riverside. Perhaps it is the effect of that sombre dress, but he certainly looks paler and older than when we saw him last; the hair about his temples has thinned, and the lines about his mouth have deepened; if we did not know that his investments are always made with sagacity, and have never given him cause to lose a wink of sleep, we should call his expression careworn. He has an open ledger before him and a pen in his hand; yet he is not engaged in calculation. A letter, in a large, round, and rather sprawling hand, lies on the page beneath his eyes, and he is conning it attentively:

"DEAR MR. HOLT" (it runs): "I cannot say how much I am obliged to you for your beautiful present; the watch is much too handsome, I am afraid, for a boy like me, but I will try to take great care of it. I have just found out that it strikes the hours and the quarters. We have been in great trouble, as Jeff will have doubtless told you; but my sisters are pretty well in health, and beg to be remembered to you.—I am, yours truly and obliged,

"ANTHONY DALTON.

"P. S.—Please give my love to Jeff."

Mr. Holt had read this somewhat bald epistle half a dozen times, and yet was as interested in it as ever. "It is cleverly written," he muttered to himself; "but it is not all one piece. 'Much too handsome;' and 'Will try to take great care'—that is not the boy's. I wonder which of the girls helped him with it? 'Jeff will have told you;' that is like Jenny's touch. She pretends to believe that I only hear of their welfare through Derwent; and then, again, 'Give my love to Jeff,' sounds like her sharp

tongue; she writes that to annoy me. But then she would never have made him say that they begged to be remembered to me. I am sure that's Kitty, dear, delicious, tender-hearted Kitty!" He heaved a deep sigh, and stroked his forehead with his hands.

"How nearly I lost her!" he went on softly to himself. "If things had not gone just as they have, she would be by this time out of my reach. What a frightful risk did that madman make me run!" He rose from his seat, and pulling down the window, although the day was bitter cold, stood facing the draught. "Two months, three months, four months, and not a scrap of news of the ship. All must surely be safe now. The very stars in their courses have fought for me. However, it is the very last boon that I will ever ask of Fortune; hereafter, I am independent of her. If I were bankrupt to-morrow, my books would be a model. There is not a flaw from first to last. If it had happened otherwise, I wonder if I could have weathered the storm? With the world, perhaps; but with him, never. He would have been implacable, unmerciful. It would have been no wonder, poor devil! And *she*—yes, she would have loathed me. I can understand now how it is that men, who cannot possess those they love, are driven to kill them; as to killing themselves, that is the most natural thing in the world; and next to that—yes, I can understand it."

Besides the usual almanac in its frame, and one or two plans of estates, in the West Indies and elsewhere, there were several huge maps hung up in the room, to one of which he now directed his attention. This was a map of South America, showing a great deal of the ocean that lies between us and it, with the track of steamers marked out upon it. He had done so many a time before, and he now again took his pen, and with the handle of it traced out the course. So engaged was he in this occupation, that he did not notice a knock at his door nor the entrance of a visitor, until his voice—a rich, unctuous, and somewhat boastful voice—announced his presence.

"Holloa, Holt! how are you? Studying a sea-chart, eh? That looks dangerous for somebody, since you are a ship-owner."

"Yes," answered the other, coolly; "I was trying to fix upon the most convenient spot for scuttling a craft."

"Well, begad! you looked as if you really *were* when you first caught sight of *me*. South America, eh? Brazil, I suppose? Mines, for a hundred!"

"You are always right as a rule, Dawkins; and since this particular case happens to be the exception, that proves it. My mind was not fixed on the land at all, but on the sea. I was wondering whether, by any possibility, the Flamborough Head could be still above water."

"I'll bet you ten to one against it; come, I'll bet you twenty. You have not underwritten her, have you?"

"Not I. I was not thinking of the vessel at all, but of a poor fellow who sailed in her—John Dalton."

"Oh, indeed! Friend of yours, I remember. Well, I shall say nothing against him, then. But of all the overbearing, insolent fellows I ever met—without a penny to bless himself, too—he was about the worst. By jingo! you should have heard what he said to Lady Beevor, in my own house, under my own roof. We all thought he was off his head."

"Yet he was a general favorite, and thought very agreeable," observed Holt.

"Agreeable? Then I don't know what it is to be agreeable."

"Possibly," said the other, dryly; "or perhaps

you annoyed him. If Dalton was rubbed the wrong way, you saw sparks."

"Sparks, begad! It was a general conflagration, Lady Beevor has never forgiven my asking him to meet her. It would have been a liberty in Rothschild, but for a ruined man! For it was after he *was* ruined in that *Lara* mine. Curiously enough, I came to talk to you about that very thing. You never had anything in it yourself, I believe?"

"Why do you say that, my good sir, when you know I *had*?"

"Well, well, don't snap my nose off. It was a piece of delicacy on my part, because I knew you plumed yourself on never being connected with anything shady."

"Oh, I see! Why didn't you say you were going to be delicate? I could scarcely come to that conclusion from analogy."

"I don't know about analogy," said Mr. Dawkins, frankly. "I came here on business. There are people still inquiring about that mine, I hear."

"Indeed! Do you want to buy any shares? They are not quoted, but they can be got cheap—except for the liability they entail."

"Well, no; I don't exactly want to buy any—myself. But do you know"—here he dropped his voice to a whisper—"Beevor does not think so badly of them?"

"So badly of them as *what*?" answered Holt, contemptuously. "If he thought well of them, why didn't he buy some of Dalton's? he had an opportunity, you tell me: and Dalton, poor fellow, would have been only too glad to sell. You know what everybody else knows, I suppose, about the *Lara*?"

"Yes; but there's that fellow Tobbit, the expert"—Mr. Holt made a sign for silence, and touched a hand-bell.

There entered a handsome young fellow from the next apartment, where, indeed, he could have been seen sitting at his desk, throughout this interview, through the glass door which communicated between the two rooms.

"Mr. Derwent, you can take an hour, if you please; I shall be here myself till three."

"Thank you, sir." The young man was about to leave the room when his eye fell on Tony's letter; the color came into his face, and he hesitated, as though about to ask a question.

"I had news of our friends in Sanbeck, by-the-by, this morning," observed Holt, carelessly; "they desired to be remembered to you."

Jeff bowed, and passed into the inner room, from which another door communicated with the passage. Not until he was seen from the window crossing the court-yard did Mr. Dawkins speak again.

"You have a new clerk, I see, Holt; he has an honest face; but he is deuced young to be trusted."

"Yes; but I don't trust him."

"Oh, I see! Some relative, I suppose? Comes from the country, I think you said?"

"I didn't say so; but he does."

"Do you think he heard me mention Dalton's name?"

"No; and, if he did, it would make no difference. I only sent him out because I had no occasion for his services just now, and I know the lad pines for the open air. His life has been passed in it."

"That is very considerate of you. Where do you think he is gone? To Primrose Hill?"

Some people have no resources in themselves: Mr. Dawkins was not one of these. He could even laugh by himself—at a joke of his own making—and he did it now.

"My dear Holt, what a deep card you are!" said he, admiringly. "It is a wise man who has a fool

for his clerk." Then he proceeded to business. It does not concern us to know how these two gentlemen discussed the character of Mr. Tobbit, the great mining expert, or to what conclusion they came; let it suffice to say that Mr. Dawkins departed from Abdell Court convinced, despite the opinion of his millionaire friend, that speculation in *Larus* would be very unprofitable.

Let us rather follow the footsteps of Geoffrey Derwent during his hour's holiday. It was not the first by many that his employer had given him during the wearisome days he had passed in his new calling; he had really shown the consideration to him which Mr. Dawkins had suggested in irony, and had treated him with marked politeness at all times. Moreover, he had given him an insight into business affairs, for which Geoffrey was more grateful than for all else. It gave him hopes of making his own way in the world, when he came of age, and the slender fortune should accrue to him of which Mr. Campden was the trustee. It was even possible, he thought, that the money might be advanced to him by his good-natured guardian before that period. It is amazing how far a good introduction, backed by tolerable wits and a little money, will go in certain city callings which (like the ham in the sandwich) lie between the commercial and the official, and yet belong by rights to neither. Notwithstanding his speech to Mr. Dawkins, Mr. Holt did put trust in Geoffrey, for he had found out that the young fellow could hold his tongue; and, as he never confided to him anything discreditable, it was fair to suppose that the business of Holt and Company, though certainly of an heterogeneous description, was *bona fide* and respectable. Indeed, as Jeff reflected, how could it have been otherwise, since Mr. Dalton had been (as he understood) in some measure connected with it; nay, still more, had not Mrs. Dalton herself recommended him to his present employer? This fact alone had really given Jeff a certain respect for Mr. Holt, which, as we have seen, he had been far from entertaining at Riverside; and, being very sensitive to kindness, this feeling would in any other case, under the same circumstances, have grown to be regard; but it is quite possible to respect people without liking them—indeed, it is almost as common as to like them without respecting them—and Jeff disliked his employer very cordially. He would work for him faithfully, and consult his interests as though they were his own. But he could not return goodwill for what he felt was only a pretense of it. Every act of civility of his employer he, in fact, more or less resented, since he was well aware that he was indebted for it to Kate Dalton. He knew that the other calculated upon his telling the truth concerning his life in Abdell Court, and was resolved that he should have nothing but good to tell. He was not even afraid of that pretty constant correspondence that he must have been aware went on between his enemy Jenny and his young assistant. There was security in Jeff's honesty equal to any guarantee that could be got with sign and seal in the neighborhood of Abdell Court. Holt had not been sorry that his one invitation to Jeff to dine with him at his club had been respectfully declined, upon the transparent pretense of a previous engagement; business relations run comparatively easy even when folks are not *en rapport* with one another, but social intercourse is more difficult to be maintained. Mr. Holt had never so much as inquired where Jeff's lodgings were, and Jeff was not likely to volunteer the information; they were two very small rooms in a suburb of Islington, which had been recommended to him, through Mrs. Dalton, by Mrs. Haywood. They were cheap and clean, and he would be able

to see green fields from them when the spring came. In spite of his ardor for work, and for "getting on," which was immense, he pined for the country even in these winter days. But on the occasion of which we speak—his hour's holiday—he did not go, as was suggested, to Primrose Hill; he bent his steps to a spot which puts forth leaves at every season, Pater-noster Row. What would Mr. Dawkins have thought of his friend's sagacity had he guessed he employed a clerk who was not only a fool but an author? Yet so it must be since Jeff enters an establishment over which is written, "Office of the *Smellfungus Magazine*," and, passing through the outer apartment, which coarse minds would call a book-shop, knocks at a little door inscribed "Editor's Room." It is that knock which betrays him to us; any would-be contributor might have gone so far as to knock—but not like that. The knock of a would-be contributor, especially one of tender years, is a very modest one; it sounds like that of a poor relation, or of a little child who cannot reach the knocker except with the tips of his fingers. Now, Jeff's summons, given sharply with the knob of his umbrella, was the knock of an accepted contributor, and something more: of a contributor who hasn't been paid.

He did not even wait for the answering "Come in," but entered at once. "The City"—whose motto, like that of poor Dalton's traveling companion, is "Push"—had already done a great deal for Jeff. Besides, he was still in some respects that most audacious and irreverent thing in Nature, a boy. We have at present only seen him in the society of ladies, or of his natural guardian, or of his employer; but with the world at large Mr. Geoffrey Derwent was something more than at his ease. When he suspected that any one was imposing upon him, he was in particular free-spoken to the verge of rudeness. He had not the modest and retiring manners which good and charitable people are accustomed to attribute to literary geniuses when discovered young.

It must be owned that there was little in the sanctum into which Jeff thus impetuously intruded to excite veneration. It was a little stuffy room, lit by a skylight, and boasting of no other furniture than a bookcase filled with volumes of the *Smellfungus Magazine*, a table, and two chairs; but in one of these two chairs was a Being who ought to have commanded respect, for he was an editor. A small, plump man, of cheerful aspect, whiskerless and bald, he presented the appearance of one who had been endeavoring to get rid of all his hair for five-and-forty years, and had triumphantly succeeded. He so beamed with blandness and good-nature that it was like being at Brighton, or standing in front of one of Mr. Dyce's pictures, to look at him; you felt you wanted shade.

"How are you, Mr. Derwent? Delighted to see you," said he, holding out a podgy hand, and pressing Jeff's with fervency. "I have just been correcting your proof for next month's number. I never saw so rapid an improvement in so young a writer—it's marvelous."

"Yes; I thought that second one would fetch you myself," said Jeff, coolly.

"Fetch me? Oh, I see! Well, the quaintness of the matter of course goes for something. But, as I said to you before, I cannot but think that the mind which could grasp the salient points of so dry a theme—could so clothe dry bones with flesh and blood—might essay something original."

"The mind has done it," observed Jeff, dryly, producing a manuscript from his pocket. "Here is a story of old times: local coloring, archaeological details, spirit of chivalry; in short, the whole boiling."

"The whole— Oh, I see! You mean it is all redolent of antiquity. Found in a chest, I hope, as I suggested, with a few words of introduction to explain the circumstance.—Good; and stated, I perceive, with great frankness and simplicity. You find it easy to be frank, Mr. Derwent, I dare say?"

"My nature, Mr. Sanders," observed Jeff, indifferently.

"Yes. Now, what astonishes me in your writing is its objectiveness."

"Ah! that astonishes myself," said Jeff, with a little yawn.

There was a long pause.

"Why, bless my soul," said the editor, whose face was now invisible behind the manuscript, "this is a satire!"

"I should rather think it was," replied Jeff, "and a decidedly good satire, too."

"Eh?"—Mr. Sanders looked over the top of the manuscript at Jeff; the young gentleman's face was imperturbable; he was tapping his right boot with his umbrella. "This is most extraordinary," murmured the editor.

"That is quite my idea of it," observed the other. "I never wrote anything half so good before."

"I was not referring to the manuscript," rejoined Mr. Sanders, blandly; "that is good, no doubt—in its way. But satires are scarcely quite the sort of thing for the *Smellfungus Magazine*."

"I didn't mean it for the *Smellfungus*," cried Jeff.

"Eh? what?"

The editor looked up again, but Jeff was only tapping his other boot.

"This is not for you. This is to go to some magazine that pays.—Pray, don't be angry, my dear sir; I am aware that your magazine is solvent—I mean that it pays its proprietor."

"Now, this is hard," said Mr. Sanders, looking at his book-shelves for sympathy; "for it was I who brought this young man out—correct me, if I am mistaken, Mr. Derwent, but I think I was the first—as editor of the *Smellfungus Magazine*—"

"And proprietor," interrupted Jeff. "That is where the shoe pinches. The literary side of your character is perfection; it is the financial side which is in fault. I have never seen the color of your money."

"So young," murmured Mr. Sanders, "and yet so grasping; this is quite a revelation to me."

"Very good," said Jeff; "I shall make no extra charge on that account; but I must have twenty pounds for the story."

"Youth is sanguine," observed Mr. Sanders; "and likewise full of high spirits. You must be joking."

But Jeff only looked in the fire, and repeated, "Twenty pounds."

"Well, I'll tell you *what*," said Mr. Sanders, clapping his knee, like a man who has resolved to do something regardless of expense—"I'll tell you *what*. In consideration of the two papers I have had for nothing, added to the cost of this story—for there must be no doubt for the future about the market value of such articles—I will give you five pounds. But it must be understood that you give the *Smellfungus* the refusal of your next work, and at the same proportionate price."

"I'll take the five pounds," said Jeff, after a little pause, "on account. Or, look here: pay me ten pounds down, and you shall have the story."

The deft celerity with which Mr. Sanders produced his check-book, filled in a check, and also a receipt upon stamped paper, was quite pleasant to see.

"Short accounts make long friends," said he, cheerfully. "And now, my dear sir, that business is over, let me congratulate you on having permanently joined the staff of the *Smellfungus*. I see before you a great—or at least a considerable future. You have the art—a very rare one—of making dry details palatable; of putting fire into old-world facts. All you want are materials. You must come and dwell in the shadow of the British Museum."

"I live at Islington," observed Jeff, simply.

"Then you must come by the 'bus to Bloomsbury. The British Museum has been bequeathed to you by the nation to furnish you with facts for the *Smellfungus Magazine*."

"Very good," said Jeff. "I will accept the legacy."

"It is wonderful to me how—out at Islington—you can have procured such materials as you have done. However, the whole affair is remarkable; that at your time of life your taste should lead you to grasp these details of the past—"

"So young, so grasping," interrupted Jeff. "Well, I must be off now. Ta-ta."

"Good-by, my young friend, good-by," said Mr. Sanders, impressively. Then softly repeated to himself: "Ta-ta. He said Ta-ta. That lad is a phenomenon. Antiquarianism is a passion with him, and yet how he talks! I wonder whether Chatterton talked like that? He reminds me very much of Chatterton—in some respects."

LOVE, AND BE WISE.

NOT on the word alone
Let love depend;
Neither by actions done
Choose ye the friend.

Let the slow years fly—
These are the test;
Never to peering eye
Opened the breast.

Psyche won hopeless woe,
Reaching to take;
Wait till your lilies grow
Up from the lake.

Gather words patiently,
Harvest the deed;
Let the winged years fly,
Sifting the seed.

Judge ye by harmony,
Judge ye by strife;
Seeking in unity
Precept and life.

Seize the Supernal—
Prometheus dies;
Take the External
On trust—and be wise.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

REMINISCENCES.

(GATHERINGS FROM AN ARTIST'S PORTFOLIO.)

BY JAMES E. FREEMAN.

I.

RECEIVING the appointment of United States consul for Ancona, I had hoped and intended that it should be of some advantage to me in my profession as artist, but it turned out very differently. The condition of Italy at this time (1841) was very shaky. The people were dissatisfied and ready for rebellion, and there was no certainty of what might be the result of an insurrection then momentarily expected.

Whatever might be the result, I supposed that my official position would protect me against molestation. There were no emoluments or profits attached to the consulship; for the twelve years I had the office there was never a cent of fees paid in; and I found the position was a severe drain upon my slender means of support, besides putting me to the expense of a wardrobe and outfit.

I went to Rome, received my *exequatur*, bought a horse (the most vicious devil in the shape of horseflesh I ever saw), and, having sent my baggage on by diligence, rode him in the hot month of July to Ancona, a distance of two hundred miles.

That journey had some singular adventures—too serious to amuse, and not sensational enough to attract the reader's attention—therefore I shall pass it over and get on to my consular post, where, arriving *satis e sano*, I hastened to deliver a letter of introduction to the Marquis Mancinforte. Passing through the lodge which led to his fine palace, I observed over its portals the arms of the United States (the marquis had asked for the appointment of vice-consul from our consul at Rome, as the means of preventing foreign invading troops being billeted upon him. This, he assured me, was his only motive). I found the noble gentleman in bed at three o'clock after mid-day. It was a moderate-sized, narrow room, with a preposterously high ceiling; the walls lined from that to the floor with shelves packed to suffocation with books. They lay in heaps on the floor, in disorderly piles upon chairs and tables, hedging him in on all sides (as he lay bolstered high up) on his bed. The marquis was a passionate lover of literature. He read all night, and slept surrounded by his beloved volumes most of the day. Nothing could exceed the cordiality of the greeting he gave me, save the amount of snuff he thrust up his nose; he insisted upon my taking up my quarters in his palace, and staying there forever if I liked: he took off his night (or rather day) cap, got himself quite unceremoniously into his dressing-gown of many bright colors, and conducted me into the drawing-room to present me to the marchesa. She was a most gracious lady, with a very engaging Bacchante style of face, a charming neck and bust, and then she ap-

peared to melt away, as it were, into long, empty, limbless folds of gauzy drapery, a species of dry-land mermaid. The fact is, to call things by their proper names—the marchesa had no legs; and yet I discovered upon a later acquaintance with her that she rode on horseback, and was enabled to fulfill most of the elegant accomplishments demanded by society save dancing. She was the mother of two pretty girls, and a lady of superior wit and cultivation.

I became the guest of these two singular but amiable people in a grand palace, with a retinue of servants without end, it seemed to me. An immense bedroom was assigned to me with a bed, called by the Italians *letto matrimoniale*. It was big enough of a certainty for man, wife, and a large family. The window of my room overlooked the Adriatic, and the masts of a small fleet of fishing-barks reached up nearly parallel with my lookout. The weather was intensely hot, and the mosquitoes swarmed up from the piscatorial boats and trading-craft of every sort in clouds. I was obliged to leave my window open or suffocate, and the night that I passed in consequence is indescribable. Such a face as I carried to the breakfast-table should have moved the heart of the gentle marchesa, but she made no other remark than that she "hoped I had slept well."

I went that day to deliver a letter of introduction to Mr. George Moore, the British consul for Ancona, and, telling him my grievance in regard to the cursed mosquitoes, he recommended to me a plan to remedy the affliction: "Buy some powder," said he, "as you go home, and burn it in your room just before you get into bed, and you will have no trouble from the pests during the night." He did not state the quantity, and my experience of the article was very limited. I bought half a pound of the material, and about eleven o'clock of the evening I poured a lot of it with—it must be confessed—little discretion upon the beautiful, mosaic floor, laid a train to the door which opened into the great hall, touched my candle to it, and—there followed a report and a shake of the building, which made it tremble from the roof to the foundation. "Good Heavens!" I exclaimed, "what have I done? Nearly blown up the palace by my confounded carelessness and disgusting stupidity!" I bestowed upon myself several not flattering epithets which the "trying occasion" called forth. The density and stench of the smoke were fearful. I was determined, if possible, to confine the secret of my disgraceful experiment to myself. I closed and locked the door which opened into the large hall, opened the windows, and, as soon as I could see, held my light over the spot where the infernal powder had exploded. Merciful powers!

There was a spot of several feet in circumference of the costly floor blackened and ruined! Here was a "pretty kettle of fish." What to do? I took a towel in my desperation, poured some water on the abominable place; in one vigorous rub it was the color of ink. I then seized my night-shirt and scrubbed away like a maniac; it was soon as black as the towel. I was resolved to rub out the terrible witness to my disgrace, cost what it might. I went to my portmanteau; shirt after shirt became victims to the inexhaustible smut; last of all, I added my toilet-soap and a bottle of cologne-water, hoping an alkali might act upon the obstinate ingredients, and sacrificed two or three of my pocket-handkerchiefs in the contest—but the vile stains "would not out." Dead-beat with unsuccessful exertion, I went to bed, leaving the detestable marks to testify against me. That wretched night I suffered a double misery: first, from the stench of the powder; secondly, from the mosquitoes, whom the powder seemed only to inspire with more bloodthirsty intentions.

When I went to breakfast the next morning, the marchesa asked me if I had been disturbed by the *terremoto* (earthquake) late in the evening before. While we were still at the table, one of the upper servants came to announce to her ladyship that the shock had been most sensible in the room of *il signor console*, having damaged a part of the floor, and that there was a strong smell of sulphur in the apartment. I explained the cause of the earthquake to the marchesa, who laughed heartily at my adventure, and that night I found my bed shut in by a good mosquito-net.

I had delivered my proper credentials to the cardinal legate of Ancona, had been invited to a grand dinner—in short, all the honors tendered me (of which all small legations are usually prolific) under the circumstances, and I hoped that I had finished also with all the etiquette necessary to my installment as consul. I was impatient to be again with my pencils. The ceiling of the large hall was decorated by some admirable painter of the sixteenth century. Here I passed most of the hot days making sketches of such figures as pleased me most from the picture above. The heat was excessively oppressive, and, during the time the family took their *siesta* (which was generally several hours), I had the grand room all to myself. One day, taking advantage of this freedom from interruption, I had reduced my costume to my shirt, pantaloons, and slippers, and was lying upon my back, my pigments and brushes scattered about me, trying to copy a part of the splendid fresco on the ceiling. In the midst of my work, a servant came to announce somebody or something, which, I could not quite understand, and, before I could rise and ask further information, a pair of silver shoe-buckles and a pair of red stockings were alongside my head, and I heard:

"*Bravo! il signor console si diverte con la pittura.*"

It was the cardinal legate with a numerous suite, a visit of etiquette which I had not anticipated. I got upon my feet in the most humiliated confusion,

trying to make an apology for my unpresentable appearance in shocking bad Italian. The amiable legate came to my relief, slapped me on the shoulder, and said:

"I am also an amateur of painting, and love it dearly; don't incommode yourself."

I begged him to be seated and allow me to retire a moment and resume my proper garments, but he would not listen to it, pooh-poohed with a pleasant laugh at my discomfiture, signed me a seat beside him, and for half an hour talked about art more like a professional artist than a lofty churchman.

The day after the legate's visit I was again upon my back, busy copying from the ceiling, congratulating myself that I was now done with ceremonious attentions consequent upon being a new consul. While fostering this pleasant thought, and stippling earnestly upon my water-color performance, I was awakened from my dreamy occupation by a band of music in the court under the hall-windows, which struck up furiously the overture to "*Tancredi*." Shortly after in came the swell *maggiordomo*, saying:

"*Sentite, signor console*, the band of the *governatore* has come to play to you."

"What! do you mean to say that it is expressly for me?"

"*Sì, signore*, it is for you especially and no other. It is the custom here to entertain the new consuls in this way."

"Well, Carlo, as you seem familiar with the custom in these matters, perhaps you can tell me what is expected of these newly-arrived consuls for the compliment; am I to go to the window, take off my hat, make them a speech—ask them to drink—or what?"

"Oh, no, *excellenza—una bagatella di regalo*; ten or fifteen *scudi*" (dollars).

"He calls fifteen *scudi*, for a poor fellow like me, a trifle" (I thought to myself). "It is rough, but I must not make a bad figure as the guest of a marquis;" and I depleted my small purse of fifteen round silver pieces, and sent them to the *capo bande*. I tried to console my regrets with the conviction that it was the last attention of the kind with which I should be honored. But alas! just one week after, at the same hour, there was the band again in full blast, and (excuse the pun) I said, "Blast the band!" The steward glided in to invite me to fork out another mere *bagatella*, and another fifteen *scudi* of my little store went. I parted with them with a heart-felt protest, and grew seriously alarmed at these weekly drafts, for a few more such applications would leave me without a *scudo* in my pocket. What should I do to stop the drain upon my badly-provided means? I rushed off to my friend Moore, and told him my dilemma.

"Well, for a Yankee," said he, "you are the greenest fellow I know of. You don't suppose the fifteen *scudi* went to the musicians! Your *maggiordomo* very likely put the most of it in his pocket, and would go on doing so as long as you would stand it. When they come again send them a *scudo*, and you will never be bothered with them after that. They

tried that sort of thing on me when I first came here, but it did not succeed." This time the English consul's prescription for a nuisance worked better than that for getting rid of the mosquitoes. The third concert, costing me but a dollar, was the last.

I had remained in the palace of the hospitable marchese six weeks, when I hired a place for the consular office, appointed a vice-consul, and packed my trunk to go to Florence, where I proposed to make amends by hard study for the time I had lost. I was now in another quandary, about "tipping" the retinue of servants in the grand palace. I had recourse again to her British majesty's consul. Moore said:

"I must tell you frankly, it is the custom in this country, where you are the guest in a nobleman's palace, to be very generous to all the servants. It is a great bore, as I have experienced myself, but I don't see how you can do less than give three or four scudi each."

I grew pale at the intelligence—"three or four scudi each," and there were some fifteen or twenty of them!

"Do you know," said I, "that there is a small regiment of servants in that house?"

"I presume so," said he; "there always is in the establishments of these Italian noblemen, and good-for-nothing hounds most of them are. You are in for it, my boy! The next time you come I advise you to go to an hotel—it is cheaper."

I returned to the palace, emptied my purse (leaving only enough to take me to Florence), kissed the hand of the marchesa, thanking her and her book-loving lord for their kindness, and went to Florence. I have never seen Ancona since.

Arrived at Florence, I took a studio. I here made the acquaintance of Hiram Powers, and formed a warm friendship with him, which was only interrupted by his death. Powers was a very remarkable man, not only in his art—for, had he turned his attention to the physical sciences, mechanics, or natural philosophy, he must, I think, have been distinguished in any of them. Our country should be proud of Powers's genius, if only on account of some of the busts which he executed. I think I am safe in saying that no finer works in that department (a high one) have ever been executed since the unsurpassed Greeks. What a splendid head and face Powers had! What a glorious eye! and to his friends what a delightful companion he was! What a refined sense of humor he had, and what a happy manner of telling a story, of which there were always lots in store! Some of the happiest moments of my life have been those spent with him and his amiable family.

Coming in contact with names like his which are honored by my country, I cannot resist suspending for a moment the trite narrative which concerns myself. A voluntary sense of good-breeding forces me to raise my hat to them, and show them that respect which is due them. Horatio Greenough was the first student in sculpture who came to study his art in Italy, and was still residing in Florence

when I went there. About the same period Cooper, the novelist, Vanderlyn, Allston, Morse, Longfellow, Weir, and Chapman, came there, and may be called the pioneers of literature and art from our land to Italy. Before them, however, West had been to Rome—had been presented to the blind pontiff—who, when the young painter was presented as an American, ran his fingers over his features and asked, "Is he white?"

This little band of art and literature pilgrims saw Italy under very different auspices from the crowd who have followed them. Greenough was a man of most agreeable and amiable manners, and, after years of study, still a thorough student of art. I never think of Greenough but there comes into my memory that absurd story about some fastidious Boston lady, who insisted upon having pantaloons put upon his charming chanting cherubs! I found in Greenough a kind and considerate acquaintance.

I remember dear old Ombrosi, who was recognized by our country as consul for Florence. He was a Tuscan, with a competent income, a bachelor, and proud, above all things, of being our representative as consul. It filled the full measure of his ambition. I doubt if the position was ever filled with more dignity. He was proud of the name of consul for that land of freedom which was his dream of political perfection. Whatever was American had in it a talismanic charm, and he devoted himself to the service of every American citizen who arrived in the beautiful capital of Tuscany, got them all indiscriminately presentations to the grand-duke, advised them *where to live, how to live, what to pay for it*, and stood between them and all impositions. The leading characteristics of the old consul were dignity and self-respect. Poor, dear old gentleman! I saw that over-sensitive dignity painfully humiliated one evening at the Caffè Doney, where he had been for many years a constant *habitué*. Ombrosi was of a portly mien—his cheeks very broad and fat, his forehead extremely small, his ears large, and his nose little short of immense, and which he saddled conspicuously with a pair of gold spectacles. The corners of his stiff, white shirt-collar reached the expanded sides of his nostrils, and, pressing up sharply under the lobes of his ears, looked as if its starched edges contemplated cutting them off. His dress, somewhat of an exploded fashion, was studiously respectable, and his gold-headed cane a conspicuous accessory to his general appearance.

On the evening to which I refer a number of English and American artists had happened into the Caffè Doney (the Caffè Greco of Florence for artists). Among the number were Bowers, and Elmore, an English painter now of note—then a student. We had seated ourselves at a round table all together; one of our party had ordered a bottle of beer; the waiter had brought it, and was trying to extract from it an obstinate cork. He was stooping, with the bottle held firmly between his knees, his left hand grasping its neck, while with his right he was making a desperate effort to draw forth the plug. At that moment the venerable consul, with his measured, old-

fashioned step, approached our table. I arose and introduced him to such of our companions as he did not know. The courtly old gentleman was bending over the waiter in a stately Sir Grandison style to acknowledge the "pleasure of the introduction," when the cork was wrenched out of the infernal bottle with the report of a pistol, and the pent-up liquid followed—the whole contents of the detestable brew bursting upward into the face of our punctilious representative just as his head had reached that declension consistent with his regard for solemn dignity and diplomatic civility. His eyes were blinded with froth and foam, and he stood motionless for an instant, as if petrified, the beer raining from his forehead over his glasses, down his cheeks, and dripping in a little cascade from his gigantic nose. As he appeared thus speechless and half paralyzed by the malicious explosion, we all simultaneously broke into an uncontrollable roar of laughter. His first movement was to lift his gold-headed cane and bring it down on the pate of the *garçon*; then, refusing to allow any one to wipe off the beer, he left the *caffè*, and never went there again. I doubt if he ever forgave the laugh indulged in at his expense.

There were many traits in Ombrosi's character which reminded me of Sterne's Uncle Toby, and many things in his personal appearance which continually brought to my memory Leslie's representation of Uncle Toby, especially the picture of him looking into the eye of the artful Widow Wadman.

Uncle Toby—I mean Signor Ombrosi—got me presented to the grand-duke, which procured for me invitations to the court receptions, balls, and other entertainments, thus giving me an opportunity to air my swell uniform if I chose. I did choose to do so upon an occasion which I will relate. I was only a humble student of art (though, in parenthesis, I may add that I enjoyed the flattering title of National Academician), and, as my means were very restricted, I was obliged to practise the most careful economy. To this end I had taken a studio and lodging together in what was once a convent, near the north-western walls of the town. It was called St. Barnaba—an immense going-to-ruin pile, inclosed by four streets, one of which was called La Via Maccheroni. At No. 3 of this street a small door gave entrance to a dark, unwholesome, tortuous stairs, which led to my studio and sleeping-quarters. It might be called a dreary abode with great truth; such as it was, however, I had hidden myself away there, and gave myself up to patient study and very unluxurious fare. One day in the midst of some very sombre thoughts there came a court servant in showy livery (how he found the place is a marvel) and delivered me an invitation for the grandest ball of the season at the Palazzo Pitti.

I resolved to go. On the eventful evening I took a world of pains to get myself up in my fine uniform, and at ten o'clock my one candle and a looking-glass of four inches by two and a half told me I would do. I looked out of the window to see what the weather was; it was raining, as the Italians say, "*Donne nude e gatti arrabbiati*." What should

I do? What was to become of my varnished shoes—my light trousers with their stripe of gold braid? There was no servant or porter or any one else in the building upon whom I could call to get me a carriage. I waited half an hour, hoping it would hold up, and allow me to reach a coach-stand, but it would not do anything of the kind.

I was determined, all the same, to go to the great ball, cost what it might. I put on my cloak and overshoes, seized my umbrella, and ventured into the street. It was an awful black night. The lamps were almost invisible, and to keep on the narrow sidewalk out of the question. There was not a soul stirring—one to inquire of if I was going wrong. I was, however, lucky enough to take the right turnings for the Piazza Santa Maria Novello, where I hoped to find a cab. Arriving where I supposed the place to be, it was so completely blotted out by the pouring rain and darkness that I got confused, and, instead of crossing, I found myself stumbling up the steps which lead to the church, when I should have been on the other side of the square, where the cabs generally stood. Guided by the landmarks where I had stranded, I took what I thought was the direction of the famous *loggia* opposite; I pushed ahead at random and brought up against something which proved, by feeling it, to be a wheel. "Ho! coachman!" I cried. No reply. I groped my way forward and vociferated still louder, "*Cocchiere!*"

A drowned sound, which might have come out of the ground, or from the inundated air above, responded "*Eccomi!*" Something in a human manner seemed to get down and open the creaking door of the vehicle, and a sepulchral voice asked, "Where, *signore?*"

"The Palazzo Pitti," I responded.

I endeavored to enter the coach. It shook as if it would fall to pieces as I stepped into it; the water was pouring through the roof of it nearly as bad as it was pouring outside. I roared out with all my might, "Stop!" After several attempts I made the coachman hear—he pulled up, and came to the door to ask me what had happened.

"I can't go in this dreadful machine," I said; "I must take another."

"There is no other," he responded in a ghostly voice. "I am the last man!"

"Well, then, go on, and Saint Antonio preserve us!" I added. I raised my umbrella as well as I could to defend myself from the cascades over my head. Not daring to sit down, I crouched and steadied myself as best I could. Heaven only knows how the coachman found his way that inky, fearful night. I could make out nothing until we passed through the gate which leads into the Boboli Gardens, and had turned the north wing of the stately Pitti when a blaze of light, blinding at first from its intensity, illuminated the entrance to the ducal residence. Just before us was the magnificent carriage of the Prince De H—, and the prince with his family descended from it, and ascended the palatial steps between a file of domestics holding burning torches, and then my cab presented itself before the royal portal and

stopped. I saw a strange look of wonder on the faces of the lackeys, and then broad smiles, which threatened outright laughter. I bolted out in haste, observed the number of the hack, and said to the coachman, "Three o'clock!"

It was only when I mounted the stairs, and turned my head back an instant, that I fully became aware of the sort of turnout which had brought me. With the strong light on the other side of it, and the stronger light in front of it, it was certainly the most weird and wretched-looking affair I ever saw in the form of horse and carriage. It was absolutely spectral and uncanny; the horse appeared nearly transparent with meagreness, and glittered unnaturally with water; the carriage an object which might have been reduced to a bundle of rotten sticks by a shake; the coachman a skeleton rigged up in a wet, ragged overcoat; in short, had I believed in phantoms, I might have thought I had been brought to the ball by some weird and supernatural means.

I was no longer surprised at the astonishment depicted upon the faces of the torch-bearers. Never had such a thing been seen before in face of the grand-duke's palace. I mounted the regal stairs with some singularly curious reflections, but it is best not to attempt to describe them—they were not pleasant, I will confess. I was making a pretty figure, but how the — could I help it? I deposited my cloak, galoches, and umbrella, with the *guardaroba*, received my check, was asked my name and title, and through the lofty, noble hall I heard it announced by the first usher, then it went on echoing from one to the others until it reached the drawing-room—"Il Console Americano"—with the broadest Tuscan pronunciation. In another minute I was in the presence of the grand-duke and duchess and the elderly, dwarfed sister of the duke, usually called, with unjustifiable disrespect, "La Gobbeta." I made the best bow I could command, was asked the same question by his *altessa* which he addressed to all other inferior personages, "*De quel pays êtes-vous, monsieur?*" and then I passed into the crowd.

It is wonderful what buttons will do for a fellow. I danced with half a score of distinguished beauties, was introduced to two or three princesses, talked a lot of infamously bad French, flirted five minutes with La Gobbeta herself, and was getting in love with her; handed into the supper-room an old, stout English countess and her diamonds; drank bumpers of the choice champagne; was becoming more gloriously happy every instant; had returned to the ballroom, waltzed, polkaed, and was fast making an agreeable impression in the opinion of a beautiful English girl, and about asking her if she would dance the cotillon with me, when it occurred to me to consult my watch. It was half-past three—half an hour past the time I had fixed with my curious coachman. I had had what we Americans call a "tall time." The grand-duke had spoken to me, his sister smiled upon me; in short, I had achieved a great success in many respects—my ambition gratified, my conceit rampant, and my head not the least bit *Acavier* for the gener-

ous draughts I had imbibed. I took one more lingering look at the proud, gay scene around, and felt, under the seductive influences, that I should like to have staid—*forever*—but the time had come when I must ride home. I tore myself away with a brave effort, hugged my *chapeau* firmly under my arm, walked through the long hall with a well-assumed military tread, and, as I reached the cloak-room, heard the usher cry out, "*Il servo del Console Americano.*"

"My servant!—that's a good joke," I said to myself, and the cockade of my hat. I presented my check, managed to put on my overshoes and cloak without help, but to order my own carriage was more embarrassing. Most of the fine people were departing at the same time that I was, and I did not relish the idea of rushing about the Boboli in a storm to find my extraordinary transport; so I put a piece of gold into the hand of one of the duke's servants, and told him in a whisper to seek No. 699, a one-horse vehicle. I felt wonderfully rich and generous on the occasion. I never remember to have felt so rich before or after as on that delightful evening. I descended gayly the steps, and stood under the portico where half a hundred *grandes* stood awaiting their splendid equipages—the magnificent one of Lord U—had just received its noble incumbents, and was off when my "carriage stopped the way." The first thing I heard was, "O heavens!" from a beautiful English lady with whom I had danced; then I heard a lot of "*Mon Dieu!*" "Did one ever see such!" "*Dio mio!*" and ejaculations of surprise, if not of horror, from many mouths—but there was no time to wait and hear more. I made a plunge down the steps, rushed at the infernal coach, and disappeared inside it as I heard the coachman's demand of "Where, *signore?*" I feared the cursed thing would go to pieces there and then, but I ventured to poke my head outside the door and roar, "*Numero 3, Via Maccheroni!*"

I have a faint recollection that I heard something which sounded like the laugh of many voices as I was driven away. I was in a happy state of mind, and, I presume, laughed in response. Shortly I fell into a state of pleasant dreaminess. I imagined myself at sea; all was water, water; a little fairy figure, with a lovely hump upon its back, was sitting by me, its eyes looked fondly into mine; there was a golden diadem resting upon its lovely, scant gray hairs; it clung confidently to me for affection and protection. Yes, the fascinating Gobbeta had fled from the fraternal roof, and was flying with me, and we were to be married to-morrow; and who knew how soon I might be declared Grand-duke of Tuscany! I was awakened out of this delightful dream by a sudden jerk and a sense of wetness pervading every part of me. We were before the door of No. 3, Via Maccheroni. Another precious gold-piece absconded from my scanty purse, and I crept up the dark stairs to my studio and bedroom, knocked over my easel in searching for a box of matches, threw down a picture, lighted my feeble candle, and sat down, sobered, to muse upon two pictures—that of the gor-

geous palace where I was a moment (as it seemed) before, and the lone, drear, unfurnished, musty, monk-haunted place I called my studio and lodging.

One little incident more will be enough to indicate what profit I derived from my consular appointment. I had returned to Rome, and had given myself up body and mind to my art. Every once a month there came reports from my agent or vice-consul, with formal wax-seals and our arms impressed upon them, costing me double the postage that it costs me at present to send a letter to America. These reports contained the same intelligence, in the same stereotyped language: "I have the honor to inform you that no American citizen has presented himself at this consulate, and no American vessel has appeared in this port, since my last report." My own reports went to the department with a black line drawn diagonally from one corner to the other of the sheet through the divided spaces where there were headings for registering all that referred to the business of a seaport consulate. After seven or eight years of this *blank* reporting, one winter, when few of our countrymen had come to Rome, and those who had come expended little or nothing for pictures—I had not during the season sold a single work, and had no hope of doing so, with the prospect of a long summer staring me in the face before another winter might bring other of my compatriots to Rome, and I was already very much pinched for money—there came a report from my agent with a

more than ordinary heavy and pretentious seal upon it. I opened the document, and it read thus:

"SIR: I have the honor to inform you that the sloop-of-war *Preble* came into this port three days since. As soon as I was informed of the circumstance, I immediately hired a proper boat and oarsmen, and placed the United States flag in the prow of it, and went out to the vessel. I was saluted with four guns and invited on board, where I partook of a splendid collation. After these honors and civilities, I could not do less than invite the officers on shore, asking them to a dinner at the Hotel della Posta. The repast was magnificent, and went off charmingly; we were all very merry and social, and kept it up till late in the evening. I flatter myself that I discharged the duties which devolved upon me with credit, and did honor to the position which you have placed me in, and shall have your approval. Herewith I inclose you the bill of expenses, which I must beg you to pay by return of post through Welby Brothers."

THE BILL.

For boat and oarsmen.....	10 scudi.
For the dinner.....	60 "
For champagne.....	15 "
Total.....	85 "

Eighty-five dollars! It looked a mighty sum with my present means and discouraging hopes; still I felt that I must pay it at once. I paid it; but the draft upon me left me nearly without a sou in my pocket. Thank Heaven, no other American vessel-of-war ever came into the port of Ancona while I was consul!

A SHAKESPEAREAN STUDY.

BY GEORGE LUNT.

"Aroint thee, witch!" the rump-fed ronyon cries."—MACBETH, *Act I., Scene 3.*

NO word in all Shakespeare's writings has given so much trouble to commentators as this expression "aroint!" They have never been able to discover any plausible explanation of its origin or propriety. As often happens, perhaps they look too far to find a meaning which might present itself close at hand. It is said that Mr. J. P. Collier, whose conjectural emendations of the poet's text are generally unpoetical enough, and often seem to me to confuse and distort passages which to a person of poetical sympathies need no gloss whatever, professes to know the real interpretation of the mysterious word, but refuses to disclose it. What a tremendous secret this is to carry out of the literary world with him to those Elysian fields in which the ghost of Shakespeare must reproach him for declining to enlighten an anxious public upon a point so obscure and yet so important!

There are two theories, however, which may tend to relieve Mr. Collier of the immense responsibility he has assumed. It cannot be rationally imagined that Shakespeare invented this word, or that he had not a definite idea in his mind of the meaning and propriety of the language he intended to produce

upon the stage. In order to approach the subject with due reverence, let me remark that it was the indispensable practice of witches in former times to besmear themselves with some sort of oleaginous preparation before taking their nocturnal flights. This necessary preliminary to aerial expeditions was called "anointing," or, in the more familiar and perhaps more correct phraseology of those days, "ointing," from the French verb *oindre*. The effect of this magical application was to produce such a porosity or lightness of the physical system that they could mount and fly like a bird, or, if any external instrumentality was required, even a broomstick, as is well known, was a sufficient steed for a jaunt through the air.¹

Now, it seems to require no great stretch of in-

¹ "They" (witches) "could fly in the air, when they would, on a broomstick or a fern-stalk."—Thornbury's "Shakespeare's England," ii., 174.

"Satan taught them to strangle unbaptized children, or steal them from their graves and boil the flesh; of the fat they made ointment, which, when rubbed on their bodies, enabled them to fly in the air."—*Id.*

Both passages apparently taken from King James's "Demonologie."

genuity to conceive that, in that period of not always very decipherable manuscript, and especially when we know that Shakespeare did not take the trouble to correct his plays for the press, a single letter in the word in question may have become substituted for another; so that "aroint" may have originally read *anoint*—such a transformation in the case of the two letters referred to being one so easily made. The sailor's wife has but few words to say, and, taken by surprise, we may imagine that, instead of simply crying, "Be off!" or "Get you gone!" she reverts, by association of ideas, to that practice familiarly known among the vulgar, which she has always understood must precede the supernatural flight of such an old woman as presented herself, and hence in her haste exclaimed, "Anoint thee, witch!" equivalent to "fly away."

Or, on the other hand, this marine lady, approached suddenly and addressed thus abruptly by the witch with "'Give me!' quoth I," might naturally use an exclamation in her surprise, and cry out, "Ah, oint thee, witch!" which, by a not at all uncommon mode of pronunciation among certain classes, when the "Ah" is followed by a vowel, as if it were *ay*, might readily run into "Aroint thee, witch!" on the stage, and be so written down in the various manuscript copies of the play, before it was at length printed. Thus, with some of our countrymen, and perhaps English people, too, *law* becomes *lor*, or *lor-r*. These suggestions may serve as giving at least an intelligible explanation to a word, the derivation of which has escaped the researches of all critics, though its meaning is so obvious, and which, if existing even only among the lower classes so lately as in Shakespeare's time, I can scarcely imagine to have been totally lost, or to have been used only by himself.

In illustration of the ceremony preparatory to a midnight excursion, to which I have referred, I would call the reader's attention to "The Witch," a drama by Middleton, a contemporary of Shakespeare, who survived the great poet eleven years, and who probably wrote his play after "Macbeth" had been produced. The following passage may be found quoted in "Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature," vol. i., page 214:

Enter HECATE, STADLIN, HOPPO, and other witches.

Stad. Here's a fine evening, Hecate.

Hec. Ay, is it not, wenches,

To take a journey of five thousand miles?

Are you furnished?

Have you your ointments?

Stad. All.

Hec. Prepare to flight, then;

I'll overtake you swiftly, etc.

The word in question occurs also, in its application to witches, in "King Lear," the only two instances known of its appearance in English literature, as follows:

"Saint Withold footed thine the wold;
He met the night-mare and her nine fold;
Bid her alight
And her troth plight,
And aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!"

Now, here, too, we gain a certain illustration of the theory I am endeavoring to maintain. It is evident that the witch was mounted in some way when accosted by the holy man, bidding her "alight;" and probably, by exacting her troth-plight, enjoining her to commit no further mischief on that journey. Having thus restrained her, so far as a witch's pledge was good for anything, he desires no more of her company, but sends her away with, "Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!" for the renewal of which operation, after alighting, in "a journey of five thousand miles" or less, witches must be supposed to have taken a suitable supply of ointment with them.

In Mr. Grant White's note on this word, in "Macbeth," he quotes "Rynt thee, witch, quoth Bess Locket to her mother," as a north of England folksaying. But this very form of the expression may be thought, upon consideration, rather to confirm than to militate against the suggestions I have made; for the word "rynt," pronounced, doubtless, with the *y* long, has no more apparent meaning than "aroint," and, in its present shape, furnishes us with no real elucidation of the subject. But all persons familiar with old-fashioned New England pronunciation of words, brought over by its original settlers, not long subsequent to the production of "Macbeth" (1610-1620), know that "oint" was pronounced *ynt* or *inte*, a manner of speaking which I have myself heard, years ago, used by elderly dames in applying a certain preparation to the skin of youngsters, for a disorder once thought specially prevalent in Scotland, but which, I believe, has become far less frequent there and elsewhere, under the influence of improved sanitary conditions of life. In Shakespeare's day, undoubtedly, "anoint" and "oint" would be pronounced *anynt* and *ynt*, just as in modern Greece, and perhaps in ancient Greece also (though I hope not), *πολυφλοιβοιο θαλασσης* is pronounced, not as we learned it at school, but as if written *πολυφλησθη θαλασσης*.¹

In regard to the interjection "Ah!" it is defined simply in "Barclay's English Dictionary" (London, 1792) as "a word made use of to denote some sudden dislike, and occasioned by the apprehension of evil consequences"—just as the sailor's wife employed it; though we know that it is also often used, for instance, to enforce an appeal. The exclamation "Rynt," so irreverently applied by Miss Locket to her mother, may have been properly "Ah, ynt," easily converted, in Norfolk County usage, into "Arrynt," and hence, by contraction, into "Rynt."

Now, as a striking example of the facility with which very sagacious critics may sometimes fail in explaining words, a curious instance occurs in one of the notes to "Marmion." Sir Walter Scott quotes a passage from the works of Sir David Lindsay, in which, recounting his attention to King James V., in his infancy, he says:

¹ So in many old-fashioned parts of New England, and I presume elsewhere, joint is pronounced *yint*, point, *yint*, etc.

"The first syllable that thou did mute
Was *pa, da, lyn*, upon the lute;
Then played I twenty springs perquir,
Whilk was great plesour for to hear."

And Sir Walter singularly remarks that "any old woman in Scotland will bear witness that *pa, da, lyn*,

are the first efforts of a child to say, "Where's David Lindesay?" But it is evident that this is a mistake, since David Lindesay was, in fact, present, and the child was addressing him, and by *pa, da, lyn*, meant "*Play, David Lindesay*," a request with which he immediately complied, as he says, "Then played I," etc.

ON THE BORDER.

BY CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON.

ESTHER, O Esther, say where are we riding?
Turn, for your head is not withe-bound like mine;
The grass of the prairie seems gliding, green gliding
Away like long serpents beyond the straight line
The horse's hoofs keep; is his head to the westward?

I see but his feet. Oh, listen, and hear
The very grass growing, the very air glowing,
For John may be riding hard, hard in our rear—

After us, after us, swift as the wind is
Over the plains.—Yes—the children had gone
Away to a neighbor's—the wealth of the Indies
I'd give just to know they are safe!—They have
drawn

This withe-ing so tight that my wrists are all bleed-
ing—

'Tis nothing; don't turn, but keep listening, dear.
Is naught coming after? That horrible laughter—
The red-skins are laughing! O Esther, the fear

Is numbing my heart—for you see that fierce old one,
The chief on the right with the scalps at his belt,
Such a look he just gave us! I felt the swift cold run
All over my body—though icebergs might melt
Beneath this red sun, the sun of the prairies.

Don't cry, dear; the red-skins won't stand it. Thank
God,

My baby! I cried so when poor baby died—oh,
Now I am glad he is under the sod,

In his green little grave in the garden. The others
Had gone to a neighbor's.—Oh, what will John say
When he finds the house empty, no voice but poor
mother's—

Poor bedridden mother—to answer? Oh, pray—
Pray, Esther, pray, as we ride, that he may not
Come after *alone* in his rage; for if one—
One of us, Esther, must die, it were best for
The children—oh, yes, dear—it should not be John.

But may be he'll rally the neighbors—I pray it;
They're five, and I'd stake them as easy as not
'Gainst fifty Comanches! And then, though I say it,
There's no aim like John's. But, dear heart! I for-
got—

They'll use us for cover—they'll put us between them
To keep off the bullets—our bodies for shield—
E'en that than their revels is better, though—; devils!
Yes, devils of red-skins! 'Twas never revealed

Why God made the Injuns; a wild-cat is kinder,
A grizly more human.—Say, dear, do you think
The children are safe?—My eyes have grown blinder,
I'm tied so, head downward; it's over the brink
Of a red gulf I hang—but don't mind me; keep dropping
Those small bits of cloth when the redskins don't
watch;

All gone? Then my hair here—keep dropping it where,
dear,
You think on the tall grass its curled ends might catch,

And hang; for John knows it—knows every hair of it.
Poor, dear, old John—how proud did I feel
When he said it was pretty! I took such good care of it
After, and now the poor curls may reveal
That we have been here. Can you catch at the grasses?
If we could but bend them! The prairie's so wide—
The horses leap over broad spaces.—They cover
Our track, dear. They're stopping—they've seen us!
they hide

All signs of our passing; their swift, crafty fingers
Bend back our bent grasses! O God! is there no
Hope for us, hope for us?—How the day lingers!—
Seems though the sun was unwilling to go,
And leave us here galloping over the prairie
Alone with the devilish Comanches! My heart
Is breaking, dear, breaking—Is that the ground shaking
Behind us, or only my pulses?—They start,

They wheel to the south—I feel the horse turning—
That old chief is startled—I see him look back—
Why, dear, there's life in you yet—you are burning—
One look, for God's sake, only one! It's the track—
The track, that's the thing—can they find it, or keep it?
The prairie's so blinding—You see them? What? On
The left, the oak-opening? There? But the hope may
bring
But swifter death—God! we're saved!—John! O
John!

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE have at Philadelphia the vast exhibit of our art of doing. Were it practicable to place by its side a display of all those things in which we show our art of *not* doing, the Exposition would greatly multiply its lessons and enhance its usefulness.

This art of not doing, or of leaving undone the thing most essential to secure the end specially desired, is manifest in a thousand minor matters, and in some important ones. To enumerate a tenth of them would require too much space, and only be irksome to the reader; and, in truth, the art—if we may be permitted to continue this application of a term the essential meaning of which is skillful performance—the art of not doing is something that commonly every man observes differently, and our bill of complaint, therefore, would be likely to leave unmentioned many particular grievances of our readers. But if we suppose that an organized record of our social, industrial, and political deficiencies is to be set “cheek by jowl” to the Centennial Fair, we may be permitted to make our contribution to the depressing, perhaps, but still salutary exhibit; and, as we write this in torrid midsummer, with the mercury of the thermometer scaling the tube to unprecedented heights, our accusations shall be confined to those things that at this season peculiarly concern the public felicity.

The American river-steamboat is one of the things which we proudly point to as an illustration of the native art of doing. We must all admit that it is majestic in size and sumptuous in its fittings, and for night-travel can be bettered probably in its best examples very little. But let us sail up the Hudson on a hot summer's day in one of the boats specially built for pleasure daylight travel. We find it excessively thronged with a motley crowd of summer tourists—of those with many *impedimenta*, lying to Niagara, Saratoga, or the Catskill Mountains, and those merely devoting a day to the pleasure of a sail on this famous river. The trains that whirl along the iron track on the shore accomplish the distance much more expeditiously; hence it is safe to infer that the passengers have chosen the boat either because it was supposed to afford superior comfort, or a view of the picturesque shores of the river was desired. Let us see with what result. The boat is built very nearly after the model of the night-boats. That it is to be employed almost exclusively for summer pleasure-travel does not seem to have entered the brain of its builder. The day being excessively warm, as our July and August days so generally are, the traveler naturally desires a situation in which he can enjoy the breeze created by the motion of the vessel, and, at the same time, watch the superb shores between which it is passing. He soon discovers he cannot do so. The only place from which the river can be fairly seen, and the only place where there is the least breeze, is on the small upper forward deck—big enough to accommodate perhaps a hundred people, and lying unprotected in the direct rays of the July sun! It is

more comfortable, he discovers, provided he can find a place to squeeze into, to sit here under an umbrella, for the sake of the breeze, hot as the sun is, than to go elsewhere—and nowhere else can he obtain more than unsatisfactory glances at the shores. This, he soon feels, is the very mockery of summer pleasure-travel; it is a burlesque, he angrily reflects, of every right idea of a summer day-boat upon one of the most-traveled water-ways of the world. The traveler wonders, as a remedy easy at hand, why this deck is not extended forward to the bow as in night-boats, and surmounted by a high awning. This slight change would enlarge the accommodation somewhat, and enhance the comfort of the few gathered there; but, as the larger proportion of the passengers would still be defeated of the very end for which the steamer-journey is made, it is obvious that a radical remedy is needed. There should be an open but covered deck from stem to stern, over which the breeze could sweep without obstruction, and where the passengers could sit and obtain wide and ample views of the river. For lack of this kind of accommodation, the boats, on certain hot days this summer, have carried up and down the river crowds of half-suffocated and suffering persons, who have been arbitrarily deprived of all the felicity they had a right to expect. The art of not doing—of failing to adjust means to desired ends—could scarcely have better illustration. When one sails down the Rhine his boat is small, the style is simple, the accommodations indifferent; but he can at least see the river; he can accomplish the special purpose of his journey; but of those who ascend or descend the Hudson more than half are shut up in cabins, or crowded upon low-covered decks which afford but half-glances at the shores.

This dull perception of the conditions that should pertain to pleasure-travel is manifest in other things. The tourist who would fain fortify himself against the necessary petty annoyances of his journey by a good dinner is denied the opportunity to do so. He may obtain, it is true, a poorly-cooked and worse-served meal in the dark, close, and most uncomfortable lower cabin of the boat; but, if he is of an imaginative or a speculative cast of mind, he muses upon what might be. He thinks of the upper deck of the vessel, now an empty desert of painted metal scorched by the sun, and imagines himself there under an ample awning enjoying a well-served dinner, watching, as he tastes his delicate viands, the pleasant shores go by, and feeling upon his brow the cooling breeze from the water. Here might be delight for the eye, refreshment for the body, and serene comfort for the whole being, all because of the exercise of a little of the art of doing. How different is the real picture! In a subterranean—well, no! not exactly subterranean, but an under-deck cabin with a decided subterranean suggestiveness about it—here, in semi-darkness and a suffocating atmosphere, amid babble, confusion,

discomfort of all kinds, a hurried meal is snatched, cooked and served by men who have not the slightest idea of the aesthetics of the dinner-table, who really imagine that the pure and simple purpose of hungry people is to be fed, no matter how, no matter with what.

These are some of the daily experiences of the Hudson River traveler. What an opportunity is here for Yankee skill and genius in the construction of a boat that shall be adapted to its purpose! What an opportunity for men of knowledge to make, by the art of doing, a sail up the Hudson a thing of delight, something that men would come from afar to enjoy!

We cannot consent to stop here without further enumeration of the art of not doing as it exists all around us. When the summer tourist has landed from the steamer it is possible that a coach waits to convey him to his rural destination. Here again is manifest the dull imagination, the incapacity to understand that which the traveler desires. He leaves the town for out-of-doors, for new scenes, fresh air, and the animation of movement. In the steamer he is shut up in a cabin, in the stage-coach he is offered another close apartment, stuffy, suffocating, dusty, hot, while he longs for the breezy spaces on the roof. There are, it is true, a few seats aloft, but so few for the number of passengers that they are hotly contested for, and a majority must perforce be driven into the dreary recesses of the vehicle. How is it that Yankee ingenuity has not remedied this? If we cannot invent a coach adapted for summer-travel, we might at least have the grace to borrow good ideas from other people. Some of the people who build stage-coaches must have traveled over the Swiss mountains in a *diligence*, and noted how in these vehicles all the passengers have seats on the ample roof, the luggage being thrust into the space where here the unhappy passenger is "cribbed, cabined, and confined." It is a tedious five hours' journey in the coach from Catskill village to the Mountain House. It might be converted into a pleasant and stimulating ride—for the progress is through a beautiful country and up fine mountain-roads—if the method of locomotion were adjusted to the requirements and comforts of the travelers.

The art of not doing pursues the summer wanderer at every step. The hotels are nominally conducted for the convenience of the guests, but they are actually administered according to the narrow, ignorant, or selfish purposes of the proprietors. Of the bad cooking and bad service at these places so much has been said that we refrain; but, assuredly, so simple a thing as rightly selecting the hour for dinner might be expected. This in many places is between two and four o'clock—just the time when many of the guests are off angling, or boating, or upon excursions to the mountain-passes, or on rambles through the forest, all of whom return toward sundown with appetites well whetted for dinner, to find nothing better for tired nature than a meal consisting of a dismal array of chipped beef, sour berries, and a thin liquid known as tea. Indisputably, a lunch-

eon should be served at noon for those who may wish it, and dinner for the hungry majority at six or seven o'clock; or, which would be much better, there should be a daily *table d'hôte* at about six, and a coffee-room in which a guest may have served him at any hour of the day the dishes he selects. This is the only rational way; our American method is the stupid adherence to a custom the original motive for which has long been outlived; and were our caterers really *en rapport* with their guests, did they attempt to understand the art of doing (other than the art of extortion), there would soon be a complete revolution in the methods of the dining-room at all the resorts. If these matters are declared to be little things, it is in little things that the art of doing contributes essentially to our comfort: large evils are vehemently assailed until they are overcome; minor annoyances are often borne because it is a greater tax on one's energies to combat than to endure them.

We have one more illustration of significant not doing, and then will close our bill of complaint. During the severe heat and prolonged drought of July the grass in all our city parks was woefully scorched. It had scarcely a semblance of its grateful native green. In the midst of these—we were about to say *green* inclosures, but this would be a mockery indeed—fountains continually play, the waste waters of which flow off into the sewers. Here, then, right in the midst of the parched grass, are the very means to remedy the effects of the drought—means flowing away to waste. Assuredly it would be a small tax on engineering skill to divert this abundant water upon the grass-plats, thereby keeping them perennially green. If the skill of the park-keepers is unequal to the invention of anything for the purpose, those obtuse persons could at least borrow the simple device of the Paris park-gardeners—a long, perforated hose, stretched upon small horses with casters, which are thus easily shifted from place to place. The water forced through the perforations pours a shower upon the eager grass; and by the occasional shifting of the hose a large surface can in the course of a day be covered. The grass in our parks is dying for water; the water is there flowing away unused; how promptly a competent art of doing would bring this wasted abundance to this sore need!

There is no method by which negatives can be exhibited: if there were, an exposition of things not done would rival in interest and exceed in usefulness, however much it might lack in conditions of vainglory, the best display of arts accomplished that we could make.

AMONG the host of misleading maxims which, sounding well, and having got credit by reason of their containing a grain of truth, have gained currency in the world, not the least erroneous is the one which tells us that "no man is a hero to his valet." The insinuation is, that men, appearing abroad in society and among their fellows, are so many bundles of pretense; that they pad and rouge their manners and professions, as it were, so as to appear what they are not; and that when, at night,

they retire to their chambers, the padding is loosened, the rouge is washed off, and the valet sees his master in all his naked littleness and wrinkles. In truth, every true man is a hero to his valet; not only to the visible and paid valet who does his toilet for him, but to those attending spirits who are said to watch over each of us, and may be called the valets of our spiritual existence. It is only the hypocrite and the pretender who exposes to his valet a second and inferior nature in the familiarity of the dishabille.

We know well, for instance, that the great Napoleon, with his many wickednesses and frailties, was a hero to his valets one and all. At least old Count Marchaud, who died recently in Paris, would have told us that the emperor was a man to be regarded as heroic, whether he stood in imperial regalia above his cohorts on the Champ de Mars, or whether he wandered, with his broad-brimmed hat and loose, homely sack, through the solitary valley of St. Helena. Old Count Marchaud had seen Napoleon in both guises; had, indeed, aided him to assume his robes of velvet and ermine, and had also assisted him to put on the plain garments of his island prison. Marchaud was the last survivor of those who were engaged familiarly about the ex-emperor's person, and probably the last who saw that stormy spirit pass from the world amid whirlwind, thunder, and lightning. He succeeded Constant as Napoleon's valet—Constant, whose name seems a standing satire on his historic inconstancy. For Constant was faithful to Napoleon just so long as Napoleon was powerful; and deserted him, and went over to be petted, then neglected, and left to die, by his enemies, after Waterloo.

It was Marchaud's boast that in Napoleon's humiliation and helplessness he clung to him the closer. No one could have known the "Corsican ogre" more familiarly; for he pulled off his boots, buckled his cravat, gartered his hose, lathered his face for shaving, kept his own Marseilles waistcoat full of snuff wherewith to help Napoleon when he needed that stimulant, held his coat for him to put on, and handed to him his sword and hat. Had Marchaud only affected a little of the man of letters, had he been a humbler Boswell, and jotted down what he heard Napoleon say and saw him do, what an interesting chronicle, more minute and more vivid than O'Meara's or Las Cases's, it would have been!

We like to dwell on such a character as old Marchaud; he represents an almost extinct era of devoted and self-sacrificing servitors of greatness. So entire, indeed, was his devotedness, that Napoleon speaks of him in his will as his "friend," and shows that he means it by leaving the worthy valet the goodly sum of eighty thousand dollars. There was no more pleasant gentleman to talk with living in Paris in our days than Count Marchaud. Happily he had no crutch to shoulder; he was a hale, hearty, happy old man; but he loved to fight over again the battles between Napoleon and Sir Hudson Lowe, and to describe with simple eloquence the grand qualities of "le maître." Napoleon told Marchaud to marry a widow or daughter of a soldier of the Old Guard; and

the faithful fellow hurried to France to obey the injunction as eagerly as if the unknown bride were already his dearest love. The title of count Marchaud got from Louis Philippe, who had a generous way of treating Napoleon's memory, which was an example for later French politicians to follow. Indeed, there are few characters of the Napoleonic times better worth honoring than this good old servant, whose title was a tribute to a sort of humble chivalry that is going out of fashion; and who so stoutly stood by the heroism of the man to whom he was valet.

CAN it be possible, as is very lugubriously alleged by an English paper, that people are getting weary of the "old masters?" Is Raphael, after a fame of four centuries, doomed to lapse into obscurity, outshone by the gorgeous canvases of the half-crazy Turner? Is Ruskin bringing the artistic world around to the belief that Michael Angelo was only "a professor of gymnastics?" Is the cynic who speaks of Murillo's cherubs as "podgy," of Rubens's nymphs as "red and portly," of Raphael's female saints as having "cricks in their necks," who contemptuously alludes to Poussin's "Silenuses" on their "eternal donkeys," and sneers at the red hair of Titian's beauties, to be enthroned as an authority? It would certainly seem to be the case in England, at least if we may judge from the results of some of the recent London picture-sales. Verily the spirit of skepticism is waxing alarmingly, if all the mediæval heroes of the canvas are to be thrown from their pedestals!

Lord Malmesbury is known as a connoisseur of great skill and large experience. His authority, which is not beyond question in politics, is certainly considerable in the world of art. No one could doubt that, when Lord Malmesbury vouched for the genuineness of an old master, it might safely be accepted as such. Yet at the sale of Lord Malmesbury's own collection, gathered by him with diligence and without regard to expense, through many years, the old masters were incontinently discredited by the prices which were offered and taken for them. We are told that Titian's "Danaë," a picture well known to persons learned in historic art, which once belonged, moreover, to no less a judge than Count d'Orsay, was actually knocked down for a matter of seventy-six dollars and twelve cents! One of Murillo's "podgy" heads fetched a little over a hundred. Worse yet, Titian's picture of "Tarquin and Lucrece," once the property of Charles I., regarded as in the great master's best style, and the genuineness of which does not seem open to question, only brought its noble owner a little over two hundred dollars! On the other hand, works of masters far inferior, certainly, to Titian or Murillo, commanded prices far more gratifying to the owner's pocket, if not so agreeable to his æsthetic taste. A Giorgione, for example, was readily purchased for over eighteen hundred dollars, while a Hobbema—to how many of our connoisseurs is this name familiar?—brought a round fifty-five hundred. The pictures annually marked "for sale" in the Royal Exhibition, many by artists whose names and

fame are just budding, for the most part bring better prices than did the Titians and Murillos which Lord Malmesbury offered an incredulous and unsympathetic public; and there is no doubt that a fair Turner would have called out four or five times as much on the first bid.

Has Mr. Ruskin really talked the English lovers of art out of their veneration for the old masters? Or have they only temporarily gone out of fashion amid the pro-

fusion of artistic products which is now being lavished on the English? Or is it that so many well-executed frauds have lately been exposed? We prefer either of the latter two suppositions to the suspicion that the old masters are actually going out of date, and are destined ere long to be relegated to the darkest corners and worst lights of the fashionable London galleries, while the latter schools take their places and filch their admiration.

New Books.

SOME RECENT NOVELS.

PERHAPS as difficult a task as any to which a critic could address himself would be to deal satisfactorily with one of George Eliot's novels in a brief paragraph or two. Whatever their merits or defects, they utterly refuse to yield their characteristics to the easy definitions and commonplace phrases which ordinary novels almost inevitably call to mind. Even in a long article the critic usually finds himself unable to do more than survey her work on different sides, and develop some few of its infinitely varied suggestions; and when his task is finished he will almost certainly find himself in doubt whether the points of view selected are most favorable to an accurate view, or the ideas insisted upon those which most thoroughly elucidate the author's purpose. The truth is, that George Eliot's survey of human life is at once broader and deeper than that of any other writer who has chosen the novel as a medium of expression. Ostensibly she aims at the same objects and uses the same machinery as fiction-writers in general; but the range of her vision is never confined to the group of individuals who "play their antics in the wide arena of her imagination"—extending beyond these to the larger life of the race, the destiny of mankind, the complex interactions of the social forces, the philosophy of mind, of religion, of the arts, and of scientific tendency. The reader finds himself confronted around the whole circle of his knowledge, however comprehensive it may be, and oftentimes he would experience a difficulty in deciding in what department of the philosophy of life the studies through which she leads him are most fruitful.

This is especially the case with "Daniel Deronda."¹ It is the best constructed of George Eliot's novels—being a work of art in comparison with the discursive inconsequence and cumbrous machinery of "Middlemarch;" but, while it concentrates the attention upon persons not unmanageable in numbers, and having a genuine dramatic relation to each other, it is also more comprehensive in intellectual scope, and more searching and subtle in its psychological analyses, departs more widely from the lines of a mere story, than any other of her works. The author—and this has always been a vice of George Eliot's art—maintains herself more constantly and prominently on the stage of events than ever before, making no pretense of disguising the fact that she is the *deus ex machina*; and her somewhat awful personality completely overshadows her characters—dwarfing even Gwendolen and Deronda to something like insignificance before her serene conviction of the comparative pettiness of all human creatures, her own creations included. This aggressive self-assertion on the part of the author is per-

haps the worst fault of "Daniel Deronda" from an artistic point of view. Her own mental atmosphere is so rarefied that, aware that she cannot maintain her characters in it without at the same time sundering the strongest chords of human interest, she paints them with a certain fine scorn, all the more penetrative because it is not only unconscious but resisted with continuous and watchful care. Few intellects, without the stimulus of keen sympathy, could devote themselves to constructing in such wonderful detail the mental processes which furnish the main currents of the story—delineating with such tireless precision the chemistry of causes and the complex reaction of effects; yet behind the panorama in which we are shown the revenges which the whirligig of time brought upon Gwendolen, the inspiring combination of lofty ideals and noble deeds in Deronda, and the exalted enthusiasm of Mordecai, we are conscious of a presence contemplating the scene from the point of view of one who has thoroughly realized that we—the wisest and best of mankind, as well as the most ignoble—

"... are such stuff as dreams are made of,
And our little lives are rounded with a sleep."

It is a curious illustration of the author's preference for psychological analysis over dramatic characterization, and of her tendency to estimate the importance of her characters by the opportunity which they afford her for exercising this faculty, that she has given the book the name which it bears. Whatever the permanent place which "Daniel Deronda" may secure for itself in literature, it is certain that the greater part of its enduring fame and nearly all its present attractiveness will depend upon the character of Gwendolen Harleth. The most loyal reader finds it hard to detach his mind from her person and fortunes sufficiently to share his suffrages in equal degree with either Deronda, or Mirah, or Mordecai, and probably no one has escaped the feeling that the episodes in which the latter exclusively appear are a dog upon the real interest of the story; yet the author is evidently sincere in her conviction that Gwendolen is on the whole a subordinate figure, and that Deronda, in whose person converge the two parallel movements of the drama, is the one upon whom the attention is naturally and inevitably concentrated. Not only so, but it is clear that she also regards the obverse of the side which Deronda presents to Gwendolen as properly his most interesting side; and it must be confessed that if supremely powerful writing could suffice, the chapters which she devotes to the so-called Jewish episodes would easily compel our allegiance.

Writing as we do without having had the opportunity of reading the latter portion of the story, it would be premature to say more about the plot of "Daniel Deronda"

¹ Daniel Deronda. By George Eliot. In Two Volumes. Vol. I. New York: Harper & Brothers.

than we have already said: that it is more compact in construction and more artistically managed than any other of George Eliot's novels—except, perhaps, "Silas Marner." The character-drawing, too, is at once more elaborate and more delicate than in any previous work; and her style has acquired, if possible, an added force, grace, and precision. Nevertheless, the literary result is somehow less satisfactory than in the earlier and simpler tales. The reason for this is elusive, and we cannot follow those who find it in the superabundance of learning, which shows a tendency here and there to degenerate into pedantry. We attribute it rather to the greater extent to which the author has yielded to the disposition which she has manifested from the beginning of her career to substitute analysis for delineation. Throughout the present story she seems to be laying bare the processes of thought by which she constructed her characters, rather than placing before us the completed product. Her method, now become habitual, of dwelling upon the *motifs*, explaining in minute detail all the complicated motives and influences entering into a given act, is very fine as psychological analysis, but it is sadly deficient in dramatic power.

We could hardly bestow higher praise upon "The Atonement of Leam Dundas" than to say that, even taking it up after "Daniel Deronda," it seems to be bestowing scanty justice upon its merits to dismiss it in a single brief paragraph. No comparison, of course, could be instituted between George Eliot and Mrs. Lynn Linton which would not be greatly to the latter's disadvantage. Mrs. Linton has so long played the rôle of social satirist that it evidently costs her considerable effort and constant watchfulness to change her view-point, and she is sadly wanting in that "intellectual seriousness" which Matthew Arnold regards as the mark of the superior mind looking out upon life, and which is almost oppressive in George Eliot's work; but she has prepared herself carefully for her vocation, she grapples with the elementary facts of human nature, and is not content either to shun its surface or to grope amid its obscure and unwholesome recesses. She possesses strong powers of characterization, and she wields a pen of remarkable skill and grace. "The Atonement of Leam Dundas" is a novel so good in many ways that it is difficult to say in precisely what respect it fails of being first rate. Its story is so persistently tragical and melancholy that its effect could never have been otherwise than painful, and to this extent the art is defective, for the burden of the main plot is in no wise relieved by the agreeableness of the minor incidents or the nobleness of the characters. There is not a single personage in the story, from the rector down to little "Fina," whom we respect on intellectual grounds or esteem on moral; and where all are so contemptible we rather resent the excess of conscientiousness and sensibility with which the author endows Leam merely to increase her capacity for suffering. The *motif* of the book is substantially the same as that of Hawthorne's "Marble Faun"—namely, the disciplinary influence of crime upon a dwarfed, undeveloped, or unawakened nature; though Mrs. Linton goes even beyond Hawthorne in her sensitiveness to sin, and ignores the familiar principle both of law and ethics that the motive characterizes the act. Leam's fatal deed, though technically a crime, was essentially the irresponsible act of one who was not only a child but *exalté* at the moment to the point of insanity; and it is Spartan justice that Mrs. Linton deals out to her in that terrible after-experience

which is rather an expiation than an atonement. In spite of all drawbacks, however, Leam Dundas is a masterly piece of character-drawing, at once dramatic and analytical. The chief fault of the book lies in the depressing influence of the author's pessimistic philosophy of human nature, which is, in substance, that the heart of man is corrupt above all things and desperately wicked, and that of woman full of vanities and all contemptible and petty things. Her social outlook is still the same as that from which she sketched the "Girl of the Period," and she impresses us as having more keenness of perception than breadth of sympathy.

Anglo-Indian life has not usually been regarded by novelists as affording them more than material for a single episode in a complicated story, or as furnishing a convenient and plausible means of getting rid of superfluous characters or of securing the lemon-colored uncle whose blessing and ducats shall make forever happy the loving but impecunious couple; but in "The Dilemma" the author of "The Battle of Dorking" (understood to be the late Colonel Chesney) has shown that it supplies all the requirements of a first-rate novel, the interest of which is enhanced rather than otherwise by the novelty of the social conditions which it delineates. "The Dilemma" is a story of the Sepoy mutiny, and belongs to the same species of literature as the inimitable "Charles O'Malley," which it suggests without in the least degree resembling. The narrative of the siege of the Mustaphabad Residency is a wonderful piece of realistic description, and all the warlike incidents are remarkably effective. At times it is difficult to resist the idea that we are reading a true history of actual events; and we have no doubt that the book has a real historical value as a *résumé* of the character, conditions, and main outlines of the most terrible mutiny in the annals of war. The author's skill, however, is not revealed alone in the descriptive portions of the work. A more life-like group of characters has seldom been brought together, and the masterly yet delicate strokes with which Yorke, and Colonel Falkland, and Kirke, and Miss Cunningham, are drawn, make us fear that by the death of Colonel Chesney we lost a potential novelist of the first order as well as one of the ablest military critics in Europe. Miss Cunningham, in particular, is well worthy of study. Without being strictly what is called a new creation in fiction, she possesses all the charm of novelty for those who are accustomed to see "heroines" substituted (in novels) for women. She impresses us at the outset precisely as a beautiful, cultivated, and amiable young lady would impress us in real life; and the process by which, through mere change of circumstances to which she proved unequal, our affectionate admiration of her is converted into pity not unmingled with contempt, is a singularly faithful transcript from Nature. Finally, "The Dilemma" was written with a true artistic purpose to entertain, and hides no double intention on the part of the author to preach, to prophesy, or to reform.

"Ida Craven" also deals with Anglo-Indian life at a "station," and deserves similar praise for the fidelity and vividness of its military incidents. Though written by a woman, its pictures of soldiers' life and comments upon army matters are as good as anything of the kind in "The Dilemma," while the social characteristics of station-life in India are brought out with even greater distinctness. These features, however, are kept more

¹ The Dilemma. A Novel. By the author of "The Battle of Dorking." New York: Harper & Brothers.

² Ida Craven. A Novel. By Mrs. H. M. Cadell. Leisure Hour Series. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

¹ The Atonement of Leam Dundas. By Mrs. E. Lynn Linton. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

subordinate to the main purpose of the story, which is rather to depict the conflict of a soul with itself than to describe objectively events and circumstances which are interesting on their own account. The story is substantially that of a young girl who, at an age when she knew neither her own mind nor the nature of the relation into which she was entering, married a man much older than herself, and for whom she felt that sort of respectful admiration which, in the absence of a warmer feeling, is so often mistaken for love. Accompanying him to India, where he was speedily absorbed in official duties, the character of which she could not comprehend, and the responsibilities of which she could not share, she soon discovered that a mere desire to please was no adequate substitute for love; and, just when she was most deeply discouraged by the result of her efforts to "make things go right," she was thrown into the society of her cousin, a young ensign in the army, whom she had met when a girl in England, and who had then paid her marked attention. Circumstances seemed to compel their intimate association, and at last, almost unconsciously to herself, she finds that she has been betrayed into the most trying position in which a good woman can be placed. At once to save her self-respect and to escape temptation, she confesses all to her husband, and they agree that it is best for them to separate, at least for a time. She has a severe attack of illness, which nearly puts an end to her life, and while she is convalescing her husband is badly wounded in a frontier skirmish. Suffering reunites them on the basis of mutual need, and Arthur Craven's noble and forbearing love receives at length its due and well-deserved reward. It cannot be denied that Mrs. Cadell oftentimes approaches the perilous edge of subjects and motives which polite society has agreed to ignore; but no disposition is manifested to obscure the broad distinctions between right and wrong, and the general effect of the story is in a moral sense tonic and bracing. The fine character of Arthur Craven is excellent as a study and faithful as a portrait, and the benefits of his companionship are not confined to Ida alone.

In "Ellen Story" Mr. Edgar Fawcett attempts to show that life at our large watering-places is not altogether deficient in the elements of romance; but, to the inherent difficulties of his subject, the author has added others of his own by constructing a superfluously awkward plot, and fastening upon it incidents of gratuitous improbability. The idea of the bet in which the story takes its origin, and to a great extent its tone, is objectionable as a matter of taste, and the reader finds it hard to forgive it when he discovers that it is not only unnecessary but wholly foreign to the remainder of the story. In fact, the author, it seems to us, is at fault in all the sensational episodes with which he tries to lift the story above its natural level of commonplaceness; it is clearly apparent throughout that it was not requisite for horses to run away, for Archie to act as coachman for Miss Story's drunken escort, or for Miss Story's ruffianly brother to be shot by a constable before her eyes, in order for the love-making to reach its due conclusion. The best thing in the book is the character of Ellen Story, which is well conceived and not unskillfully drawn; and in these days, when novelists are content to repeat the conventional types, this is sufficient to render it worth reading.

¹ Ellen Story. A Novel. By Edgar Fawcett. New York: E. J. Hale & Son.

What Björnson has done for the Norse peasantry and Boyesen for the middle and upper classes, Jonas Lie bids fair to do for the sturdy fisher-folk of the Norwegian and Lapland coast—namely, to make them familiar to the imaginations of all lovers of good literature. Lie, though he has published but three books, has already become famous wherever the Scandinavian tongue is read, and "The Pilot and his Wife,"¹ notwithstanding that it is marred by unskillful translation, shows that his admirers have not exaggerated his merits. The story is of the simplest kind, and is told in a singularly direct and unpretentious manner; moreover, it is painful almost from beginning to end; yet it fascinates the attention and moves the feelings with a strange power, and when the book is finished it is easy to realize that we have been under the spell of a master. Nor is it difficult to say what are the sources of the author's power. He has no sense of humor, and exhibits but little of the poetic insight and refinement of method that characterise the work of Björnson and Boyesen; but he has a firm hold upon the springs of tragedy and pathos, and his style is curiously realistic and intense, while at the same time entirely free from any conscious straining after effect. Few writers have exhibited greater skill in impressing a scene or situation upon our minds with a few apparently casual touches; and the story of Salve Kristiansen, sketch though it be, might truly be called the natural history of a soul. As we have already intimated, the translation of the book is very bad, Mrs. Bull being apparently but imperfectly acquainted with the niceties of either of the languages with which she undertakes to deal.

The difficulties of writing an historical novel are not removed by selecting the theme from our own annals—the bearing of which observation, as Mr. Bunsky would say, lies in its application to Marian Douglas's "Peter and Polly, or Home-Life in New England a Hundred Years Ago."² Miss Douglas's object was evidently to vivify the materials which recent researches into the social condition of our Revolutionary forefathers have brought to light by using them as the background for a story of those times; and in the fact that the disproportionate pains bestowed upon the elaboration of this background has resulted in dwarfing the characters of the story she has only encountered the fate of many able writers who have essayed the field of historical fiction. "Peter and Polly" deserves praise for the number and fidelity of the details which it brings to the illustration of habits, customs, and domestic life in New England a hundred years ago, and it is written in a pleasing and graceful style; but as a story it is deficient in movement and animation, and the persons to whom it professes to introduce us are too palpably lay-figures, set up for a given purpose, to inspire us with any real interest. The book, in short, is dull, notwithstanding the apparent accuracy and undoubted painstaking with which it depicts the manners and modes of life of a period which is peculiarly interesting at this time. The author has industry, literary skill, a refined and graceful fancy, and a poet's susceptibility to the beauties of Nature; but she lacks that creative imagination which could alone breathe life into the dry bones of the past.

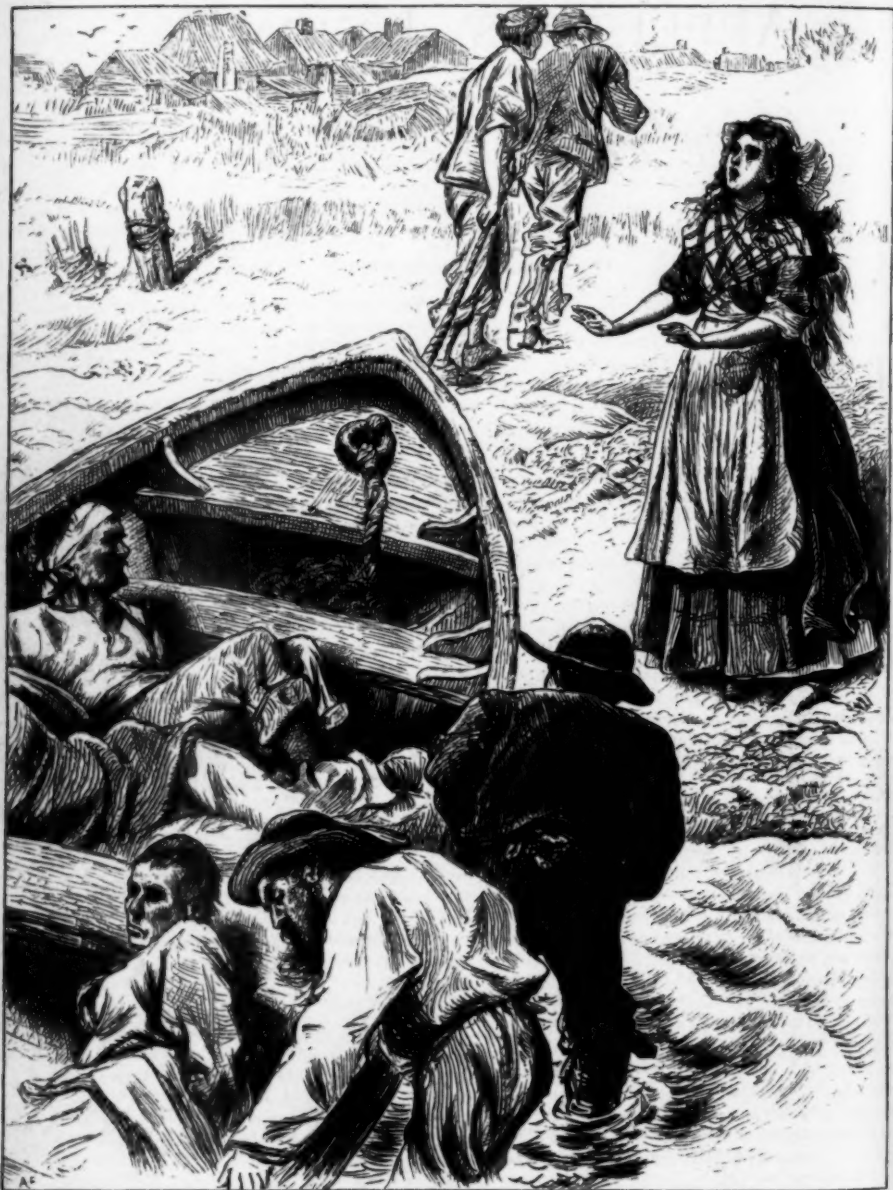
¹ The Pilot and his Wife. A Norse Love-Story. By Jonas Lie. Translated by Mrs. Ole Bull. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

² Peter and Polly, or Home-Life in New England a Hundred Years Ago. By Marian Douglas. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co.

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"There is a moment's silence, for all of these present know that this is Michael Winter's wife."

"As he comes up the Stair."